THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 1, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 13.—New Series. Whole No. 222.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern of the Brethren, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 3073, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to patron matters, should be directed Box No. 3073, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper.—six months, for six dollars, paper included.—three months, four dollars.—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.	
Philadelphia	" "	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	" "	L. PATTERSON.
New England	" "	W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio	" "	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana	" "	ÆNOS McINTOSH.
Missouri	" "	M. M. CLARK.
California	" "	T. M. D. WARD.

Hymnological.

LATIN HYMNS.

Te Deum Patrem Colimus.

Almighty Father, just and good,
We humbly seek Thy face;
We praise Thee for our daily food,
And for Thy gifts of grace.

O, Jesus, we Thy name adore,
Thou Son of God most high;
Who once for us didst not abhor
Within the womb to lie.

Thou didst Thyself, a victim pure,
For man's offences give;
Thou didst the bitter cross endure
That guilty souls might live.

And Thou, blest Spirit, shalt be praised,
Thou Comforter from heaven;
To Thee shall joyful songs be raised,
And endless thanks be given.

Triune Jehovah! all unite
Here and in realms above,
To celebrate Thy matchless might,
And Thine eternal love.

Chandler, 1837. 1841.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

To the name of our salvation
Honor, worship, thanks, we pay;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration;
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesus, we thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Neale, alt.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

All glory, praise, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King;
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One,

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthem
Before Thee we present.

To Thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodolph of Orleans, d. 821.

For the Christian Recorder.

WILMINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Chaplain Hunter and Rev. Mr. Hood contending for a Church—A shameful contest.

Mr. Editor:—After trying to preach to nearly six thousand persons on Sabbath afternoon, I gallopped my horse into Wilmington for the purpose of attending night service there, in the splendid church which was recently received into our connexion by Chaplain Hunter. After stabling my horse, I immediately proceeded to the church, where I found one of the finest churches in the city, filled with an audience equally interesting. Rev. Brother Hood, of the A. M. E. Zion Church, was preaching, and Hunter was sitting in his rear.

After looking over the church a few moments, as this was my first visit, I then threw my head back to listen to Bro. Hood. He preached a splendid sermon, which was highly appreciated by civilians and officers. After he concluded, I treated the subject of education a short time, and thus ended our meeting.

Next morning I learned that Brother Hood was here for the purpose of forming the Methodist congregations, and that Chaplain Hunter was holding on to his claims. My heart sank within me immediately, for I could anticipate the troubles which would follow.

During the day I met Bro. Hood and Hunter, with whom I conversed freely on their respective claims; Hunter contending that he had received the people, and procured for them military protection from General Schofield, and should not be interfered with; and Hood contending that Hunter was a chaplain in the army, and had no business interfering with civil matters, that the Zion Church had a Conference in N. C., and had resolved to hold their next session in Wilmington, and that he felt in duty bound to press his claims on the people.

While Hunter estimated the value of his right by virtue of the men slaughtered in his regiment in taking the place, doubting the possibility of holding Conference there without the aid of the military. But it is needless to refer to the arguments of these two men, suffice it to say, that from Sabbath night till Tuesday morning I heard and saw enough to sicken any man.

These two men conversed with me separately, and it it will be understood that I did not feel any disagreeableness from the fact of their wrangling, for I knew they were familiar with the circumstances connected with the matter. But what hurt me was, the citizens began to inquire of me how this difference existed.

Now, the idea of these two connexions preaching the same gospel, believing the same doctrine, differing only on episcopacy, coming here among an innocent people to create a church schism, is a burning shame.

I am not finding fault with either Hood or Hunter. I am disposed to condemn neither for their connexional zeal. Both are right in trying to build up their respective connexions; but the blame lies in the existence of the two organizations. As one of God's feeble instruments I tried to my utmost to unite these two churches, foreseeing this evil. I wrote and spoke upon it prior to the meeting of our last General Conference, at which I drew up and offered a set of resolutions that I thought no one could object to. These resolutions met the free endorsement of Superintendent Clinton, and several distinguished divines in both churches. But having to leave the General Conference for the army before they decided upon the proposition of uniting, I was informed they had agreed upon terms of partial unity, till informed better by Bro. Hood.

According to his definition we stand upon the same uncertain base that the last General Conference found us. If that be a fact, I am much mistaken, for I positively thought something was effected in the convention held between the two connexions; but if it be a fact, in the name of all that is dear to our religion, let the better thinking men rise in their great might, and pity and break down that wicked partition.

The Conference will soon begin to meet, and as I shall not be at any of its sessions, as we will move in a few hours for some point in the middle of the State where terrible battles may have to be fought, and where I, for one, may fall in death, I feel it due the cause of my race and humanity to make this request. But as for one, I shall never quarrel with any body, relative to churches or theological technicalities, unless some one besides a Methodist assails my faith; then I may try to vindicate my religious policy. But I expect to quarrel with these two connexions until they unite. Rather than destroy the unity of the Southern Methodists, I would prefer seeing the Bethel Church absorbed in the Zion ten times. I am for unity, at all hazards; and those brethren whom I learned threw firebrands in that convention which assembled for that purpose had better repent in sack-cloth and ashes.

Let us unite at once, and stop this connexional fizzling henceforth and forever. I know there is not a minister in either church but would vote for it, could they witness what I do daily, and if the ministers will agree, the people will say nothing against it; they will be glad to see it: some timber-head might jabber a little, who can't appreciate its advantages, but God will soon kill him off.

Well, I must pack up, and get ready to march; I learn that we are going to start for Goldsboro', where we may have to fight a great battle. However, be that as it may, try, friends of God and man, to unite the Zion and Bethel Churches.

Please excuse this writing, for all are in a bustle now.

Yours truly,

Chaplain H. M. Turner.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR LOUISVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

A Great Speech by General Palmer.

Mr. Editor:—*Sir:*—We are having great times here. General Palmer, who has been placed in command of this department, has his headquarters in this city, and on last night, March 20th, 1865, he addressed the largest audience of colored people, at Centre street church, which has ever been known to collect in the city of Louisville. I went to the church at an early hour, expecting to be among the first; but, contrary to my anticipations, I found the street filled with a dense crowd of people of all colors, who were unable to gain admission to the church. The house is large and roomy, but it was not capable of accommodating one-third of the crowd assembled. I got inside the building by the hardest exertion. The General's colored band was in attendance, and, upon his appearance in the pulpit, discorsed some very patriotic music. After the band ceased playing the General arose, amidst tremendous applause.

He commenced by saying that he supposed the announcement that he would address the colored people of Louisville, in the Centre street church, was what had brought so large a concourse of people together; that it was likely he was the first major-general who had attempted to address a colored audience; that his first business was a word of advice to colored soldiers; second, to their wives, and third, to the colored people at large.

He told the colored soldiers that they were free the moment they enlisted in the Federal army, whether their masters were loyal or disloyal; that colored soldiers, too, had immortalized themselves and their race, by their heroic deeds on the battle-field since the commencement of this rebellion; and that the general government intended to protect them in their rights, as well as to see that they got their full bounty and pay. He then counselled them to be careful of their money; not to squander it away upon trifles, in drinking and gambling, but to invest it in needful and comfortable things for their wives and children.

To the wives he said: The Congress of the United States made you free by an act passed on the 3d of March. Every one of you becomes free when your husbands enlist in the Union armies. Take all care of this blessed boon of freedom, teach it to your children, rear your little ones up to virtue and industry, and show a willingness and determination to do your part in this great work of human elevation, and your race is saved. You have neither master nor mistress any more; you need have no fear, for the lash of the whip has cracked for the last time over you as slaves. Now exert yourselves, and give the lie to the croakers who have so often said that "niggers can't take care of themselves." Labor, and save the proceeds of your labor. I know that some whites will try to intimidate you, and when they see you fixing up and putting on decent clothes will say, "That nigger is stuck up;" but no gentleman or well-bred person will say it, no lady will say it; nobody but a fool or a loafer would be guilty of using such ill-bred language.

To the colored people in general he said: you have reason, on account of the great amount of prejudice which exists, and which is brought to bear so fearfully against you, to be patient; in a short time all these things will be corrected. You have enemies in the north as well as in the south, but you have, also, a host of friends in this country, who have been and are still laboring for you; but you must labor for yourselves; strive to become united, for without unity of action you can accomplish nothing for yourselves or your race. Do not let trifles divide you; stand and act firmly together, and by all means educate your children, for such is your position, and such are the odds against which you will have to contend, that you will fail without education. Your owners used to assume the responsibility of taking care of you; but you will now have to meet them differently; you will have to make your own bargains and do your own trading, and make your own living, for I do state here to-night, officially, that slavery in these United States is dead.

This is a synopsis of the strain in which the General addressed us. He closed with an eloquent appeal to the people to use all their energies to advance their condition.

T. Strothes.

Louisville, Ky., March 21, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

We insert the following extract from a speech delivered in St. Louis, Missouri, some weeks ago, by Mr. Wm. P. Allen, by special request. Taking the extract as a fair sample, our readers may form an idea of the general meaning of the whole. The sentiment expressed concerning the requisite qualifications for a voter, meets our hearty approval:

Fellow Citizens:—Since the ball of equalization has begun to roll, allow me the privilege of continuing its perpetual motion, by alluding solely to a class of people known best as "*United Colored Americans.*"

The public will agree, that for the last two hundred and fifty years, that body of people have been *debased* and *humiliated* beneath all the outcasts of this polluted world, and yet, were there ever known a nation or people, after such embarrassing circumstances, as *capable*, or as well *qualified* to participate in political or social enfranchisement as they? I answer no! Then why do we still keep them in a state of obscurity? The question is left for you to answer. Not a day sinks in oblivion but what we hear our friends and acquaintances remark, "Had the negro common intelligence, we would not expatiate against his political equality, but as he is ignorant, and don't seem to aspire to any thing higher than degradation, we believe that he is so destined. Therefore, let him alone in his glory." We would ask those friends and acquaintances whether there are not many of a lighter hue, yes, white people, who are ignorant and unintelligent. This is a question that deserves great ponderance, and as we must answer yes, let us throw the idiotism of both parties together, and say, regardless of color, "*Give the right of suffrage to all who can read, and deny it to all who cannot.*" By so doing we will see that the sable sons of Cæsar, notwithstanding their former state of humiliation, are the ones to demand a voice in this American government.

Senator Henderson has well said, that the two great and only indispensable qualifications of the rightful voter, are intelligence and loyalty, and that color is no element of the problem whatever.

This, then, according to the Senator's argument, entitles the black man to all the privileges and immunities that the white man is bound to respect, not only to intelligence, but moreover to loyalty. It is strange, too, that this proposition, approved, as it is, by every wise man's private conviction, is so generally omitted from public sentiment.

You permit the black man to fight for the Union, why not allow him to vote for the Union? Your answer is, "Because he is too ignorant," when he knows how to vote, we will give him the ballot. This is well, but shall the white man vote in his ignorance. No! *Deny the ballot to both so long as they cannot read*, and tender it to both as soon as they learn. By so doing we will be conferring jewels upon both parties—the house will become consolidated, and peace, with prosperity, will reign throughout the land.

The colored Americans, since the year 1620, have been the theme of degradation to the world. Yet never was there a people more anxious or willing to rally to their country's need than they. The annual tax of this people in the State of Missouri, amounts to not less than $10,000,000, yet they have never been permitted to taste the sweets of their labor. They have always helped to support the public schools throughout the State, but have never enjoyed the benefit of education, and yet, notwithstanding these embarrassing hinderances, they now come forward and ask for the rights of citizenship.

I believe, as did Frederick Douglass, that "if a negro knows as much when sober, as an Irishman when drunk, he knows enough to vote." There is no reason why you should object to the enfranchisement of this people any longer. Such a basis of suffrage would command the assent and admiration of the world. Let us render impartial justice to all classes; it will crown its makers with everlasting remembrance. Now is the accepted time for Missouri to free herself, and place her sable sons on an elevation with the rest of mankind. Let not their present motives tarnish this opportunity by any stain of injustice and inequality.

The only test of the efficacy of religious teaching, is the every day exhibition of practical godliness by the taught.

For the Christian Recorder.

A STRAY WAIF FROM THE PORT OF GRACE.

BY E. GOODELLE H.

Some young mad-cap enthusiasts never know how to deal with sober realities until they get knee deep in the mud, or to some insurmountable stone wall. The age is truly objective, and I suppose there is no other way for persons to learn, save by experience.

Havre de Grace, you know, is charmingly situated near the mouth of the Susquehanna, a river richly enshrouded in the weird grandeur of Indian Legend. Many of the colored friends here take the Recorder, so, of course, they are enterprising. The Rev. Wm. H. Hopkins preaches here, and in two other small places, one of which is Darlington, rather famed now as being the headquarters of your *amie de plume*. He is a man of uncommon energy; has been with this people three years, and is causing them to bestir themselves in the great work of educating their children. Indeed, it was through his influence that the more intelligent part of the community applied to the American Missionary Association to send them a teacher, promising to furnish her with board, and also a school-house, &c.

Our friends at H., just before the commencement of the rebellion, built a school-house only to see it burned to the ground by the southern branch of the same clique who burned the colored orphan asylums and churches in New York. The people tell me that the indignities put upon them were so great that they were well nigh constrained to leave the property which they had accumulated by great perseverance and toil, and migrate northward.

Mr. A. Smith, formerly a slave, yet the owner of a neat home and several good teams, said that he was fined $75 for belonging to a Masonic order, and was bound, by oath, never to join any society. But the "never" is up now with that gentleman, and the occupation of the southern church-burning clique is gone.

The principal occupation of the people in H. is fishing. I wonder if these fishers learn such hallowed lessons as those of Galilee, whose hearts burned within them while the good Saviour taught them. Surely we only can "be saved by the angel of his presence."

About Darlington the occupation is farming. The Messrs. Pekers are quite extensive farmers; also, Mr. A. Berry, with whom I have goodly "shelter and rations." Well, the flourishing school which may be taught here, is, of course, prospective. He who doeth all things well is giving the teacher elect, as usual, a lesson in perfecting herself in waiting. "Who may not do, may yet fulfil the harder task of standing still," quoth Whittier. Let those stand still who can, I beg to be excused.

In former times several little schools were taught here. Besides, exhibitions have been held in this most rustic settlement. Just now the interest usually taken in such amusements is latent, because of sundry discouragements; impassible roads being not the least among them. Many of the young men have gone to fight for universal freedom. God grant that they may accomplish their object! It is a mystery to me how patriotism can find a lodgement in the hearts of those who have, heretofore, had no country, much less the privilege of enjoying the inestimable boon of human freedom.

The rankest secession sentiment exists here among the whites. It manifests itself in burning the warehouses of Unionists, and A. M. E. churches. Indeed, Hosannah church, in which our school is taught, has been threatened, and, consequently, the members had it insured.

Mr. N. Noys, the Superintendent of schools for Maryland, under the American Missionary Association, visited this place on the 20th, after the school had been in session one week. It was his intention to have organized the school, but he was unavoidably prevented. Our people here come out in large numbers, from homes several miles distant, thus manifesting considerable interest in the cause of education. The more energetic men proposed building a school house here, but the superintendent told them that the Legislature would undoubtedly provide for the public instruction of colored children in one or two years, so that they had better wait.

Rev. Mr. Chase, from Massachusetts, preached in the A. M. E. church, in Havre de Grace, on Quarterly Meeting occasion. Next Sabbath Rev. W. H. Hopkins holds his last Quarterly Meeting in this circuit.

The great freshet in the Susquehanna has destroyed the property of many of our friends, living on its banks, in this vicinity. But we welcome beauteous, joyous spring, nevertheless, and send our glad hallelujahs heavenward, with the songs of the birds. From the green mantle which now clothes hill and valley we are convinced that the frozen spell of winter is broken, and that the spring carnival has begun. More anon.

Darlington, Md., March 21, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE 39TH REGIMENT U. S. C. T.

New Hanover Co. N. E. Station, N. C., March 14th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Three years ago it would have been impossible to make me believe the severity of the punishment that our fellow-creatures have undergone in this state, and if it has been so hard here, how must it be further South? Is it not through the mercy of God that He has not long since "trod down this wicked people in his anger, and made them drunk in his fury, and brought down their strength to the earth." But thank God "the day of vengeance is in his heart, and the year of his redeemed is come.—Therefore, He will tread them in his anger, and trample them in his fury."

I would have loved for you to have had a sight in the City of Wilmington on February 22d, as we marched through. Men and women, old and young, were running through the streets, shouting and praising God. We could then truly see what we had been fighting for, and could almost realize the fruits of our labors. I took one old woman by the hand and asked her if she was glad to see us. "Why, bless the Lord," she said, "it seems like the good Lord has opened the heavens and handed you down in answer to my prayer." An old man said that he had been hid under the ground for three days, praying that we would come in the city and set them free. Mr. Editor, does this look like the slaves are going to fight for Jeff. Davis?

The 39th Regiment, being the leading regiment of the colored brigade, were the first to honor that accursed slave place with the colored soldiers. We are now encamped on a Mr. Henry Nutt's farm, nine miles from the city.—I saw his whipping post, where, I am informed, many a poor soul had his death wound inflicted upon him. Well, if any man were to put my ox in such a place to beat him, I would turn him off the place. I think it is time that that Nutt were cracked.

We are honored with Chaplain Hunter in our brigade, who stands by his regiment on every occasion like a man. I would to God we had such a one in our regiment, for I truly believe it would be the means of winning many souls to Christ. The regiment is in excellent health and good spirits.

I have introduced your paper in the regiment which has long been greatly appreciated, and I have obtained a good number of subscribers, which I will send to you as soon as the Paymaster comes around.

N. B. Sydnett,
B. C. Sergeant 39th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK, MD.

Mr. Editor:—As conference approaches allow me to give a brief summary of events which have occurred during this most remarkable year.—Having received our appointment, we at once repaired to our post, and were most cordially received on the part of the Church, the brethren lodged us, for the time, with Brother Moses Boon, a man who is to us a striking example of the power of Divine grace upon the heart. In his younger days, he was a great "Root-man," which is but a form of paganism naturally resulting from slavery; but on the conversion of Brother Boon, he threw away his root, with the whole paraphernalia of his superstition, and is now an exemplary Christian, and one of the most profitable class leaders in the Church.

Upon the arrival of my family the dear brethren, at an expense of nearly one hundred dollars "fitted" their pastor up most comfortably indeed. And thus the year has passed away, perfect peace and amity existing throughout the entire borders.

During the year there has been no special outpouring of the Spirit, and yet upward of 30, aye, some 35 have been added to the church.

Although greatly retarded by the rebel invasion last July, the financial affairs of the society are in a fair condition: a debt of over twelve hundred dollars has been reduced to nine hundred and fifty, while all the incidental expenses, though unusually heavy, have been met with a spirit that speaks well, *extremely well* for the good people of the mountain city. Though few in number, the members of Quinn Chapel are a host within themselves, and no member of the Baltimore Conference need murmur if he be sent to Frederick.

Our people here are awake to the great necessity of education, and when I laid the claims of Wilberforce before them, they responded nobly, as the following list will show. I cannot pass over the name of the brother who headed the list without saying a word in reference to him. It has been but little over ten years since he emerged from the dark house of oppression, and yet, in learning, we hazard the assertion that he can put to shame many who have been free all their lives, and many, too, who have been preaching for a score of years. (Shame on such drones.) A dear lover of books, thoughtful and orderly in his discourses, he can always be heard with satisfaction.

Contributions to Wilberforce.

Rev. Lloyd Benson, 5.00, Henry Sands, 1.00, Henry Diggs, 1.00, Thomas Hall, 1.00, John Gruver, 1.00, W. C. Barnes, 1.00, Harriet Martin, 1, W. H. McPherson, 2, Elizabeth Freeman, 1, William Diggs, 2, Louisa Riggs, 50 cts, Wm. H. Gazzaway, 1, Joseph Lyles, 3, Moses Boon, 1, Richard Robinson, 1, Samuel Neal, 1, Chas. Tasker, 1, William Brown, 1, Charles Butler, 1, Mrs. Anna Chinn, 1, Lewis Nolan, 1, Sarah A. Jones, 50 cents, Henry Matthews, 1, Total, $30.00.

Prof. William F. Johnson and lady, who, at the time, were in the city, also paid a subscription of ten dollars, previously made to Professor Mitchell.

A free school has lately been opened in the basement of our church, under the auspices of the African C. S. It has for teachers, Miss A. A. Gibson, principal, and Mrs. Josephine Cheeseman as assistant. It is now in a most flourishing condition, having upwards of seventy scholars, and gives promise of being no unimportant lever in lifting our people of the mountains up to educated manhood.

The agent of that society, Rev. Mr. Perry, has been in our midst, and has left footprints which I trust in God will never be effaced. Long may the African C. S. live!

More anon, Benj. T. Tanner,
Frederick, Md., Mar. 29, '65.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.

Richard was warmly greeted by his parents, and the negroes were jubilant over massa's return. Mrs. Tracy felt proud of the great, tall, noble looking youth, who stooped to kiss her still blooming cheek. And well might she feel proud, for never was a nobler, better son given to gladden a mother's heart.

Col. Tracy took especial pride in introducing his son to all his acquaintances, but was horrified and dismayed to hear Richard give expression to many anti-slavery principles, which he had imbibed while at the north. He tried to reason with him about the absurdity of entertaining such notions as social equality between races so widely divergent, in every respect, as the white and black. But Richard stoutly adhered to his belief, that it was wrong for one man to enslave another, and keep in bondage a human being, having a mind and soul susceptible of improvement and cultivation.

Col. Tracy found too much of his own spirit infused into his son's character, to think of eradicating these sentiments by argument, but trusted to time, and the influence of Southern principles and society, to effect the desired change. Thus the subject was dropped, and both father and son avoided alluding to it again.

Richard, while at a party made in honor of his return, formed the acquaintance of a young man, by the name of George Manville. Young Manville was a gay, good-looking fellow, good-natured and perfectly well acquainted with the city and the circle in which Richard moved. They soon became fast friends. Manville was rich and handsome, and much sought after by those who failed in reading his true character, as did Richard Tracy. But Manville was a villain—the beautiful casket enshrined a heart black as the shadows of Hades, and dead to all the finer feelings, those minor chords which render the life of man replete with living beauty.

Richard sometimes felt the subtile influence that this Manville exerted over him without understanding it, however; for candid and honorable himself, he did not readily doubt others. These two men were fated to be connected in a degree, through life.

One morning, at breakfast, Col. Tracy declared his intention of going up to the plantation for a few days, on business. We will here state that Col. Tracy had moved to the city of New Orleans, the old home-stead being occupied by his overseer's family.

During his father's absence, Richard usually spent the mornings with his mother and little Lloyd. He told her of his love for the beautiful Lina, of their betrothal, and her singular presentiment of evil. Mrs. Tracy was interested in the unknown girl, whose cause her son pleaded so eloquently.

"You would only need see her, to love her," he said, persuasively.

Mrs. Tracy did not doubt that Lina was all Richard's fond imagination painted; but she asked:

"Do you know any thing of this family of Hartleys? You know your father's prejudice against persons marrying with those beneath them in rank and fortune, no matter what their qualities may be."

"I know, mother," said the young man, "but should Lina become poor by any untoward circumstance, that is no reason why I should seek to absolve the vows registered in the sight of Heaven. Of Lina's family, I know nothing. I only know she is good and pure. I hope, for my father's sake, she may be rich, and her family such as he would desire my alliance with. But, my gentle mother, whatever misfortune may befall Lina, I will marry her just the same."

"God bless you, my noble son," said Nellie Tracy, with deep feeling. "I trust all may be well."

That same morning Richard's portrait was sent home. It had been painted by a celebrated artist, who had succeeded admirably in giving the picture a true and life-like expression. Before they had finished hanging the picture, Manville was announced, and with the freedom of a privileged friend, came into the room. When at last the picture was hung in a proper position, with just enough light to give a good effect, all stand back to take a full view of it. Mrs. Tracy remembered, years after, the feelings she experienced when that picture was hung. All were pleased and expressed their satisfaction.

When Col. Tracy returned from his visit to the plantation, he told Richard, in the presence of Manville and Mrs. Tracy, that he had made a very foolish investment. All looked inquiringly at him.

"I attended a sale of slaves, the property of old Hartley, who resides about fifty miles up the river, and was formerly a man of considerable wealth, but being of a wild, reckless disposition, has, in a few years, squandered his fortune, and degenerated into a confirmed drunkard and gambler. I purchased several plantation and house servants, among whom is a beautiful quadroon, who is the daughter of old Hartley's, I understand, and has been educated at a Catholic school, in Canada, and believed herself his lawful child. The young girl is beautiful, and I think, well educated. Her distress was really affecting, and, out of pity for the young thing, I bought her with the lot, but what I am to do with the baggage, I cannot conceive, for slaves educated at the North, are not just the thing to be introduced into a Southern household. So, I guess I will sell this bit of humanity at the first offer. Why, she had the audacity to faint, when, by accident, she learned the name of her future master was Col. Tracy. I must say, although I claim to be a kind and indulgent master, I have no use for this sensitive class of negroes."

Col. Tracy, at this juncture, noticed the effect of his language upon his wife and son, which seemed to him as singular as it was inexplicable. Mrs. Tracy looked pale and horrified, while Richard's pale and almost defiant expression, betokened a fixed resolution, although he uttered not a word, and soon left the house, accompanied by Manville. Mrs. Tracy soon left the room also, and Col. Tracy was the sole occupant, and was at liberty to digest his astonishment as best he might.

A few hours later, Manville returned, and, after a long conference with Col. Tracy, departed with the document in his pocket, which pronounced him lawful owner of the young quadroon.

Richard returned at tea time with seeming composure, but his mother's eye penetrated the veil. She alone read his feelings, and felt the resolution he had taken. Her heart was too full for utterance, when, after tea, Richard motioned her to follow him. He led the way to the library. A long time elapsed ere they appeared again. Mrs. Tracy was deeply agitated, while Richard's face still wore the same determined expression. What passed during that strange conference, none ever knew. Richard followed his mother to the parlor, when he kissed her gently, saying fervently:

"Mother, pray for me. I hope all may yet be well. Pray for Lina, too. Poor child! God knows she needs your prayers."

A moment more, and Mrs. Tracy was alone. Richard had gone. Where this would all end, she could not tell.

One beautiful morning, in a quiet New England village, far from their own home, Richard Tracy and the beautiful quadroon, Lina, were united for life. It was a quiet bridal, witnessed only by Manville and Richard's aunt—whom we have known as Col. Tracy's sister, Laura, while Laura's husband performed the rite, which united this ill-fated couple.

We will here state that all correspondence had ceased, long years ago, between Laura Tracy and her brother. Her marriage with a poor minister, Alfred Hays, had incurred his lasting displeasure. Laura had several times sought to conciliate her brother, but without success. Alfred Hays was good and noble, and with his lovely wife, joined his efforts to make the young bride happy.

Richard was happy, and soon the shadows left Lina's fair brow. They were happy, but it was as the calm that precedes the raging storm. Did Richard—did Lina feel its dread coming? Had they no warning of the shadow, that would soon fall, crushing the life from their young hearts?

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM ALBANY, NEW YORK.

Mr. Editor:—There are so many things of interest transpiring in this quarter of our globe, that my pen refuses to remain silent any longer; therefore, jumping forth from amidst the multitudes of events which surround it, and moving upon the smooth surface of the paper, it speaks, and says: "Upon communication with the glorious *Recorder*," and in accordance with its mandate, I transmit the following, which I hope will prove interesting to the numerous readers of your valuable paper.

Dear readers, the winter just past has been one of revivals and ingathering of precious souls, it has pleased the Lord to pass through the capital of the Empire State, and in doing so he has been pleased to open the eyes of many sinners, and bring them forth from the power of sin and and Satan to revel in the everlasting light of life. Thirty-nine have been received on probation in the Church, and many backsliders have been brought back to their allegiance to the eternal God.

Our Church here is in a good spiritual and temporal condition. On the 26th of February we made a grand rally, for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the indebtedness of the church, which amounted to about $1,000. We had a good day financially, notwithstanding it rained in the morning, and the walking was almost intolerable during the balance of the day. We raised from our people $200. Bishop A. W. Wayman was present and rendered very efficient service, both in preaching and in making appeals. The efforts of our people on that occasion confirms what I said in a subsequent letter, that they were a willing people, and will give a good account of themselves when called on. They are always giving, and still they have some left.

When I came to this charge there was but one copy of the Christian Recorder taken in the whole city, but through exertion we have five regular subscribers, and many more have promised to give in their names and money shortly. I think that if the editor of the Recorder would, when visiting in this State, stop at the capital, and give us one of his soul-stirring sermons, he would greatly advance the interests of God as well as his valuable paper, amongst our people. They really feel slighted by him, and I therefore hope that the next time he comes north, he will not fail to pay us a visit.

On the 16th inst., pursuant to a call previously issued, the citizens of New York met in Albany, to form a State Equal Rights League, auxiliary to the National League. They assembled in the Hamilton Street Baptist church, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Mr. Stephen Myers called the assembly to order by nominating Rev. Mr. Prime, of Troy, President, and Mr. Mathiest Secretary.

The Chairman, after thanking the Convention for the honor conferred on him, remarked that as the cause was a great and good one, they ought to invoke the blessing of divine Providence upon it, and supplicate His guidance in their deliberations.

Prayer was then offered by Mr. H——, after which the call for the convention was read.

Mr. S. M—— moved that a committee be appointed on permanent organization.

At this stage of the proceedings, Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Troy, arose and inquired who the proper representatives in the convention were when a discussion ensued, which lasted until the hour of adjournment.

The afternoon session opened at half-past two o'clock, Mr. Prime in the chair.

The minutes of the morning session were read, when on motion of Mr. Myers, they were stricken out and the convention organized under the original call.

A committee was appointed to nominate officers for the convention, who reported the following gentlemen, who were unanimously elected:

President, Mr. Rich, of Troy; Vice President, Mr. E. Towns, of New York; Secretary, Mr. Mathiest, of Albany.

The President, on taking his seat, made a stirring speech, in which he stated the object of the Convention, and which was received with tremendous applause.

The remainder of this session was occupied in reading and adopting a constitution for the government of the League, until 6 o'clock, when it adjourned to meet on Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

Friday morning, March 17.—Convention met pursuant to adjournment. Mr. Rich in the chair. Prayer by Rev. J. W. Logan. Minutes were read, corrected and approved.

A committee was appointed to nominate officers for the League, who selected the following gentlemen:

President, Rev. J. Sella Martan, of New York.

First Vice President, W. M. H. Johnson, of Albany; Second do., Rev. J. W. Logan, of Syracuse; Third do., George Weir, of Buffalo.

Corresponding Secretary, John Bosman, of Troy.

Recording Secretary, Robert Jackson, of Albany. Treasurer, Adam Blake, of Albany.

Members of the Executive Board—Garrett Deyo, of Hudson, N. Y.; P. W. Ray, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wm. Rich, of Troy, N. Y.; C. L. Reason, of New York; Wm. H. Berns, of Rochester, N. Y.

After passing a few resolutions the Convention adjourned. More anon.

J. H.

Albany, N. Y., March 24, 1865.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 1, 1865.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Savannah, Georgia, March 20.

More than nine days have now elapsed since we stepped on board the cars at the Kensington Depot, in the north-eastern section of Philadelphia. We left the City of Brotherly Love at half past 4 o'clock, P. M., and arrived in New York city at 9 o'clock, of the same day, safe and sound. Thankful were we to escape the dust, smoke and bustle of travel, when at last the iron horse drew rein within sight of the "sacred" precints of the Gothamite city.

On Sabbath morning, the 12th instant, we visited the Fleet street A. M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, of which Elder Cain is the worthy pastor. This gentleman insisted upon our making a few remarks from his pulpit. In the afternoon we quitted Brooklyn, and crossed over into New York again, calling in at the Sullivan street A. M. E. Church—Elder Gibbs, pastor, and were much pleased and gratified by such a very fine congregation.

In the evening we went to hear the celebrated orator and divine, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The crowd was immense, and almost impenetrable at this church. Every one was eager for admittance, and a jam often ensued, to the total disregard of corns, high hats, bonnets and starch. Many of the assembled multitude were obliged to withdraw from the contest, being unable to procure seats.

No effort was made towards divine worship until every seat in the house was filled. Then the Rev. gentleman arose and calmly announced the hymn—and the choir, which was situated in the rear of the speaker, struck up the designated and most beautiful verses. Prayer was then addressed to the throne of grace by the Rev. speaker. His text was taken from Hebrews, sixth chapter and first verse. Mr. Beecher needs no comments from us.

On Monday, the 13th, in company with Bp. Wayman, we paid a visit to the Freedmen Relief Association, and there had the pleasure of interchanging civilities with Rev. Mr. Hawkins, the able Secretary of the Association, and also with Rev. Mr. Fox. Both these gentlemen are working for the good of the freedmen, and are very kind.

We then went through with a long routine of preliminaries, in order to procure passes for Savannah, Ga., and were eventually disappointed in our hopes of getting off on Tuesday. So we had to wait until Wednesday. We went in the steamer *Baltic*, the *Fulton* having been reserved for the accommodation of a number of Senators, who met her at Fortress Monroe. Now for our trip in the *Baltic*.

At a few minutes past 12 o'clock, M., the noble steamer glided swiftly out from the harbor of New York, and ploughed steadily through the old North River, dashing the spray from her bows, till at length the great king of waters, the mighty Atlantic Ocean, loomed up like a faint streak of blue tipping the distant horizon, until it finally burst upon our vision in all its majestic grandeur.

We succeeded in securing a state-room for the Bishop and ourself. Away we dash, with the blue waves careening madly by, and every moment growing more boisterous. But we are suddenly brought to a round turn by a peculiar and indescribable sensation in the region of our gastric organ; our head seems decidedly swoony and about to topple over, as if not put properly on our shoulders; in short, we feel very boozy and squeamish about the stomach. But we are not alone in our misery—for see! here rushes up a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, with blanched faces, half-closed peepers, and limbs, suddenly grown old and feeble, bending beneath them, and tottering like belated revellers, who, totally regardless of all stereotyped ideas of propriety, romance, system or etiquette, commence to discharge the refractory contents of their gastric organs in every direction, and with a precision and perseverance that would do credit to a ten-gun battery of "Parrotts." To make the scene more miserably interesting, we feel like following suit! Just let our readers imagine our (disordered) feelings! But see! we are rounding Cape Hatteras! The blue mountain-waves roll furiously across our path, and surges up the very sides of the *Baltic*; the gallant steamer trembles and rocks beneath the pressure, but shakes off the waves in clouds of foam, and pushes bravely on, while far in towards shore can be faintly heard the roar of distant breakers! For awhile, we forget our sickness, but a few rude spasms jog our memory, and bring us back to the stern realities of (water) life. Most humbly do we slink away to our birth—but not to rest; we cann't sleep. We punch Bp. Wayman with our elbow, but he heeds us not—he is in the land of dreams, and snoring most outrageously—he is not sick! Oh, how we envy him! He is evidently an old *salt*, or else possessed of a wondrous clear conscience—and tenacious stomach! And so we are alone in our misery.

Friday morning still finds us sick, and the most of the passengers also "indisposed." As a last resort, we procure a lemon, and suck it with all the despairing energy of a drowning man catching at a straw, and experience slight symptoms of returning to a sensible and normal condition.

Saturday morning finds us still improving, and we begin to feel like ourself again. We pass the steamer "Fulton." The day is fair, and we are rapidly nearing Hilton Head. The shadows of night are gathering around us, and we lay to, for the purpose of going into port on the following morning.

Sabbath morning dawned upon us clear and beautiful. We are up early to enjoy the cool sea-breeze. Look yonder! the bright god of day slowly mounts the broad arc of heaven, with all his wonted pomp and splendor, shedding his rays of glittering light over the broad bosom of the deep blue sea. It reminds one of vast eternity—far from home, and seeing nothing but the heavens above, and the ocean below—the vessel a mere speck on the wave.

But we are approaching Hilton Head. See! we can descry the Fort. Many a heart jumped with gladness at the sight. We came to anchor, and awaited the examining officers' boat, which soon came alongside. Those functionaries examined the purser's book, and all names found on record. We were then permitted to land. We all gathered up our baggage, stepped on board the tug, and were soon on shore. By this time it was near twelve o'clock. The people were hewing, sawing and chopping wood, just as if it were Monday, or any other day of the week, but the Sabbath.

Well, we have now to undergo another course of preparation. We must first report to the Provost Marshal,—thence to the Provost General—and thence to the Quartermaster. Being now fully equipped, we set out in search of Rev. Jas. Lynch, the missionary here, but the intelligence comes to us that he has left, probably for Savannah, Ga.

There is one boat which will leave for Savannah at three o'clock. This was our only chance to get there—by taking this tug-boat. We got on board of the tug. She was announced to leave at three o'clock, but did not start till five. We finally got under way, and had proceeded three or four miles, when the Captain anchored at a plantation on the banks, until three o'clock next morning. We then made our way to Savannah. We steamed along the Savannah river. At about seven o'clock we distinctly beheld the captured city, and every heart was lifted up at the sight.

At eight o'clock we landed, and had a view of the cotton-presses. Many of the citizens came down to the boat. We saw white and colored mechanics working side by side, and the same in other occupations. However, we wended our way up the hill, as there is quite a steep one to ascend before you can obtain a good view of the city.

We went to the house of Rev. Wm. Campbell, one of our colored Baptist preachers. We found him to be very kind and hospitable. As we had nothing to eat hardly for a day or two, he soon had a fine breakfast prepared for us—and you may well suppose that we did ample justice to the goodly viands set before us. After partaking heartily, we set out on the search for Brother Lynch. We had traversed the length of a number of squares, when we suddenly met with Brother Bentley, a well-known and worthy local preacher, on intimate terms with Brother Lynch.

We at once made ourselves known to this gentleman, and he seemed to grow several inches taller at the introduction. He immediately conducted us to the house of Brother Bradley, the place at which Brother Lynch was stopping. He tapped gently at the door, which was instantly opened by some mysterious person, whose countenance as yet was hidden from view. Said Bro. Bradley—

"We have brought some prisoners."

These words produced a magical effect. The concealed head immediately popped out in full view—and behold! it proved to be no less a one than that of the Rev. James Lynch! though so wonderfully metamorphosed that we scarcely recognised him. His beard had grown out at will in seeming defiance of razors and barbers in general. Did you not know him, you would scarcely think that one of the most learned and gifted divines of our Church stood before you. Brother Lynch at once "fixed up," and accompanied us to the Provost Marshal's, where we reported ourselves. We then strolled around, and visited some of the freedmen schools, but of which we shall take occasion to speak more fully in another chaper.

The mail is about to leave, and we must now close our remarks.

CHURCH AND STATE.

In all civilized countries the organizations of Church and State may be separate and distinct, yet it cannot be truthfully said that the one is independent of the other; they are ships laden with different cargoes, but are designed to subserve each other's interest. It is true, there are but few occasions which will justify the *Church* in leaving the important topics peculiar to her office, and discuss political events which happen around her. The separation of civil parties, the schemes of deceptive statesmen, and the perplexed questions of national polity, should not, of themselves, be sufficient to divert the attention of the Church, which is divinely commissioned to publish the Gospel of peace, bringing salvation.

The true platform of the *Church* is more elevated than that of the *State;* her high elevation is above the tempests of earth, in that unbroken calm which is not darkened by a political storm cloud; yet there are agitating storms which convulse nations and affect the Church. As there are storms in the natural world, which desolate the valleys, inundate the hills, and beat against the highest mountain peak, so there are national tempests affecting the *Holy hill*—the Church. And when such storms prevail, is it the duty of Christians to give up all concern about political matters, because they are members of the Church? Are we to disregard the laws of State? Are we to be careless about our country's welfare? Nay! We find no such instruction in the Bible; but we are there taught that even our Lord wept over his native land and city; that Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, gloried in being a Hebrew, and contended bravely for his rights as a Roman citizen. The State justly has claims upon us, which Christianity must recognize and honor, so far as is in accordance with the Saviour's command—"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

The dreadful crisis in our national affairs, which, for more than four years has been upon us, should be sufficient to make the heart of every true Christian patriot feel the claims of State. It is when the ground beneath men's feet is trembling, as by an earthquake, that they become terror-stricken; when the thunder cloud rises swift, and is black above them, and the vivid lightning pierces heaven's dark vault, their eyes gaze upward with anxiety and alarm. Thus in a crisis of public affairs, such as we are now passing through, all hearts beat with a common pulsation. The cloud of Divine wrath, which, for more than thirty years has been steadily rising, now overspreads our sky, and a dreadful storm is bursting upon us. We can now look back a few years, and estimate the value of those blessings which we then lightly esteemed; we can fully appreciate the peace and prosperity of those years during which war, invasion and bloodshed, came but seldom in our thoughts. We used to hear or read of mustering armies, fierce conflicts and battles, but we regarded such things as matters belonging to other lands and nations, and not to us. But now our country, favored America! the land of our birth! for four long years has assumed the dreadful aspect of two warlike camps. A terrible fratricidal war is upon us. Members of the same family, and professing the same Christian faith, are arrayed in deadly strife, one against the other, and we cannot, as yet, foresee the end of our troubles; but almost every movement of our armies around Richmond and before Petersburg gives fearful evidence of the desperate struggle in which we are engaged.

Ever since the commencement of the rebellion the march of startling events has been rapid in its course, which speaks in thunder tones to the hearts of the minister and Christian, as well as the statesman and patriot. None of us can isolate our sympathies and feelings from the agitated state of things around us. We are all members of the same commonwealth; our earthly treasures, interests and hopes are embarked in the same vessel, and every great emergency of State or country brings to bear upon each of us its peculiar demands. In this hour of peril every true Christian citizen should do his whole duty, both as a Christian and a citizen. White and black men, patriots and Christians rally under the same banner, to sustain the proper constituted authorities, and save the country from being overthrown by the plots and piracies of northern copperheads and southern traitors.

The A. M. E. Church Organization has existed forty-nine years, separate and distinct from other ecclesiastical bodies, legislating her own laws and controlling her own destinies, by the assistance of the Omnipotent arm which has sustained her in perilous times, and to-day she comes forth from the wilderness, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Having felt the enlivening influence of universal liberty, she enters upon a new epoch, and is destined to illuminate her pathway by the dazzling splendor of millennial glory. This organization, though appearing insignificant when first founded by that venerable father, the Right Rev. Richard Allen, like the mustard, small among seeds, yet becoming great among herbs, has spread, through the instrumentality of African descent, to various parts of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Michigan, California, Canada, the barren shores of Africa, and the island of Hayti. In Virginia and the Carolinas she now follows in the war path of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, applying the Balm of Gilead to the wounded and dying soldier, and publishing salvation to the forsaken and heart-broken contraband.

She is doing a great work, and we can see, as yet, no good reason why her members, or any portion of them should be ashamed of her name, and desire to have any part of it stricken from her discipline. When the Jews sought to kill Christ, Pilate asked, "Why, what evil hath he done?" So say I to those who plead for the word African to be erased: "Why, *what evil hath this name done?*" It cannot be truthfully urged that it signifies our Church is built upon the basis of color. The word African does not mean color, for it was originally applied to persons of a light hue as well as black. It is urged, "We are not Africans, but a mixed race, composed of Saxon, Indian and African blood." Is it true that the word African designates a different kind of blood, peculiar to a certain race of men? Was Paul in error when he informed the men of Athens that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth?"

It is said that "the word African, in the denominational title suggests the idea of the formation of all persons of African descent into a separate nationality." Let us turn to the part of the Constitution of the United States that reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;" and to the mind of every one who thinks for himself, the idea of a *separate nationality*, because of a *denominational title*, will appear erroneous. It is said, that "the color of skin, as an issue, in this nation, is fast passing away." God grant that its passage may be more rapid. But the last remains of African descent are not passing away, neither does "He who is no respecter of persons," give us any instruction that African descent in America is to be no more, while other races survive. I hope that our ministers, who love the unity of the Church, will not, at this time, urge such a claim as the destruction of any part of our title. It will evidently excite strife and division in our midst, for I believe a large majority of our members cling with an increasing attachment to their tri-colored flag "African, Methodist, Episcopal." Neither will intelligence and progression drift from the A. M. E. Church, and leave her a decaying hulk, as is supposed by my learned friend, who urges this premature claim. We generally find it the case, that old rotten logs in a river come up with the flood and go down with the ebb; if good timber comes up it is secured, and not allowed to go back. So I think we need not fear to retain our original denominational title; we will only lose the rotten logs from the ship, the good timber will remain.

STANFORD.

HON. WM. D. KELLEY'S LECTURE.

We publish the following from the *North American*, by special request. It embraces the chief points of Mr. Kelley's remarks.

An enormous gathering assembled last night at Concert Hall. The occasion was that of an address by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley to the "Social, Civil and Statistical Society" of Philadelphia. This society, composed of the cultivated and more intelligent portion of the colored people of Philadelphia, has inaugurated a series of meetings, which have been addressed thus far by learned and eloquent men, irrespective of color. This course of lectures has been attended by immense audiences. Frederick Douglass, and other Americans of African descent have addressed the association. Last night, Hon. Wm D. Kelley, following the example of other gentleman, did so, terminating the course.

As we have said, the house was packed, though the whites predominated in numbers over the colored people. The band from Camp Wm. Penn gave the music. Their fine brass band of thirty musicians performed with such acceptability that at times the entire audience applauded them. Upon the platform were benevolent Christian gentlemen of both colors, with not a few clergymen, fair and dusky, mingling together as followers of the same Lord, irrespective of complexion, or color of cuticle—Prominent among them was Rev. Stephen Smith, a man of color, who, for thirty years, has been a preacher of the Methodist faith, and who, without shame and without reproach, has amassed a very handsome fortune.

Miss Greenfield, known as the Black Swan, sang, accompanying herself upon the piano by way of preliminary. Mr. Robert Purvis then made the announcement that Judge Kelley would speak, in these words:

Ladies and gentlemen—I am instructed to announce to you that the lecture of this evening will conclude the course of lectures before the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of this city. Not being a member of this association, I feel free to say—what I am sure is but the feeling of all those who have attended these lectures—that we are greatly indebted to the Committee of Arrangements (of whom Mr. Wm. Still is Chairman) for their excellent and judicious appointments throughout the course.

The formality, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you one so well known and honored as the distinguished orator of this evening might well be dispensed with. Judge Kelley's consistent and unswerving fidelity to democratic republican principles has always secured for him the confidence and admiration of every true lover of freedom. But I desire in an especial manner, representing and speaking for the colored people, to tender to you, Judge Kelley, my profound acknowledgments. Your late able and exhaustive argument in the National House of Representatives on the vital issue of reconstruction, wherein the claims of the colored people to the enjoyment of equal rights were so ably set forth and defended, is alike worthy the head of a statesman and the heart of a philanthropist. And may I be allowed, ladies and gentlemen, the expression of the opinion that this country will have neither Union nor peace—I repeat it, neither Union nor peace—until to all men, irrespective of their color, there shall be a full and practical recognition of equal civil and political rights. And at this consummation, as the French poet, Lamartine, beautifully said, that the immortal Wilberforce appeared before the throne of God, bearing in his hands the broken fetters of eight hundred thousand emancipated bondmen, so shall the prayers of four millions of disenthralled American bondsmen in our land call down from Heaven blessings upon the heads of the noble men and women who have been faithful to the great principles of human freedom.

Judge Kelley then appeared amid extravagant bursts of applause. He regretted that, being prostrated with the labors of an exhausting session, he was so little competent to speak to-night. It was to the President of this association, Mr. William Still, that he was indebted for his subject—"The War, and the Rights of Humanity." And of what else could he speak? England begins to understand that a State of America is greater than an English shire; and England is beginning to understand that America has difficulties to settle with her. The speaker, however, would not descant upon this, nor upon the atrocities committed upon Union prisoners; nor upon the management of the Afric-American people of the south, who have ministered, though surreptitiously, to their pressing necessities.—(Applause.)

A fact is intensely stubborn. He who says that slavery is the cause of the war is but partially right. Slavery is but one of the bitter fruits from the root from which sprung this war. If we fail to eradicate it, we may have peace, but that peace will be agitation, and its fruit will yet mature to bloody and unending war. This war is but the penalty we are paying for violating a fundamental law of God—for violating a law of God that we all professed to believe—the law of human equality—(applause)—the law of the inherent nature and the indestructibility of man's rights.

Our institutions need no standing army for their maintenance. They are founded upon rectitude and justice. Who ever thought of revolutionizing Massachusetts? Every man there who can read the Constitution of the United States and of Massachusetts is a voter. If he cannot read it, he may qualify himself to do it. He may be a juror as well as a voter, and there is no trouble or revolution there. A man may be better off on the rocks of Massachusetts than in any other place in the world. Man, woman and child there earns more wages than in any other place upon God's footstool. Yet in Massachusetts there is no distinction of persons on account of color.

We have tried to say that our Declaration of Independence does not refer to all men. We exclude four million from its benefits. We have denied to them the fact of their own existence, save as we could make them useful to ourselves; and we have tried in it to deceive the all-seeing God; and on bended knee, before our Maker, we have prayed that our trespasses be forgiven as we forgive those of others, and quietly added, "except the d——d niggers," and our Hibernian friends emphatically add, "except the d——d negurs." (Applause.) He is a God of justice, and His justice shall not be forever mocked, and He means that on bended knee they shall cease to lie to Him.

Says some good citizen, Do you mean to admit negroes to citizenship all over the country? That is just what I mean. (Applause.) They who first came here from England came for liberty. For it they left the graves of their ancestors. For it they encountered savage beasts, and still more savage men. And on the soil of New England, as on that of Pennsylvania, sprang up a people in whom the love of liberty was ingrained. They sought to build up a State in which the love of liberty should be prevalent; that courts of law would be required, and from that came the arbitrations so troublesome at the present day. The sons of New England have carried the germ of that liberty across the continent. God preserve this country from rule of monarch, lord, or baron! (Applause.) We are but ten days from the kingdoms of Europe; but a few days more from the sluggish myriads of Asia. We are situated to command the trade of the world, and here we should found and perpetuate a pure democracy, with powers subject only to the revision of the people.

To do this we must accept the negro. Our fathers did it, and they were blessed. (Applause.) The records of all the States show that down to 1812, outside of South Carolina, the free negro was a citizen and a voter; and the degeneracy of the sons of our revolutionary sires alone changed it, and brought about the system now in vogue among us. Our country up to this time was blessed without being superstitious. The speaker could but recur to the time when South Carolina, by inserting the word "white" in a territorial bill, made Missouri a slave State. Ever since then our lands have ceased to be of steady value, our commerce and manufactures have been so fluctuating that we have been, at times, obliged to import operatives from Europe. Our interests have been as unstable as the seas. Out of every hundred merchants eighty or ninety have failed. Of course we have prospered and grown, but slavery has been a fearful injury. All history fails to show the fortunes of a people so unstable as those of the American people from 1820 to 1860.

The speaker continued to trace the successive eras in the political history of our country. In 1787 and '88 the question of continuing the African slave trade was agitated. Georgia and South Carolina demanded its continuance. The north did not, but so long as they secured peace they did not care. They suited the whites, and they "threw the nigger in." No one can be offended at this phrase. It is but the national slang. (Applause.) The slaves brought into the country during twenty years, enabled them to obtain an ascendency that began to provoke this war. Eloquent men in Virginia proclaimed that slavery was weakness rather than strength, that it was a crime. James Madison used the term "persons held to service," instead of slave, as conscious of the awful crime being committed against God and man.

The speaker showed how into each new territory slaves were hurried as they more recently were into Kansas, and the descendants of Revolutionary sires, forgetting all that their fathers had achieved, inserted the word "white" in a territorial bill. And in 1863, Roger B. Taney, whose name is now infamous, (here a burst of applause lasted some minutes,) declared that the negro had no rights that the white man was obliged to respect. We owed the continued enslavement of Missouri, Maryland and Tennessee to the manufacturers of Connecticut, who preferred peace and traffic to truth and justice.—The voice of Connecticut was thought to be the voice of New England, and the contest was given up. Northern men were to blame for all this.

We sold ourselves to the devil, and what have we done with the money? (Applause.) The men of the south now ask us to oppose them no longer, but to let them fight for their freedom and human status. Look at Louisiana. Each ticket was for a free State government. That which provided for equal rights to all was defeated. So was that ticket in Arkansas. And the true men in both States wrote to Congress, asking it, for God's sake, to keep out the men elected to represent those States. (Loud applause.) Believing in voting early and voting often, the opponents of liberty took excursions on election day, voting every where in their way from sunrise to sunset. Faithful Pen Butler (applause,) had been deposed and faithful emissaries plied their calling at the election.

It would be very pleasant to give pardoned traitors the government of Louisiana. These people propose to put away a hundred thousand people who are their brothers, uncles, aunties, &c. They propose to make up a nice party of themselves and have every thing serene, as the boys say. The so called Senate and Legislature of Louisiana contain over thirty men who are policemen of Louisiana. There cannot be a more corrupt government—the Fourth ward of Philadelphia is nothing to it—than the free State government of Louisiana. Let the government not be recognized until it recognizes every man entitled to citizenship, and its members themselves will be so fond of the African citizen as to swear that they even have a tinge of African blood in their own veins. Yet out of 18 parishes there are but nine in the State in which the United States government can permit supplies to be sent without special permit. The people have nothing but the slave-driver's contempt for us. "So help me God," continued the speaker, "I will never vote for the admission of such an oligarchy. Wait another Congress, and under the lead of Flanders—God bless him—Louisiana will come to us a free State. (Deafening applause.)

The speaker read from a paper published in New Orleans, edited, owned and controlled by colored people. It is published half in French and English; and the editors deriving their education from Parisian colleges, their French is much superior to that of their neighbors. He read articles seconding his own views, and showing that the present State government of Louisiana does not entitle to admission into a union of States such as those of the North."

The eloquent judge spoke fully two hours, urging that either we must accept the negro as a citizen or abandon our institutions. No other course was possible. The speaker was listened to throughout with great attention, save when hearty applause showed the effect that he produced.

A WHITE FRIEND.

If this should meet the eye of the person who penned us a note under the above signature, some information may be obtained by sending the proper name and address to "Britton," at the office of this paper.

BETHEL A. M. E. SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT.

We again remind our readers that the above named Sabbath School will celebrate their 28th anniversary by a grand concert, at Sansom Street Hall, on next Thursday evening, 6th inst.

The arrangements have been perfected, and we expect this to excel all others heretofore given by the school. The services of Mr. H. Shadd as conductor, Mr. F. M. Seymour, as pianist, and L. R. Seymour, Esq., as general superintendent, have been engaged. The vocal parts of the exercises will be rendered in true artistic style by several professional and amateur singers.

The proceeds are for the benefit of the School Fund, and Soldiers' Aid Society. We hope all lovers of good music, and all desirous of aiding a good cause, will give their earnest support.

Cards of Admission, 25 cts., which may be had at the A. M. E. Book Store, No. 619 Pine St.

MAN WANTED.

An elderly colored man wanted, to work on a small place in West Philadelphia. Inquire at 224 South 2d Street.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

We call attention to the appeal of the United States Christian Commission, which will be found elsewhere. The Commission has done a mighty work, and now needs funds to refill its empty coffers. Do not deny them. This may be their last urgent call. Let our churches contribute liberally, that the pressing wants of our soldiers may not be neglected.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER FOR THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

We are constantly receiving letters from the different regiments, asking us to send them a few copies of our paper. In all cases we cannot comply. We do so, to our utmost extent, and call on our friends to send us some contributions for the purpose of sending the paper to the various camps. Our friends in Natches, Miss., through Rev. N. Fitzhugh, have sent us a donation of ten dollars. We return our sincere thanks to them. The following is the subscription list of Brother Fitzhugh:—Mrs. H. Thomson, $2.50; B. Foley, 2.00; A. Jenkins, 1.50; Rev. N. F., 1.00; Charles W. Fitzhugh, 1.00; R. Dorsey, D. Williams, Mrs. M. Fisher and Mrs. R. Tolbert, each 50 cts. Besides, we received some days ago, $3.00 from Rev. Fitzhugh, making in all, $13.00. The money collected was to send the *Recorder* to the 6th Mississippi, and 58th U. S. C. T. We hope our friends every where will follow the example, and send us a mite, that the hearts of the soldiers may be cheered, by knowing that those at home are not altogether unmindful of them.

VOLUNTEERS FROM FRANKFORD, PA.

By the kindness of Mr. W. S. Walker, we have obtained a list of names of the colored men who have lately enlisted in defence of the Stars and Stripes, in Frankford. They are all young men, and well known, and many of their friends elsewhere, will be pleased to see their names:—Robert Calahan, Elijah Barret, Jesse Pleasant, Wm. Massy, George Pleasant, Moses Bedford, Isaiah W. Somers, David A. Jackson, Samuel Morris, James W. Somers, Jacob Scott, James Butler, Jr.

MATTERS IN ENGLAND.

We have received copies of the *Manchester Daily Examiner and Times*, and the *Stockport and Cheshire County News*, to March 4th, from the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, from which we learn, that our friends in England are jubilant over the "Abolition of Slavery in the United States." A large party, by invitation of the U. and E. S., assembled on Feb. 28th, and, after several speeches, adopted several resolutions expressive of their feelings in relation to the wise action taken by Congress, and hoping that the death-blow has been dealt to Slavery in our country.

We also learn that Mr. H. Estcourt delivered a lecture on the American War, on Monday evening, Feb. 27th. We are sorry that we can not give our readers any of his remarks, as the whole loaf was so good, that we would spoil it, if we were only to give a slice.

We would call special attention to the Appeal for the "Union Commission" in our advertising columns.

This enterprise is entirely distinct from that which is just begun in this city, for the relief of deserters "from the rebel armies," and ought not to be superseded even by that important work.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM 28th U. S. C. T.

Sword Presentation to Captain J. M. Ridenour by his Company in the 28th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops—How the Colored Troops appreciate one of their officers who stands by them in time of battle.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of February, and that which took place in Co. F., 28th Regiment U. S. C. T., now stationed at City Point, Va., made it more pleasant.

Sergeant Roberts, Orderly of the company, immediately after retreat roll-call, marched his men up before our worthy Captain's quarters, and after delivering a short speech, which had been prepared for the occasion, presented him with a handsome sword, sash, and belt, for which they paid ($150) one hundred and fifty dollars. The men raised the money, bought the article without the knowledge of their commander, and, of course, it took him by surprise. The following is the address of Sergt. Roberts:

Captain, we, the members of Company F. 28th Regt. U. S. C. T., assemble here at this time, for the purpose of paying our respects to you for the interest you have always taken in our welfare, for the kindness you have manifested towards us, and for the undaunted gallantry you have displayed on many different battle-fields, several of which your company witnessed. We know, Captain, that you are still ever ready to lead us whenever the hour of trial comes, and your fearless boys stand here now to renew our vows, that we will be with you "although we are far from home."

We know, captain, that on the ever memorable 30th of July last, you were wounded, lost your sword, and was afterwards taken prisoner, and fell while at the head of your company, manifesting as much nonchalance with your half smiling, but determined look as though you were drinking a glass of ice-cold water. Many sighs were given during your absence from us, and many shouts of joy have been heard on account of your presence; and now, since the good Lord has permitted you to return safely to us, we feel it a duty we owe to you to make you a present.

I, in the name of Company F, have the honor to ask you to accept this sword, sash, and belt, as a token of our respect. We hope you will wear them wherever you go, and with our prayers we trust that you will be guided and protected safely through the conflict, and when all is over, when peace shall have been restored to our once happy country, that you will be permitted to return to the loved ones at home, who have, doubtless, mourned often and passed many sleepless hours while you have been undergoing many hardships, and passing through many dangerous scenes that they know not of. May the Lord bless you, captain, is the wish of the humble men who now stand before you."

During this speech, Captain Ridenour stood in the door of his neat little hut, looking perfectly amazed. After a few moments' silence he stepped out, took off his hat, and addressed them as follows. (Allow me to remark here that I have been acquainted with Captain Ridenour for some time: never before that evening did I think he was so handsome, his pale, blushing face, his manly deportment, induced us to look upon him with more pride than ever before.)

"Non-commissioned officers and men of Co. F., With a heart full of thanks, but no tongue to express them, I accept of the present you have so kindly offered. Owing to the surprise this evening, which has caused me to be somewhat embarrassed, you will excuse me for not saying more. You ask me to wear the sword: I will do as you request, as I have confidence that you will protect me from all harm, as far as lies in your power. I hope that this most execrable rebellion will soon be crushed, that every traitor will soon have found "the last ditch," or totally destroyed from the face of the earth.

"Asking many pardons for the short remarks I have made, and hoping that when the time comes again, I will have the honor to go with you into action."

After this the company gave three hearty cheers, and returned to their quarters.

Capt. Ridenour was complimented for his speech and present by many of his brother officers.

J. ROBERTS,
O. S. Co. F. 28th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM NEW ALBANY.

New Albany, Indiana, March 22d, '65.

BRO. WEAVER:—While waiting at the house of a friend for my dinner, to-day, I thought it would be a good opportunity to fulfil a promise which I made myself a few days ago, to write to you. I should have done so long since, but, really, to tell you the truth, I have not had any thing very encouraging or important to write about—and as I possess not the faculty for spinning out a long communication about nothing at all, and thereby occupying a space in your columns which might have been more profitably filled, I have, up to the present time, remained silent.

We have passed through a long and tedious winter, and, during the whole time, have been completely mud-bound, so much so that it was next to impossible to get to church. This may sound strange to some of your numerous readers, but such was the fact—and until the last few weeks, I have been trying to preach to almost empty seats. The prospects, however, are a little more favorable now. Our congregation is steadily increasing, and we are beginning to feel hopeful.

This city, like many others along the Ohio river, is populated mostly by persons who follow the river for a living, or, rather, follow running on the river as a permanent occupation—and the consequence is, that sometimes our congregation and the attendance on public entertainments are quite large, and at other times very small. It is not an uncommon thing for one of my members to hear me preach one Sabbath, and, on the next, Brother Burch, at Nashville—and probably listen to Brother Dove, in New Orleans, the next.

The secesh and guerrillas are quite plenty out here, and at times very troublesome. Still our people are willing to take their chance of being shot or captured, in common with the rest, and do not mind it. They make a great deal of money by it—and I will do them the justice to say that they are remarkably liberal with it. I never had charge of a more liberal people, according to their number. We are trying to hold our own in a religious point of view, but in a political sense, we cannot boast of any advantages that have accrued to us by our Indiana law-makers. Our Legislature has adjourned without removing any of the disabilities under which we have been laboring for the last thirty years. While Missouri moves, and Illinois follows, and Tennessee and Minnesota wheel into line, and even Old Kentuck is getting better, poor, conservative, pro-slavery Indiana is afraid to cut loose from her ancient land-marks, and regards her laws, so far as the welfare of her colored people is concerned, as being made after the fashion of the laws of the Medes and Persians. The result is, that all our well-to-do colored people who come North or come West, skip over the State and invest their means in Northern Illinois, Michigan or Wisconsin.

But I find that I am spinning out rather a lengthy communication, in spite of all my good intentions. So I must now begin to close my letter.

In conclusion, let me say that it is a pleasant sight, in making my pastoral visits, to find the Recorder on almost every table, and see how much it is appreciated. I think I shall have a few more subscribers for you in a few days,—some new ones, and some who will renew their subscriptions.

We are daily anticipating a visit from Professor Mitchell in behalf of Wilberforce. We have had the enterprising editor of the Colored Citizen here to see us, in behalf of his paper; and, for the short time that he was with us, I think he did very well.

In my next, I will propose a plan to aid the cause of Missions, which I think will be productive of good financial results.

Wishing you great success, I remain

Yours in Christ,
A. MCINTOSH.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM KINDERHOOK, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR:—I was invited by Mr. Joseph Springsteen, Jr., teacher of the colored school in Kinderhook, on Friday last, March 17th, to attend an examination of his school, where I met with several of my friends among the parents and visitors, who had convened for the purpose of hearing what knowledge the children had obtained, by way of education, during the past winter. The result was alike honorable both to the teacher and the scholars.

Notwithstanding the opposition and discouragements that Mr. Springsteen has had to contend with during the term, he has so managed as to secure the good-will and affection of nearly all the scholars, who think, should he leave them, they will never get another like him; as he has always endeavored, in order to elevate the youthful mind, to make the studies as comprehensive, pleasant and easy, as possible.

I will now attempt, sir, to give a sketch of the proceedings and exercises of the afternoon. The school was called to order at one o'clock, P. M., and by two o'clock each scholar was ready to recite his part. However, the teacher gave them a few minutes longer to prepare for the work before them, when the following proceedings were had on the part of the audience assembled to witness the exercises.

Mrs. M. C. Pruyne, of Massachusetts, was chosen President, Rev. William M. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, Pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church at Kinderhook, Vice President, Miss S. A. Pruyne, of Kinderhook, Secretary, Mr. Joseph Springsteen, Sr., of Kinderhook, Mrs. E. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, Mrs. H. Jimpson, of Kinderhook, Mrs. Vanness, of Schodack, N. Y., and Miss D. A. Williams, of Athens, N. Y., Committee of Examination.

The scholars then sang a beautiful hymn.—By order of the committee, the exercises were then conducted in the following order: 1. Reading. 2. Geography. 3. Speaking. 4. Compositions. 5. Singing. 6. Spelling. 7. Arithmetic. 8. Numeration and Notation. 9. Address by the Rev. William M. Johnson. 10. Singing by the school. 11. Remarks by the teacher, by way of advice to parents and scholars. The Committee then returned thanks to the teacher, in behalf of those sending children to the school, for his attention and kind treatment of them in the village. From your unworthy brother in the Lord, WILLIAM M. JOHNSON,
Pastor A. M. E. C., Kinderhook.

March 20th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE 29th CONN. VOLS.

Headquarters 22d Conn. Vols., (Col'd)
In the field, before Richmond, Virginia,
March 21, 1865.

DEAR EDITOR:—I cannot think of a better way to devote my leisure moments, than by writing a few lines for the benefit of your readers, and the friends of this regiment.

Our regiment is now encamped on the ground lately occupied by the 20th U. S. C. T., which is about one hundred rods in the rear of Fort Burnham. We were formerly encamped on the left of the above named fort, where we were beginning to feel quite at home, when we received orders to move to the position we now occupy. The 29th U. S. C. T., with other regiments, at the same time moved out to take our place in the front. Our camp at the front was pronounced the neatest in the corps, which made us regret leaving it; but, like dutiful children of Uncle Samuel, we went to work and rebuilt the old quarters of our namesakes, and feel once more at home.

After a week of diligent labor, our camp again appears in full glory, and is a much more uniform style than the old one, with sufficient room for enlargement to accommodate the hundred recruits lately received. Since then our duties have been rather easier. There is a detail of 40 men each day for picket, which, with the camp guard, comprises all the regular details. But the men in camp do not lie idle, I assure you. Company drill in the morning, with battallion drill in the afternoon, and dress parade at four P. M., consume nearly the whole of the short spring days.

We have had snow enough to cover the ground once during the whole winter, but rain enough to make up for it, and, consequently, incalculable quantities of mud. It was almost impossible, a couple of months back, to get a sufficient supply of rations and forage up from the landing. The teaming is done on corduroy roads, and if a team should happen to get off the track, good-by; for only the ears of the mules remain to mark the spot where they disappeared in the mud, and the driver only escapes by some strategic movement.

Deserters are coming in daily. Sometimes whole picket posts, officers and all, come over to our lines. A few days since several families, direct from Richmond, came into our lines in a suffering condition. They say that they were compelled to leave the city to keep from starving, and that they had their choice to go farther south or come into our lines.

We are now in the second brigade of the first division of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps. The consolidation of this corps seems to give entire satisfaction, and the removal of General Butler

brings joy to every soldier in the Army of the James. Yours, respectfully,

A. D. W.,
Sergt. Co. K., 29th Conn. Vols.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR NORFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Ere you receive this, I shall, in all probability, have left here, *en route* for Wilmington, N. C. Our much esteemed friend, W. S Coan, Esq., has been to that point, and opened the schools. The cry there is, "Come over and help us," and I feel that Providence indicates it to be my duty to respond.

During the present week, we have been favored by a visit from the Rev. Calvin Fairbank and lady. The history of Mr. F.'s sufferings, rehearsed to these people, met with such sympathy, as only they can feel, who have experienced the like.

A few weeks ago, I received a box of clothing, books, papers, &c., from the Bethel S. School Association of Philadelphia. The most of the papers I have distributed among the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, at the Portsmouth hospitals. I hope our friends at the North will continue to render us their assistance, in this great work for our people. As it is possible I shall leave here in an hour or two, I must close with the promise to write after my arrival at Wilmington. Truly yours,

SALLIE.

Norfolk, Va., Mar. 28, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR:—The Lord is certainly reviving His work in our city. Several have professed to have found Christ precious to their souls.

We have made some collections for the benefit of Wilberforce University. In Owego, we raised thirteen dollars and thirty-two cents; in Binghampton, three dollars and fifty-three cents, and, by other donations, we have swelled the amount to ninety-four dollars and forty-four cents, which we sent to Rev. J. A. Shorter.

Yours,
E. B. DAVIS.

March 25th, 1865.

A CALL

For the immediate meeting of the Board of Managers of the Parent Missionary Society of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following brethren, members of the Board of Managers of the Parent Missionary Society, are requested to meet in Bethel Church, Baltimore City, April 12th, 1865, at 10: 30, *without fail*, as business of great importance is to be transacted, viz:

Baltimore Conference.—Revs. Rob't T. Wayman, Wm. H. Waters, Wm. H. Hopkins.

Philadelphia Conference.—Revs. Theodore Gould, S. Smith, Wm. Moore.

New York Conference.—Revs. Richard H. Cain, Leonard Patterson, James M. Williams.

New England Conference.—Revs. Joseph P. Shreeves, Wm. H. Chase, Wm. W. Grimes.

Ohio Conference.—Revs. James A. Shorter, John T. Tibbs, Jesse W. Devine.

Indiana Conference.—Revs. Charles Burch, Willis R. Revels, Wm. I. Davis.

Missouri Conference.—Daniel L. Brooks, Wm. A. Dove, John Turner.

If any brother should see it *impossible to be present* at this meeting, I hope that he will favor us with a letter, giving us his views of the great missionary work among our brethren, who are growing free hourly. They will also state what their Conference will do for the missionary cause, and make other suggestions which may occur to them.

I hope, if it shall be found that the whole number from any one Conference cannot be present, that the brethren in that Conference will meet and decide which one of their number shall attend. I hope none will be absent.

Done by order of the President,
DANIEL A. PAYNE.

JOHN M. BROWN, Cor. Sec'y.

P. S.—All letters will be directed to
JOHN M. BROWN,
Care of James H. Davis, Esq.,
No. 12, Saratoga St.,
Baltimore, Md.

April 1—2t.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE LADIES' UNION ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time since, I visited the Summit-house Hospital, and found the soldiers there excessively delighted, after a feast upon the delicacies furnished from a donation of forty dollars, made by the ladies of Carlisle, Pa., for that purpose. The distribution was made by a committee from the Ladies' Union Association, of Philadelphia, viz.: Misses Amelia E. and Annie R. Mills, and Miss Mary Burton, of Zoar church. The soldiers expressed their gratitude and heartfelt thanks both to the donors and the committee. This Association is doing a great work in the cause of the sick and wounded soldiers, and is ever on the alert to alleviate their suffering and need.

It is understood that a committe of ladies, of the above-named Association, will visit the army before Richmond, in a week or two, on a similar errand. They appeal to all interested in the welfare of those noble men composing, in part, said army, for contributions in bandages, farina, fruit, lint, &c, which may be left with Miss A. E. Mills, President, Lombard street, above Tenth, or any member of the Association.

A VISITOR.

March 25th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

A RETURN OF THANKS.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to return thanks to those who have, by their exertions in my behalf, proved themselves to be my friends. Having, unfortunately too, fallen into the hands of the law, I felt the extreme kindness shown me, and am most keenly sensible of my indebtedness to them all. My feelings are not altogether understood by some of them; and hence my desire to use these means to re-assure them of my kind bearing towards them. May God ever bless and prosper them, and may they ever find that old maxim, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," to be true in every sense, should they be called to stem the storm. May He also remember and bless the "Good Samaritan," who rendered me signal aid; and, should they in any instance need aid, they will always find a true friend and well-wisher in their humble servant and brother in Christ. CHARLES W. HARRIS.

Newport, R. I.

March 27th, 1865.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Philadelphia, Mar. 23, 1865.

LADIES:—I have the honor and pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of $40.00, through the kindness of Mr. Joseph C. Bustill, from your Association for the Benefit of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers at the Summit Hospital. I have expended the above amount to your satisfaction, I hope, and in my judgment, to the interest and pleasure of the grateful recipients of your generous and benevolent contribution.

AMELIA E. MILLS,
Pres't of the Ladies' Union Association.

To the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Association of Carlisle, Pa.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of West Philadelphia Circuit will be held as follows:

Norristown, April 8th and 9th; Germantown, April 15th and 16th.

The Quarterly Conference will meet at West Philadelphia, April 20th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.—will continue at night, and on the 30th; Kensington, on the 6th and 7th of May.

PETER GARDINER.

April 1—2t.

NOTICE.

The last Quarterly Meeting of the Macedonia A. M. E. Church, Camden N. J., for this Conference year, will take place on the second Sabbath in April.

Quarterly Conference Friday evening previous, at 8 o'clock.

Appointments.—Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, Rev. J. T. Haslet; Sunday evening, 7½ o'clock, W. H. Winder. Love feast also in the morning at 8½ o'clock. T. G. STEWARD,
Preacher.

WILLIAM MOORE, Elder.

NOTICE.

ZION MISSION CHURCH.

The Quarterly Meeting will be held on Sabbath, April 2d. Love Feast on Monday evening, April 3d. W. W. WINDER,
Preacher in charge.

REV. JOS. SMITH, P. E.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Coxsackie, N. Y., R. V. Hasen, for S. Egberts, 1.25; Natchez, Miss., Rev. N. Fitzhugh, 13.00; Beverly, Ohio, C. W. Brady 1.25; Wilmington, Rev. H. J. Rhodes, 1.40; Louisville, Ky., Rev. T. Strother, for Mrs. H. Scott, 2.50; Cincinnati, Rev. J. Tibbs, 8.75; Cannonsburgh, Pa., Rev. S. P. Jones, for A. B. Henderson, R. Baker, and Louisa Webster, each 2.50; Vincennes, Ind., Rev. L. W. Bass, for J. Weeks, 2.50; Medis, Pa., Rev. E. Laws, for Sarah A. Brown, 2.50, for A. Bruce, 2.00; Riceville, P. J., per Rev. W. Winder, W. Gray, 2.50; Red Bank, N. J., per Rev. W. Winder, Lydia Parker, 1.25; Princeton, N. J., Rev. H. Davis, 5.40.

For the Christian Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me the use of your columns to acknowledge the receipt of ten boxes of clothing from the Rhode Island Association for the Relief of Freedmen, to be distributed among the Freedmen in Washington, D. C.

The Soldier's Relief Association, to whom the things were sent for distribution, desire me to express their warmest thanks to the R. I. Association, and its contributors, in behalf of the freedmen, who feel grateful for the favors thus bestowed upon them.

The past winter has been a season of much suffering among the poor, especially the freedmen, notwithstanding every effort has been made to succor them, and though the severity of the winter is over, there are yet many who stand in need of assistance. Whatever may be sent for their relief will be thankfully received and faithfully distributed. SAMUEL M. GILES.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

PHILADELPHIA, March 25th, 1865.

To the Christian People of the United States:

—The United States Christian Commission is your agency and instrument. It lives and works by your confidence and co-operation. The degree of its usefulness is the measure of your liberality. If your support continues as heretofore, its ministry will continue; if it falters, it will diminish; if it fails, it will die.

The work of the Christian Commission was never so thoroughly organized as now. Our great armies are concentrating in the East. Our facilities are thereby multiplied, and our opportunities of usefulness increased. By your liberal aid, only, will they be available. The indications of approaching battles are unmistakable. Before you read these lines indications may have become events; and bloody fields may be strewed with suffering soldiers. We are not prepared for it as we should be. Our treasury is exhausted. We cannot wait until the necessity is fully upon us, for that will be too late. The necessity is now. We must be beforehand with the emergency. Ten thousand dollars next week may save more lives and relieve more suffering than a hundred thousand next month. Let not retrenchment be forced upon us on the very edge of battle.

At this very hour a most remarkable religious interest is spread throughout our armies. Even our famished men from southern prisons are more eager for the bread of life, than for that for want of which they have starved.

Christian men and women of the nation, this is for you, a special message and call to each. We shall go forward in God's name and for your service. Our appeal is before you. For Christ's sake, let the response be liberal and prompt.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,
GEO. H. STUART, *Chairman.*

DEATH OF MR. B. F. BROWN.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. B. F. Brown, the respected Principal of the Camden Colored School, has departed this life. We can only express our most sincere regret that such a useful member of society should thus early be cut down by the ruthless hand of death. The notice of his funeral will be found in another column.

NOTICE.

The funeral sermon of Mrs. Rebecca Demby, of Williamsburgh, L. I., who died suddenly, at a meeting of "The J. R. Giddings and Joliffe Union, Leah's Tent, No. 6," will be preached by Rev. Deaton Dorrell, in Bethel Church, Sullivan street, New York, on Sunday, April 8th, at 3 o'clock, P. M. apr 1-2t.

Religious Miscellany.

PRIM PEOPLE.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable—but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine—but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and falls every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

HINTS ON MEMORY.

First, soundly inflax in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it, if agitation of business jog that out of thy head, which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by violents possessio will abide there till ejectio firme. sickness or extreme age dispossesses them. It is best knocking in the nail over night, and clinching it next morning. Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full, that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight, trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward dapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.—*Fuller.*

Make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, *presend* to care, make believe to care, and very soon you will care, and care so much that you will be extremely angry with any one who interrupts your pursuits.—*Sidney Smith.*

Our Country.

Official Gazette.—Fighting by Gen. Meade's army.—The Rebel capture Fort Steadman, but it is retaken with 2700 Prisoners.—Unsuccessful attack on Fort Haskell.—Rebel loss 5700 Union loss 800.—Official confirmation of the capture of Goldsboro.—Despatch from Gen. Schofield.—New from Sherman.—Washington, March 25th.—This morning, at 4½ o'clock, the enemy by a strong and sudden assault, captured Fort Steadman, but after a vigorous contest the fort was recaptured, with 1600 prisoners and two battle-flags, and all the guns were uninjured.

Gen. McLaughlin was taken prisoner by the rebels, who also assaulted Fort Haskell, but were repulsed with great loss. The official report is subjoined. E. M. STANTON Secretary of War.

City Point, Va.—1.30 P. M., March 28.—To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: The following despatch of Gen. Parke is received from Gen. Meade. U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

The enemy attacked my front this morning, at about 4.30 A. M., with three divisions, under command of Gen. Gordon.

By a sudden rush they seized the line held by the third brigade, first division, at the foot of the hill, to the right of Fort Steadman, wheeled, and overpowering the garrison, took possession of the fort. They established themselves upon the hill, turning our guns upon us. Our troops on either flank stood firm

Soon after a determined attack was made on Fort Haskell, held by a part of McLaughlin's brigade, Wilcox's division, and was repulsed, with great loss to the enemy.

The first brigade of Hartranft's division, held in reserve, was brought up, and a check given to any farther advance. One or two attempts to retake the hill were made, and were only temporarily successful until the arrival of the second brigade, when a charge was made by that brigade, aided by the troops of the first division on either flank, and the enemy were driven out of the fort with the loss of a number of prisoners, estimated at about 1600. Two battle-flags have also been brought in.

The enemy also lost heavily in killed outside of our lines.

The whole line was immediately re-occupied, and the guns re-taken, uninjured.

I regret to add that Gen. McLaughlin was captured in Fort Steadman. Our loss was otherwise not heavy.

Great praise is due to Hartranft for the gallantry displayed in handling his division, which behaved with great skill in this its first engagement.

JOHN G. PARKE, Major General.

SECOND GAZETTE.

Washington March 25—9.30 P. M.—Major General J. A. Dix, New York: Later reports from Gen. Grant, which are subjoined, show that the operations of our forces this morning were brilliantly successful. The rebel prisoners already secured number 2700. The rebel killed and wounded Gen. Grant estimates at "probably not less the 2000." Our loss is estimated at 800, but may prove less.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

City Point, March 25—8 P. M.—Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War: I am not yet able to give the results of the day accurately, but the number of prisoners captured proves larger that at first reported.

The slaughter of the enemy at the point were they entered our lines and in front of it was probably not less than 3000. Our loss is estimated at 800, but may prove less.

Gen. Humphreys attacked on the left with great promptness, capturing one hundred men, and causing the enemy to return troops to that part of his line rapidly. U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

THIRD GAZETTE.

Washington, March 25—10 P. M.—Major Gen. J. A. DIX, New York: The following despatch from Gen. Schofield reports his arrival at and occupation of Goldsboro, on Tuesday, March 21, with but slight opposition. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 21, via Fort Monroe, Va., 7 P. M., March 25. Lieutenat General, U. S. Grant, City Point, Va.: I have the honor to report that I occupied Goldsboro this afternoon, with but slight opposition.

Gen. Terry's column from Wilmington was at Fayson's depot last night, and should be near this place to-night.

Gen. Sherman's left was engaged with the enemy near Bentonville on Sunday. The artillery firing was quite rapid during the day, and for a short time on Monday morning.

Sherman's right, the Seventeenth corps, was near Mount Olive on Sunday night.

There has been some artillery firing during to-day, which indicates a gradual approach of Sherman's army towards this place. All this being strictly in accordance with Sherman's plans, I have no doubt all is well.

I hope to have more definite and later information from Sherman soon, and will forward it to you without delay.

I find the bridges burned; but otherwise the road is not injured, and the depot facilities are very fine. I captured here seven cars, and Gen. Terry has captured two locomotives and two cars, which he is now using. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,
Major General.

Gen. Sheridan's Army.—Washington March 25.—The chartered steamer, Winona, Captain D. Ames, arrived here yesterday afternoon from the White House, to which point she had been despatched several days ago with supplies for Gen. Sheridan's troops.

The Winona reports the troops in Gen. Sheridan's command as rapidly recovering from the fatigue of their recent brilliant and treasome raid, and the men are in excellent spirits and ready to enter upon any work that may be cut out for them.

A number of guerrillas have made their appearance in the vicinity of White House, and along the banks of the Pamunkey. They have become quite troublesome by firing upon our transports.

A number of Gen. Sheridan's troops, who have received furloughs for meritor ous conduct while on the recent raid, came up on the Winona. The Winona also brought up from White House a number of the horses worn out on the raid, which are being replaced by fresh ones.

The Battles of Saturday.—The official despatches from Gen. Grant, which furnished an account of the Rebel attack upon Fort Steadman and the repulse of the Rebels, seems to have become somewhat mixed up with statements of important operations on the same day on other parts of the line. Correspondents writing from different parts of the field have also been somewhat mystified, and, indeed, those who gave accounts of transactions within their own observation do not seem to know that there had been important movements elsewhere. The story of the day is to be divided into three parts. The first concerns the operations at Fort Steadman and at Fort Haskell, the first of which was captured by surprise early on Saturday morning, by troops under the Rebel Gen. Gordon, and held by the latter for a time, until he was driven out by Wilcox, Hartranft, and the soldiers of the Ninth Corps. The Federal losses in this fight are summed up at 68 killed, 338 wounded, and 500 missing: total 912. The Rebel prisoners here were 1049, and the killed and wounded about 1700.

When this attack was made upon the right of our line, a portion of the troops who were used in it were brought from the front of the extreme right of our line at Hatcher's Run. In order to conceal their withdrawal the pickets in that neighborhood made very bold demonstrations on Saturday morning. The capture of Gordon's men gave Gen. Grant a full key to the mystery, and he ordered an advance upon the extreme left at Hatcher's Run, which had been weakened by the withdrawal of Gordon. Our troops made a very successful advance, gained several strong positions, and have extended their lines toward the South Side Railroad, taking some important field-works, which they yet hold. Our loss at Hatcher's Run was 51 killed, 462 wounded, 177 missing; total, 690. The Rebels lost 366 prisoners, and their loss in killed and wounded by estimate of Gen. Humphreys is about 1600.

The Second Corps, which is commanded by Gen. Wright, and which was more in the centre, was also ordered to attack and take advantage of the Rebel encumbers at Fort Steadman. It pushed forward in front of Fort Fisher and captured the enemy's intrenched picket line, which it yet holds. General Wright lost in this fight 47 killed, 401 wounded and 30 missing, Total, 478. He took 469 prisoners and estimates the Rebel killed and wounded at about 400.

This we understand to be the meaning of the despatches, which are not precise in separating the particulars of the three fights. They can be recapitulated as follows:—

UNION LOSS.

	Killed.	Wound.	Miss'g
9th Corps, Fort Steadman	68	401	506
6th Corps, Fort Fisher.	47	338	30
2d Corps, Hatcher's Run.	51	467	177
	166	1206	713
Total.			2085

REBEL LOSS.

	Killed and Wound.	Missing.
Fort Steadman	1700	1049
Fort Fisher	1600	365
Hatcher's Run	400	469
	3700	1883
Total.		5583

There were reports yesterday, mainly brought by steamboat to Fortress Monroe, that there was fighting on Sunday "all along the lines," at Petersburg. This story is utterly destitute of truth.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THERE is a company at Freedom, N. H., engaged in manufacturing tar from pine stumps. They produce 40 barrels of tar and seven or eight of spirits of turpentine per week. The stumps are drawn and cut up as for stove wood, put into a retort, and their essence fried out. A cord of pitch wood gives three bbls. of tar worth $14 per bbl. and 18 gallons of spirits, worth some $7 or $8 per gallon.

THE number of passengers arrived in the United States from foreign countries during the year 1864, was 221,535 as appears by a communication from the Secretary of State. Of these, 199,690 landed at New York; Massachusetts received 8,955; Pennsylvania, 4,467; California, 3,135; Maryland, 2,968; Maine, 1,373; New Jersey, 331; Oregon, 307; Florida, 199; Rhode Island, 54; New Hampshire, 16.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The number of Chinese in San Francisco last August, according to the City Directory, was 3,600. The number in California in 1862, according to the report of a joint select committee of the legislature, was 50,000, engaged as follows: mining, 30,000; farming (hired as laborers,) 4,200; trading, 2,000; leaving some 16,800 unaccounted for, and supposed to be employed in washing, ironing, and as servants. Probably there are not more than 40,000 Chinese in the State at this time.

GREAT FLOOD IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—A recent flood in the Susquehanna River not only greatly delayed travel, but did immense damage otherwise. The water was six feet higher than at the great flood in 1864. In the Susquehanna Valley the current swept over the fields, carrying in its course trees, fences, out-houses, canal bridges, tobacco sheds, hogs, poultry, and almost every thing moveable. The washing away of soil and fences, and the cutting of gulches into the river, will cause serious damage to the farms along the line of the flood.

According to the latest accounts, it is estimated that 60,000 persons lost their lives by the recent terrible cyclone in India. The report that 12,000 persons were drowned, was at first received with incredulity, but the number was vastly underrated.

LIBERIA.—Recent letters from Monrovia give encouraging accounts of the condition of the country. The amount of sugar raised this year is a third larger than last year's product. Coffee promises a greatly increased yield. The growth of cotton and its manufacture, by domestic industry, is gradually increasing. Surely this is progress. Less than fifty years ago the chief article in this region for the foreign market was slaves. "The Legislature closed its session on the 2d of January, having commenced December 6th last. President Warner, in his annual message, recommended retrenchment, and the Legislature acted upon his recommendation. They also passed a general patent law—fee to citizens, twenty-five dollars; aliens, fifty dollars. Chief-Justice Dayton was drowned on the bar, near Poor river, adjacent to Grand Cess."

MORMONS IN ILLINOIS.—The *Charleston (Ill.) Republican* says, that rumors are current that five or six hundred Mormon families are expected to arrive in the vicinity of Nauvoo during the coming spring and summer. It is alleged that they are adherents of the young Joe. Smith, now residing at Nauvoo. There are already in that country some three or four hundred persons who adhere to the Mormon doctrine, most of whom reside near Nauvoo, and attend the preachidg of the young prophet. Their meetings are held in a two-story brick building near the river, which was formerly known as the Lord's Storehouse.

THE finder of the recently discovered statue of Hercules, at Rome, presented it to the Pope, who allotted him a pension of two thousand five hundred crowns, and presented him with a gold snuff-box, in which was not snuff, but one thousand gold crowns enveloped in a title deed, conferring the title of Marquis on himself and his descendants.

Married.

In New Haven, Feb. 22, '65, by Rev. Wm. W. Grimes, Mr. Samuel Johnson to Miss Elizabeth Kavens, both of Philadelphia, Pa.

In the same place, by the same, on March 11, 1865, Mr. Jacob Spencer, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, Sergeant of the 29th Connecticut Volunteers, to Miss Louisa Rodgers, of New Haven, Connecticut.

March 10th, '65, by Rev. Edward Laws, Mr. Isaac P. Brown to Miss Louisa Jane Bush, both of Unionville, Pa.

On Thursday evening, March 23d, 1865, by the Rev. J. B. Reeve, Mr. Lorenzo Nogent, of Chester, Pa., to Miss Anna Julia, daughter of the Rev. Wm. G. Cooper, of this city.

On the 19th of March, by the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, Richard James Dyet to Miss Lydia Ann Oliver, both of Baltimore, Md.

On March 21st, by the Rev. A. Till, Mr. Edward J. Lenard to Mrs. Sarah Ann Vanderveer, both of Freehold, N. J.

Died

BROWN—On the 29th inst., Benjamin F. Brown, Principal of the Camden Colored School, in the thirty-third year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family, also, members of Aurora Lodge, No. 9, A. Y. M., and of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, and Mt. Zion Tabernacle, I. O. of B. and S. of L. and C., are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, on Sunday, April 2d, from his late residence, No. 828 South Fourth street, Camden, N. J., to proceed to Johnson Cemetery. [Baltimore (Md.) papers, please copy.]

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

The noontide eclipse—how solemn and impressive an appeal to man to contemplate the power and majesty of the Creator; but more solemn and more impressive is the appeal when youth falls in its bloom, the noontide eclipse of life. Such was the case of the late John W. Whitely, whose life elicited esteem and friendship—whose death awoke sorrow and regret. In his sphere, though humble, he performed his part. He has gone to reap his reward. No more will he smile on us; he will call our names no more; there is a blank in our once happy household. But we do not mourn for him; for as Nature smiles through the tears of the storm, and lights up her countenance with the rainbow, so we, looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen,—looking not temporarily, but spiritually, are buoyed up with faith and hope. JOSEPH CATHCART.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at his residence in the city of Natchez, corner of High and Comars streets, on Thursday the 9th of March, 1865, William Green, a deacon of the Rose Hill Baptist Church.

Brother Green was over fifty years of age, and was a worthy and beloved deacon of that church for twenty-five years. His life and character corresponded with his profession. As a servant in his church, he was ever found faithful; as a husband, he was truly loving and kind; as a father, he was strict, but very affectionate and kind. He was remarkable in all his Christian duties, and his benevolence to the sick and poor was acknowledged by all who knew him. In short, his life was one well spent in the service of the Lord, who has thought proper to say unto him, it is enough, come up higher.

I am constrained to say, that Brother Green is not dead, but sleepeth; he has gone from his labors on earth, to reap his great and heavenly reward and dwell with Christ in glory.

Brother Green has left a widow, a grand-son, and many warm friends to mourn his demise. But, glory be to God, not as one who knew no God, and had no knowledge of a hope in Christ; the Lord gave him to us for awhile, and the Lord has taken him away, blessed be the name of the Lord; our loss is his eternal gain, and, this day, he is clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness, and has meat to eat which the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word of God, and is known in that delightful mansion which is called the temple of our God.

When Brother Green was with us, his associates were the excellent of the earth, such as excelled in virtue and piety; and where truth inhabited, there could he be found; his life was founded on the law of kindness, and, I think, in his heart was no guile; the shield of faith guarded his pathway, while mercy presided over and around him, and in his house was peace, and happiness, and justice. It was remarked by his intimate friends, that should darkness at any time envelop his goings, God's word was a lamp unto his path, and he would strive that none of his steps should slide. Thus, did Brother Green pursue the noiseless tenor of his way as he journeyed through the wilderness of this unfriendly world; but, now, he has gone to dwell with Christ is glory. Wall may we say, on passing his grave:

Ye living men, as ye pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be:
Prepare yourself to follow me.

J. S HOBERSHAM.
Natchez, Miss.

March 26th 1865.

Advertisements.

APPEAL FOR THE AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION.

Allow us to ask your attention to the claims and wants of the American Union Commission, organized in New York for the relief of "Refugees" scattered throughout the Border States, and other parts of the South devastated by the war. This Commission is composed of a number of the most respectable clergymen and laymen of different denominations in New York. It has the approbation of the President and the War Department. It acts through responsible agencies at all the principal points where refugees are gathered—at Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville, Memphis, Cairo, Helena, Nawbern, and St. Augustine. It aims to furnish shelter and clothing to the refugees as they arrive, and food, care, and medicine to the sick; to send those able to work to points where labor is in demand, and to organize Homes where women can be supplied with work, and children be cared for and taught. The Commission has sent large quantities of clothing, blankets, and shoes to various points through the winter, but not at all in proportion to the demand. It is said that five barrels of clothing per day would not suffice for those arriving at Cairo alone. Refugees are passed from the Home at Nashville to 3500 persons.

The Union Commission has hitherto made no special appeal to the churches or citizens of Philadelphia, but is now constrained to ask a share of their liberality, as solely attended to the Commissions which are laboring in other portions of the great field of patriotic benevolence now providentially opened to us all. The Manager at New York are desirous to secure a public collection, or private contributions to their funds, from all our churches during the remainder of this month. They have no means of accomplishing this object by personal appeals, and therefore, they have resolved to address a Circular to all. They hope for a liberal response to this appeal in behalf of the cause of religion and humanity.

We, the undersigned, heartily commend the above appeal to the ministers and members of our respective denominations, and to the public in general.

ALBERT BARNES.	H. A. BOARDMAN.
J. WRAGTON REID.	RICHARD NEWTON.
PARKER CORDE.	J. H. BOBERSHIN.

The undersigned has consented to urge the work of the "Union Commission" upon the attention of Philadelphians, and will take charge of any funds contributed for this object, if directed to the care of the

Rev. DR. SPEAR,
703 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,
or, BOX 2855 Post Office.

Philadelphia, March 22d, 1865.

SHROUDING

AND

LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.

MRS. HIGHGATES

Most earnestly solicits the patronage and attention of the generous public and her friends, as she is now in the business of shrouding and laying out of the dead, and will give all needed satisfaction. Residence—

No. 1026 Barley street,

if b.t. 10th & 11th, & Lombard & Pine Sts.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts. as heretofore.

The Second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line, Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and allow about 30 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7.40 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.35, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mann's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No. 21 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

LEAVE.

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10.00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	3.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	9.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "

ARRIVE.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	6.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.30 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.30 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.50 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	5.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan '65 137 Dock Street.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 16, 1865, trains will leave Depot, corner Broad Street and Washington Avenue, as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS at 4.45, A. M., (Mondays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's and Magnolia.

WAY MAIL TRAIN at 8.15, A. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations, connecting with the Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Milford, Salisbury, and intermediate places.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 1.15, P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Wilmington, Elkton, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 3.45, P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (only to take Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North-east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Passengers for Fortress Monroe will take the 8.15, A. M., train.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS,

Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington,

Leave Philadelphia at 11, A. M., 2, 3.30, 3.30 and 10, P. M. The 3.30, P. M. train connects with Delaware Railroad for Milford and intermediate stations.

Leave Wilmington at 6.45, 8 and 8.30, A. M., 3.30 and 6.30, P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM BALTIMORE

Leave Wilmington at 12, M., 4.24, 5.35, and 9.34 P. M.

CHESTER FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Chester at 7.45, 8.45, 10.14, A. M., 12.36, 3.19, 4.44, 7.30, and 9.03, P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Express Train at 4.05, A. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

Night Express at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (for Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North-east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Accommodation Train at 10, P. M., for Wilmington and Way Stations.

BALTIMORE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore at 8.25, P. M., stopping at Havre de Grace, Perryville, and Wilmington. Also stops at Elkton and Newark, (to take passengers for Philadelphia, and leave passengers from Washington or Baltimore,) and Chester, to leave passengers from Baltimore or Washington.

Leave Wilmington for Philadelphia at 6.30, P. M.

FROM BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore 8.25, A. M., Way Mail; 1.10, P. M., Express; 4.25, P. M., Way Train; 6.30, P. M., Express, 9.25, P. M., Express.

TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave Chester at 6.37, A. M., 1.50 and 11.50, P. M.
" Wilmington at 5.15, 9.50, A. M., 2.25, 5.05, and 12.15, P. M.

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached, will leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate Stations at 7.35, P. M. H. F. HENNEY,
Feb.25-3mo. Superintendent.

DRY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS

SELLING AT

REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Calicos from 22 to 35 cents per yard.

Muslins from 25 to 65 cents per yard.

Alapaccas from 40 to 85 cents per yard.

Shrouding, flannel, cambrics, etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand.

N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand,

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*

to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,

PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

No.

Poetry.

LINES.

There was one, who, for long years, was dearer
To my heart, than life:—one whose very air,
As he past by along the crowded mart,
Told that a nobler than the herd was there.
For in his firm, free step, and restless eye,
There dwelt a power, howe'er subdued, and chained,
To conquer in the right, or else *to die:*
And never had that wayward heart been tamed,
Though fate had done her worst, and some had even blamed.

His voice was as the music of the spheres
To me, when it would utter my own name!
And often in my eyes the feeling tears,
According to his discourse, went and came.
Oh! those were *golden* days, for it was then
Soul answered unto soul, and I was loved
By him, the noblest, brightest, *best of* men;
(For so his image in my fancy moved,)
And well had time, and grief, our sacred passion proved.

First, love is beautiful! Clear as the sun,
The glad, bright *morning* sun, which drives all mist
Away; trustful as childhood just begun.
Hopeful as youth, and strong, few can resist
Its sway. 'Tis deep and solemn as the night
Upon wild ocean's shore, that echoes back
The lonely night bird's wail, until all sight,
And sound grows painful; and the pale stars lack
Their wonted lustre, to throw brightness o'er our track.

A. E. C.

A DOG'S DAY ENDED.

I am only a dog, and I've had my day;
So, idle and dreaming, stretched out I lay
In the welcome warmth of the summer sun,
A poor old hanter whose work is done.

Dream? Yes, indeed; though I am but a dog,
Don't I dream of the partridge I sprung by the log,
Of the quivering hare and her desperate flight,
Of the nimble gray squirrel secure in his height.

Far away in the top of the hickory tree,
Looking down safe and saucy at Matthew and me,
Till the hand true and steady a messenger shot,
And the creature up-bounded, and fell, and was not?

Old Matthew was king of the wood-rangers then;
And the quails in the stubble, the ducks in the fen,
The hare on the common, the birds on the bough,
Were afraid. They are safe enough now.

For all we can harm them, old master and I.
We have had our last hunt, the game must go by,
While Matthew sits fashioning bows in the door
For a lying. We never hunt more.

For time, cold, and hardship have stiffened his knee;
And since little Lottie died, often I see
His hands tremble sorely, and go to his eyes
For the lost baby-daughter so pretty and wise.

Oh! it's sad to be old, and to see the blue sky
Look farther away to the dim fading eye;
To feel the fleet foot growing weary and sore
That in forest and hamlet should lag evermore.

I am going—I hear the great wolf on my track;
Already around me his shadow falls black.
One hunting cry more! Oh, master! come nigh,
And lay the white paw in your own as I die.

Oh, come to me, master! the last hedge is passed;
Our tramps in the wild wood are over at last;
Stoop lower, and lay down my head on your knee.
What! tears for a useless old hunter like me?

You will see little Lottie again by-and-by,
I shan't. They don't have any dogs in the sky.
Tell her, loving and trusty beside you I died,
And—bury me, master, not far from her side;

For we loved little Lottie so well, you and I.
Ha, master! the shadow! fire low! it is nigh!
There was never a sound in the still morning heard,
But the heart of the hunter his old jacket stirred.

As he flung himself down on the brute's shaggy coat,
And watched the faint life in its quivering throat
Till it stopped quite at last. The black wolf had won,
And the death-hunted hound into cover had run.

But long ere the snow over graves softly fell,
Old Matthew was resting from labor as well;
While the cottage stood empty, yet back from the hill
The voice of the hound in the morn echoes still.

—*Harper's.*

The Family.

A WINTER'S TALE.

The "Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's* for April tells the following too true story.

Now that the crocuses have bloomed, and the tender willow twigs are sheathed in delicate green, it is pleasant to remember the snow, and to tell the Winter's tale.

It has been a season of peculiar severity. The lasting and early sleighing will be long remembered. The cold season of '64 and '65 will become a proverb. The year of railroad disasters will be sadly marked in our annals. Of course, a peripatetic Easy Chair has had fair opportunities of seeing it and feeling it, and of hurling foul scorn at the chief railroads in the country.

There was one memorable snow-storm which was especially severe upon the line of that modest public servant, the Central Railroad. Between Utica and Syracuse the force of the storm was greatest, and the snow had fallen to the depth of nearly three feet. It was a still, heavy, moist fall in February. The whole season had been unusually snowy, so that the best preparation which that excellent Company chooses to make to guard against the delays of storms had been made.

All Tuesday night the snow fell. All night long there was the whispering rustle, swelling into soft gusts that drove gently against the window, but not blowing so stormly as to shake the snow from the twigs, and boughs, and railings, and window-caps, and wherever else it could cling, transforming the old familiar world into a new beauty. The next morning the scene was that which is so exquisitely described in Judd's "Margaret, but which has never yet been so perfectly represented upon canvas.

Stirring early, but in that snow-muffled dawn, with no sense of the hard cold shock of common winter mornings, and parting from the most friendly hearth, the Easy Chair came rolling down to Schenectady to join the train upon the Central Road going West, which leaves Albany at seven o'clock in the morning. Schenectady is about forty minutes' journey from Albany. He there found at half-past seven the train which had left Albany the previous evening, at 11, and which had remained at Schenectady during the whole night.

Just before eight o'clock, it moved off upon its way, and the seven o'clock train from Albany arrived.

In that car traveller seated himself, and was locked in by a newsboy under instructions from a conductor that that car was to be reserved for way passengers. To the Easy Chair's remonstrance at being imprisoned, the newsboy informed him—

"I dunno nuthin' about it, only I'm to keep the door locked;" which he did, until a few other passengers were admitted, and advised the youth not to lock the door, and he accepted the advice.

After a delay of an hour or more, the train rolled on, and pushed steadily forward, until near Little Falls, where it overtook the eleven o'clock train of the previous evening. The two trains struggled with the snow, the only snow-plough being a small iron cow-catcher, and at about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon reached Utica, where the morning train should have arrived at noon.

Utica is one of the chief stations of the Central Road. The storm was on Tuesday night. The telegraph had of course informed the managers of the delay of trains and the condition of the roads. One of the eastern trains was already twelve hours behind. Of course, therefore, this great road had made adequate and extraordinary exertions to clear the track. Let us see.

After due delays, one train, an express, moved off toward the West with three locomotives, each provided with a cow-catcher. Then followed a mail-train, soon after six. It toiled four miles to Whitesborough, where it overtook the express train. The two contrived to worry through to Oriskany, about four miles further, and there stopped.

It was stated that another train came afterward from Utica. It would be incredible, except upon this road. But there at Oriskany, eight miles from Utica, all the trains were stopped. There were six or seven locomotives in attendance, each with a cow-catcher. A snow-plow was not seen, nor could the most careful inquiry discover that such an engine had been ever seen or heard of in that region.

The trains rolled feebly forward for a mile or two, then rolled feebly back again. The six or seven locomotives, with a small cow-catcher each, as useful as a lady's embroidered apron to a cook managing a airloin, hooted like a chorus of owls. Two or three of them broke away from the trains, charged the snow-drifts with the front cow-catcher, hooted fearfully for assistance, and a dozen laborers, some with snow spades, some with coal-shovels, trotted leisurely to the rescue, and dug the cow-catchers out again.

This ludicrous and imbecile prodding of the difficulty continued until midnight. Then the trains were rolled back to Oriskany station—and the six or seven locomotives, after a prolonged and energetic hooting, quietly betook themselves to Utica, carrying some of the passengers who were in the secret, and deliberately abandoning the trains for the night. There were probably more than a thousand passengers. They could have been taken back to Utica in an hour with the locomotives. If it were thought best to leave them, more power might have been sent to them. Provisions might have been sent to them. They could have been told what their fate was to be. Something might have been done. Nothing was done. They were left upon the track. One of the passengers who returned with the locomotives offered to buy food, if it could be sent to the passengers.

He was told that they should be attended to, and that was the end of it. They were left upon the track.

In a house near by an active and humane woman baked biscuit, and cakes and pies, and made tea and coffee all night long. The famished passengers came and went to and from the hospitable door. Some of the more adventurous pushed off to the little village of Oriskany, and found a tavern and a small grog-shop with such refreshment as they could afford. The air was still; the moon shone, and gradually the night wore away without suffering. The children slept and made little noise, and the women, as usual, were patient and cheerful. But there was one man who could not forgive himself for being there. "You who came regularly out from Albany, and were caught in it," said he, "could not help yourselves; you are not responsible. But I—why I was such a darned fool as to walk into the scrape with my eyes open! It's all my own fault, and I'm served exactly right for being such a darned fool!"

This penitent passenger returned incessantly to the same strain, until at length all the company began to feel a malevolent suspicion that he was the cause of the whole obstruction. He was evidently regarded as the Jonah; but so long as the cars were warm, he was not cast overboard into the snow.

About seven o'clock in the morning the Easy Chair, who had no further reason for travelling westward, was awakened by a punch in the shoulders from a neighbor, who kindly said, "I'm very much afraid you will be carried off!" Our traveller laughed, and rejoined that he saw no immediate danger of such a result. Then taking his travelling-bag, he made his way to the grog-shop in the village, and bargained for a cutter to take him back to Utica. While he waited for the horse to be hitched to, he heard a philosopher, who was drinking ale and smoking a native cigar, remark, "No, sir; I never permit my stomach to get empty. I came up here and ate some pie at twelve o'clock. Then I came at 3, and had some oysters and ale. Now I've just had some coffee and cakes; and I am smoking, you see. I have to smoke, you know, for the asthma. But I never let my stomach get empty. Nothing gives fits like an empty stomach."

These remarks were delivered with oracular emphasis, and nobody seemed to think them droll, which was the perfection of comedy.

Any thing more dreary than that grog-shop at early morning, thronged by disgusted travellers, it is not easy to imagine. The mingled fumes of bad tobacco, bad coffee, and bad whisky, pervaded the little room. There was an incessant arrival of people, who knocked their boots upon the floor as they entered; and one or two, with an air of satisfied virtue, poured a little water into a pewter basin, wet their hands and faces with it, and seemed to suppose they had washed themselves.

The Easy Chair soon made a bargain for the cutter, and, abandoning himself to the direful chance of "fits," seated himself by the side of a bright boy, and glid off silently through the snow for Utica. The road was not broken. It was a world of snow. Herman Melville could have found a fresh hint for his wonderful chapter upon whiteness in "The Whale."

The inspiring brilliancy of such a day and scene can never be forgotten. The wind blew straight out of the north west, and was chilled by the broad basin of the Mohawk Valley before it struck its keen edge against our faces. The Chair and the boy chatted a little, but gradually they became silent, until there was a general and disagreeable unmuffling to pay toll at a gate—although it was not easy to see by what right the turnpike company collected rent for the use of snow. Do the Directors keep the sleighing in repair?

It was now towards nine o'clock, and the Easy Chair was expecting to see every moment a train of locomotives, whistling, and shrieking, and puffing, out from Utica, to the relief of the passengers whom the beneficent Central Railroad management had left all night in a snow-drift. But the locomotives evidently knew where comfort was to be found, and nothing was to be seen or heard. Clavethouse feasted while the Camesonians were tortured. But if the theory of the grog shop philosopher were true, what an issue was to be apprehended!

Presently the Easy Chair reached the stately Lunatic Asylum on the edge of the city of Utica, and in a few minutes was safe and comfortable in Bagg's Hotel. It was about half-past nine, and he instantly stepped into the railroad waiting room, which is connected with the hotel, to ask at what hour a train would leave for Albany or Troy.

It was an amiable intention—but there is probably no greater delusion in the world than the supposition that any information of any kind whatever is to be obtained at the offices of this excellent Company. The room was crowded with people whom the disordered trains had assembled. But nobody knew any thing but his own adventures. Where any train was, except the one in which he had been caught, nobody could tell. When any train would depart, was beyond every body's knowledge. The ticket-office was closed. All other official rooms were locked. There was no one to answer questions. There was not even a bulletin-board to tell every body what every body wanted to know, or even to say that the management themselves did not know. A little accommodation of that kind is so easy, so satisfactory, so economical of time and patience! But it cannot be allowed. There even seems to be some natural hostility between the traveller who has the audacity to buy a ticket and the agent who has the Christian forbearance to sell it. Beyond that transaction, in which, upon the part of the agent, charity has her perfect work, nothing is possible. A question is an impertinence of which the Easy Chair hopes no fellow-traveler will be guilty.

It would have been easy to score in white chalk upon the side of the room, if a bulletin-board were beyond the pecuniary resources of the Company, these words: "The train from the West is stuck at Rome. The train from the East is at St. Johnsville. A train will leave for Syracuse at 12, for Albany at 1;" or, "There is no news from any train."

At length, as it was important to the Easy Chair, as to many others, to know what their fate would probably be, and how long they must stand about in the station, an intrepid and adventurous explorer, accustomed to deal with the craftiest of men, gallantly undertook to effect an entrance into the office of the Company, and exhort some news. This sublime resolution, of which only the most heroic could be capable, was saluted with admiration, and the brave man departed with the sincerest benedictions of the travellers.

After some time he returned. His courage had been rewarded. He had ascertained that there was a train somewhere near Rome, and that some time during the day a train would leave for the East. When it would go, was beyond the power of man to discover.

"Then I will go to my room and do my work, and ask the host to summon me at the right moment," said the Easy Chair.

"I tried that yesterday, and was left," said a fellow-pilgrim.

That, of course, ended that plan. The wretched passengers stared vacantly at each other, and dozed about the stove.

Some locomotive moving cars and "putting things to rights" upon the track, suddenly hooted, and dozers and starers sprang up and thronged to the door, only to perceive their disappointment, and settle dully back again.

The Easy Chair and a friend repaired to the office of the Hotel, and chatted the morning away.

At one o'clock, a benign person entered, and said—

"Train for the East in fifteen minutes."

At the same moment the dinner-bell rang.

"What a pity! No time for dinner," said the pair by the office stove.

"Do you suppose Benignity knows any thing about it?" asked one.

"Oh yes; he is the very man to know," replied the other.

They rose to settle their bills.

"Won't you go into dinner, gentlemen?"

"No, thank you. Time doesn't permit, train goes now in ten minutes."

Out they went to the cars. They appeared in a few minutes, and the travellers seated themselves in high good-humor.

"Leaving Utica at a quarter past one we may hope to reach Albany by six."

It was a cheerful prospect, and the pleased passengers tucked their shawls about their feet and forgave every body his trespasses. A little difference of time explained, of course, the failure to depart at fifteen minutes past one. But when a quarter of two came there was the nudge of the locomotive grasping the train, and it rolled smoothly along. Smoothly along for an eighth of a mile to a position finely intrenched by freight cars and store-houses, and there stopped. Two o'clock. Half past. Three o'clock. The passengers had lost their dinners and they had not started. Forgiveness of sinners had at that moment become an almost impossible virtue.

"I say," cried one, "let's go and hunt up some dinner, I'm starving."

"And be left behind, after all?"

It would probably puzzle even Mr. Herbert Spencer to say why in any case of extremity upon a railroad train the conductor becomes invisible. At the very moment when you wish to have the shock passed gently off, the conductor is gone. It was useless, therefore, to suppose that any information could be obtained of the probable moment of departure. But surely all good Christian souls will extenuate a little wrath with that benign personage who said so sweetly, "Train for the East in fifteen minutes."

At a little past five the cars moved. The track was quite clear. There was evidently no reason whatever that a train should not have left hours and hours before. There was no delay, and in the bright frosty moonlight the locomotive ran yelping into Albany at ten o'clock. "Here's richness!" quoth Mr. Squeers, at a famous breakfast he once ate with some "young friends" in London. And here's railroad management!

But what can a great Company do? It must increase its wealth. At that very moment it was a suitor to the Legislature for the power of compelling passengers to pay fifty or seventy-five per cent. more for such privileges as have been described. What can a great Company do? It would doubtless be willing to enough to clear its tracks with snow-plows instead of cow-catchers—to stay by its passengers through nights in the snow, to feed them, and to carry them back eight miles. It would not seriously object to starting within five or six hours of the proper time, nor to arriving to within a day or two of the hour indicated. It might have bulletin boards and communicate information to the public, and inasmuch as it was created to serve the public, really be of service to it. But what would you have? Warren Hastings said to his subordinate Hindoo chiefs: "I hope you will not grind any body, but I must have the money." The Central Railroad Company would be very glad to serve the people, if it could. But, good lack! charity begins at home.

"Into paint will I grind thee, my bride," was the painter's wedding song. Into money the Central Railroad grinds the public. Surely it is a very droll public that complains. The Central Railroad runs a drunken and disgusting fellow by your side, and you cannot help yourself. The Central Railroad runs its cars with passengers, so that those who have paid for seats must go standing—and they cannot help themselves. Such details are endless. The Central Railroad Company receives eleven per cent. net on its actual capital, as we read in the newspapers, and eight for sixteen. Is any body so lost to the ordinary feelings of man as to grudge it that pittance? Is any body so mad as to suppose that the public convenience is to be consulted by a Company existing by the favor and for the service of the public? No, no; the public was made for railroad corporations. Ask the Camden and Amboy.

There are parents who read Jack the Giant Killer to their dear children, and gravely say that there are no giants now who dine and grow fat upon hapless men and women.

Science and Art.

HOW PETROLEUM IS OBTAINED.

In sinking a well for oil many curious and wonderful discoveries have been made. On the lands belonging to the Story and M'Clintock Petroleum Company, of New York, located on Caldwell's Creek, near Titusville, in sinking a well in October last, the drillers passed through a layer of rock four feet in thickness, at the depth of forty feet; and another layer, six feet thick, at the depth of fifty-six feet; and at the depth of seventy feet, after passing through two thick layers of hard rock, the drill passed through a log eighteen inches in diameter.

Oil wells are put down to a variety of depths, from 100 to 1100 feet. The mode of sinking a well is as follows: After the spot is decided upon, which is, in most cases, in the lower bottom lands, a stake is driven into the ground at the spot where the bore is to be commenced. A derrick is built, from twelve to sixteen feet square at the base, and about forty feet in height, running to a point at the top. The engine house is erected, and the necessary machinery made ready within. Sections of iron pipe, six inches in diameter, are then driven into the ground, by means of a pile-driver, until the first layer of rock is reached, which, in most cases, is found at a depth of thirty-five or forty feet below the surface of the ground. Great care is taken that this iron pipe is driven plumb. After the rock is reached, and the earth within the pipe is removed, a block and tackle is rigged at the top of the derrick, and the drilling tools, weighing, in some cases, 900 pounds, are hoisted up, and dropped into the driving-pipe down to the rock. A temper-screw is then attached to the top of the drill by means of a rope, and made fast to the end of a walking-beam. The walking-beam is a heavy, horizontal piece of timber, supported in the centre by a Samson-post. The other end of the walking-beam connects with the driving pulley by means of a crank. The engine drives the pulley, the end of the walking-beam rises and falls, and thus the drill is raised and lowered at will. At intervals, during the process of drilling, a tool called a "Reamer," is inserted in the well, and the bore is increased to the proper size. A sand-pump is a metal case, from five to ten feet in length, constructed with a valve at the bottom. This sand pump is lowered into the well at intervals, and when it reaches the bottom the valve opens and admits the borings, and when the pump is raised the valve closes, and the contents are brought to the surface. After the bore is thus cleaned, the drill is once more inserted, and the drilling is continued.

In boring a well a correct journal is kept, showing the different kinds of rock and earth passed through, and the exact points where water-courses, gas, or shows of oil are found. If a large vein of oil is struck, the well is immediately tubed with a 2 or 2½ inch iron pipe, put together in sections. The water from water-courses and the surface water, is prevented from flooding the well by means of a leathern bag, called a seed-bag, filled with flax-seed, which is placed on the outside of the tubing, and within the earth-chamber, below the water-courses. When the flax-seed becomes saturated with water it swells, and completely shuts off all communication with the bottom of the well, on the outside of the tubing.

If the vein of oil struck proves to be large, and the pressure of gas be sufficient, the oil will flow out without the aid of a pump; but in most cases a pump is required, in which case a copper working-barrel is placed at the bottom of the well, and attached to the lower section of the tubing, with a valve at the bottom. The upper valve is connected with a sucker-rod, the end of which is attached to the end of the walking-beam. The tanks or tubs to receive the oil are mostly made of wooden staves, and are located at some distance from the well, and are connected with it by means of iron tubing attached to the spout of the pump, and through which the oil flows.

It is almost impossible to give the exact cost of sinking and completing a well at this time. Prices vary in different localities, and the cost of drilling ranges from $2 to $3 50 per foot. Including all of the necessary equipments, the present cost of sinking a well complete, would be between five and six thousand dollars.

Naphtha, the lightest variety of petroleum, is found in Persia. It consists of carbon 82.20, and hydrogen 14 80, and is the only fluid free from oxygen. The next variety found, is the petroleum proper, or American petroleum, which is a much heavier and thicker fluid. Another variety is found, called maltha, which is less fluid than petroleum, resembling tar or pitch. In Derbyshire is found still another variety, called "elastic bitumen," which is flexible and elastic, and about the weight of water. The last variety, called "compact bitumen" or asphaltum, is black in color and solid like coal. Its specific is 1 to 1.6. In the island of Trinidad is a lake, three miles in circumference, that is now one solid mass of black, compact bitumen, which is supposed to have been, at one time, a lake of liquid petroleum.

No positive conclusions have yet been arrived at, giving any correct idea of how deep down in the earth the greater basins of petroleum are to be found. The oil from the largest flowing and pumping wells so far discovered, is obtained from beneath the third sandstone. Several large producing wells have been sunk without finding this third sandstone. It is, however, believed by most of the experienced borers, that the great basins are yet to be discovered at the depth of from 1500 to 3000 feet, where a never-failing supply of petroleum will be reached. It is believed by some that the formation of petroleum is still rapidly going on in the laboratories of Nature, and that enormous quantities of carbonated hydrogen gas, which accompanies the oil, is undoubtedly evolved in its formation, and were it not constantly forming, would soon all escape, and flowing wells would be an impossibility. It is impossible, however, to fathom the hidden mysteries of the petroleum world below. Astronomy can pierce the depths of space, but Geology can only guess what is going on a few thousand yards below our feet.

Miscellany.

WITTY AND WISE.

A Model Woman.—"Did you say, Ellen, that Mr. B is poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No, and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter; I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"O, Fred admires simplicity."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes, for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floor with thin carpet."

"O, then I can bear his step the sooner."

Stretch it a Little.—A little girl and her little brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, and the wind was sharp. They were both poorly clad, but the little girl had a coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they were walking along she drew her little companion close up to her, saying:

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," was his reply.

"I guess I can stretch it a little," she said.

And they got so close together and so warm as two birds in the nest.

How many shivering bodies, heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in this world just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

A Child on Sabbath-Breaking.—One Sunday, as a little girl of four Winters was on the way home from Church, with her father, they passed a boy splitting wood, when the father said: "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" She made no reply, but appeared to be very thoughtful as she walked homeward. After entering the house her mother asked her what she had seen while she was gone, when she replied, "O, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

Very Suggestive.—Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jokes at a dinner party one evening, as was their want, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good father, saying: "I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of heaven." "Why, Curran?" asked the divine. "Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counsellor. "It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had 'the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

A Pertinent Answer.—Old Professor Smith was one of the instructors of Dartmouth College years ago, and was withal about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a little crabbed by intimates. One day, in early summer, he was taking his usual stroll about the village, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be "off duty," when he met Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the road barefooted; but he was a fine representative of "nature's nobleman."

"Halloo, Mr. Page," growled the Professor, "I should like to know if all the people of Hanover go barefoot?"

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS,

(At 634 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)

has constantly on hand the best

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,

At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand by small measure.

Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.

Orders received at No. 115 South Second Street.

No. 1—3 mos.

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER, RAGS, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[*No. 32 South Sixth Street.*]

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,

Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,

BALTIMORE.

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds. This is an Old Stand. I have spared no pains in refitting it up.

dec 24—no 5—6m

DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,

News and Periodical DEPOT,

20 Commercial Place, and 55 Baronne St., NEW ORLEANS.

☞ A large assortment of School Books, French Books, School Tablets, Phrenological Journals, Slates, Novels, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c.

No 4—tf

COLORED DOMESTICS

As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.,

can find good situations, free of charge, at the

Freedmen's Employment Bureau,

No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,

Opposite the City Hall,

BROOKLYN.

Basement on Joralemon Street.

No. 11—3 months

DR. J. W. CREEK,

Thomsonian and Botanic

MEDICINE DEPOT,

N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of

FAMILY AND DRUG MEDICINES,

And all Fresh and Pure of the Very Best Quality, and disposed of with care and accuracy.

☞ A GOOD SELECTION OF PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

DR. J. W CREEK will be in attendance at his Office, N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets, Baltimore, Md., for consultation with patients laboring under the various diseases, as Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Scrofula, together with those symptoms of Disease usually called Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Debility, Rheumatism, Head-Ache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Impurities of the Blood, or any other chronic or long standing complaints on reasonable terms. Directions are adhered to them. Can be cured invariably, give an unbiassed opinion as to the probability of a cure.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of "Doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer! Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another, which fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, as then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! "If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions! Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly true the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralise and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

Miss JANE JOHS wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sandy Hook Bay, convenient to both Salt and Fresh BATHS. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continued liberal patronage from the public. 6*

TRIMMINGS

AND

Fancy Goods,

623 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under-shirts, Collars and Neck-ties.

A general assortment of Stationery.

Ladies' Dresses and Under-clothing made to order.

Oct 17—6mo

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,...
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,...
Fifty Years among the Baptists,...
The China Mission,...
Oriental Acquaintances,...
Political Essays,...
Letters from Switzerland,...
Mabel, or Heart Histories,...
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty, in and Around Stamboul,...
Trifleton Papers,...
A Life Struggle,...
Two Eras of France, by Author,...
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,...
St. Paul to St. Sophia,...
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,...
Home Life, by Hague,...
Fresh Gleanings,...
The Exile of Florida,...
Columbo,...
Summer Pictures,...
Anticipation of the Future,...
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,...
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,...
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,...
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Freedly's Practical Treatise on Business,...
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,...
Lovell's Young Speaker,...
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,...
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,...
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,...
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,...
Jefferson's Manual,...
Lady of the Lake,...
Paul Rauton's Book of Gymnastics,...
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,...
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,...
Webster's Common School Dictionary,...
Pronouncing Bible,...
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,...
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,...
History of Methodism, 2 vols.,...
Wheloo's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,...
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,...
Positive Theology,...
Christian's Theology,...
The Poet Preacher,...
Saints' Rest,...
Pilgrim's Progress,...
Defence of our Fathers, Bishop Emory,...
Life of Wesley,...
Carol's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,...
Cole's Concordance,...
The Christian Maiden, Priestley,...
Our Friends in Heaven,...
The Sacred Hour, Rev. M. P. Gaddis,...
Sketch Book, Rev. W. C. Smith,...
Missionary among the Cannibals,...
Path of Life, Rev. D. Wise,...
The Missionary in Many Lands,...
Rudiments of Public Speaking,...
The Life of Faith Exemplified, Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,...
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,...
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,...
Memoir of Carvosso,...
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,...

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,...
" " without Clasp,...
The Prices of Hymn Books,...
" "
Sheep skin, "

New Discipline,...
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,...
Clark on the Promises,...
Theological Compend,...
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,...
Local Exhorters' Licenses, " ...
Marriage Certificates, each.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,...
Harry Budd,...
Village Blacksmith,...
Infant Teachers' Manual,...
Claude's Essay,...
Gerald and his Friend Philip,...
Daisy Downs,...
Girls at School,...
What Norman Saw in the West,...
Juna Atherton's Year at School,...
Little Tiger Lily,...
Sweet Cora Bell,...
Hannah Lee,...
Fairyman's Daughter,...
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,...
Christian's Philosophy,...
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,...
Light in the Valley,...
Holy Angels,...
Sylvia Austin,...
Resurrection of the Dead,...
Bible Pictures for Children,...
Margaret Maxham. A book for Young Ladies,...
Stories in Verse,...
Home Pictures,...
Minnie Wingfield,...
Young Gold Seeker,...
Self-willed Susie,...
Life of Whitefield,...
Fletcher's Perfection,...
Christian's Pattern,...
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,...
Gold Dollar,...
Hearts,...
Hard Times,...
Jennie,...
My Missionary Book,...
Our Father in Heaven,...
John Bliss,...
Stories in Rhyme,...
Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,...
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,...
" No. 2, " ...
" No. 3, "
Questions on the Old Testament,...
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,...
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,...
" " Mark,...
" " Luke,...
" " John,...
Sabbath School Almanacs,
Also, Missionary Tracts, &c.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,
First Lessons in English Composition,
Wolf's Latin Reader, per dozen,
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,
Greenleaf's U. S. History, per dozen,
" Andrews' U. S. History, per dozen,
Smith's Grammar,
Progressive and Etymological Spelling Book,
Adams's Algebra,
&c., &c., &c.
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Benzel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,
Notes on the XXXV Articles,
Schmucker's Popular Theology,
Lowrey's Positive Theology,
Wheden's Commentary,
Carol's Dictionary,
The Memoirs of Stoddard,
" " Cone,

SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENTS.

Miss Morris Stories,
Sweet Story of Old,
Henry's Birthday,
A Mother's Gift,
Sunday's Pictures,
Willie Books,
Father's Presents,
Meadowside Stories,
Jessie Books,
Lives of Eminent Men,
Alden Series,
Youth's Library,

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward

Intelligence Office..

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No. 1112 Pine Street, Philada.

Also, operating on the Sewing Machine, together with fashionable Dressmaking. Sept 24—6m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath School books of various kinds: Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens Paper Envelopes and Blank Books.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,

SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 1120 Redman Street,

Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.

Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.

Nov. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS M

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 8, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 14.—New Series. Whole No. 223.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2976, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2976, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included.—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia "	" A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	" L. PATTERSON.
New England "	" W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio "	" SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	" ENOS McINTOSH.
Missouri "	" M. M. CLARK.
California "	" T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

AS WE LET RIP!!

BY ISAAC LANGLEY.

Fighting is something I do disdain,
Because it leaves sorrow and gives us pain;
But from us the enemy runs, like insane,
As we let rip—as we let rip.

Buchanan was considered a very brave man;
Though, when he met Farragut, he could not stand;
For it required the attention of every man,
As we let rip—as we let rip.

Why was it my cap did have no pad
On the day we took old Buck's iron-clad?
The ladies of Mobile seemed very sad,
As we let rip—as we let rip.

Our shot and shell are all Northern mould.
As we load and fire, our ship looks quite bold.
But oh, the record we do unfold,
When we let rip—when we let rip.

A battle is truly an awful sight—
Yet the old Southern traitors commenced the fight;
And we jolly Jacks do things up all right,
As we let rip—as we let rip.

Father Abraham Lincoln, we think, the right man,
As we let rip—as we let rip:
And under his guidance the Union will stand,
While we let rip—while we let rip.

U. S. S. Richmond, Mobile Bay,
March 30th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM BEAUFORT, S. C.

Mr. Editor:—From a regular perusal of the columns of your most excellent paper, the impression has been made upon my mind that the majority of your corresponding friends think the colored race is not making progress quite as fast as the rapid march of momentous events now transpiring around us would seem to require. I think their views are incorrect. Hopes have been baffled only to be strengthened; measures have been defeated only to be renewed; defeat has been accepted as but a stepping-stone to new endeavor. Cautiously and warily Freedom has lain in wait to rescue her wronged children; her watchful eyes have fastened upon every weakness in her foe; her ready hand has been upraised wherever there was a chance to strike. Quietly, almost unheard, amid the loud resounding clash of arms, her decrees have gone forth, intent upon the enfranchisement of an enslaved race.

The war began while old customs and prejudices reigned throughout the land with undisputed sway. But the new necessities that subsequently arose soon met them in fierce collision. The first shock was felt when the refugee slaves of rebel masters were pronounced free, and our soldiers forbidden to return them. Then the blows fell furious and fast, and the whole tottering edifice, reared on the dread corner-stone of Slavery, Misery, Crime and Death, reeled violently throughout it heaven-defying and aspiring heights.

Then it was that the gates of Liberty opened wide to the enthralled bondman, on golden hinges turning. The voice of promise, like the direful tracery at midnight on the wall in days of yore, rang like a death knell through every rebel encampment, and penetrated to the very fastnesses of Rebellion. The ranks of the army of freedom were opened to receive the freedman, that he might battle for the rescue of his race. Did he then, craven-like, draw back in dismay at the cold glitter of the merciless steel? No! Like hearts of oak, they sprung to arms by the hundred of thousand! Their tents dot every field; their bones bleach on every bloody rampart and bastion of death—and yet the cry is, "Still they come!" The courts of justice have admitted the freedman in witness of his manhood. Before every foreign court he is acknowledged as a citizen of this country, and, as such, entitled to her protection.

The Capital of our nation was purged of the foul stain that had so long dishonored her in the eyes of the civilized world—a stain that gave the lie direct to our most solemn declaration. The fugitive slave clauses that marred our statute book were blotted out, and the acts in reference to fugitive slave-stealers at once filled their vacant places. Slavery is passing away—is virtually dead.

Let us now refer briefly to the man who has crushed the hydra-head of Slavery—Mr. Lincoln. The East called with her thousands, and the West answered with her tens of thousands. On that day Baltimore washed out from her pavements the dark blood-stains that pointed up to heaven—and Free Maryland girded herself for a new career. Men, with the snowy locks of a hundred winters falling around their brows, who had voted for Washington, came forward, amid the silence and tears of assembled multitudes, and deposited their votes for Abraham Lincoln. Daughters led their infirm fathers to the polls, to be sure that no deception should be imposed upon their failing sight. Armless men dropped their votes from between their teeth. On that day old party ties were snapped asunder, and local prejudices also, and a new order of things was at once inaugurated.

George A. Watkins,
C. S. 26th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE RESPECTED?

Headqr's 43rd Regt. U. S. C. T.,
Before Richmond, March 27 '65.

Mr. Editor:—*Sir:*—After a serious reflection on my part, I have made up my mind to pen something to your noble sheet, and as I am a new beginner, oblige me by correcting all mistakes.

As there are so many writing, and all pertaining to the same subject, I will leave the subject of war, and tend my thoughts to something beneficial hereafter; and I truly think there is nothing that will benefit us more than to become owners of homes and property.

The subject of making money is one which should engage the most profound attention of every man of color in the United States; notwithstanding its great importance, it is one which rarely excites discussion among us, therefore we consider that it is to a great degree neglected. All of us, who have had any experience whatever in society, must be aware of the great influence wielded by the mighty dollar, and for this reason it becomes us, as a distinct portion of society, to be wide awake to our interests. We can gain nothing by our industry which will tend more to give us respectable positions in society, than homes and property, real and personal.

In order to thus situate ourselves it is necessary that we should take hold of every respectable and profitable occupation that is in our reach, and follow it with earnestness, and make it our effort to bring those who are out of our reach within it. But we hear it argued that we are few in number, and cannot get the general patronage of the public. I do admit that these are serious difficulties, but most of them are difficulties that can be overlooked. We are not so weak as to be unable to accomplish much, if we will only persevere.

A million of men using proper efforts, cannot be overlooked in a nation like this, and as American Slavery is to be abolished, as the friends of freedom shortly hope, and its enemies fear, then our population will be sufficiently great to set at defiance every attempt to crowd us out of respectable employment, and to compel those who would succeed in business to court our patronage.

We call for equality before the law, but while we justly make this call, we should remember that equality in this respect will do but comparatively little towards elevating our race or condition, when we are wanting in every other respect. While we have to look to others for equality before the law, we must depend entirely on our own hands and heads for equality in financial resources.

I am happy to know that some are laboring with good results for our elevation in science and literature; but these qualifications alone will not enable us to perform all the duties of independent and good citizens. Our education needs to be practical, such as will profit us and our families, and the rest of mankind. Let no one harbor a thought that, because he is not permitted to occupy the most prominent position in society, there is nothing left worthy of his attention. We need farmers and mechanics as well as statesmen, lawyers, and doctors. We should not be discouraged because we are poor and have to live by our labor, for a large portion of the capitalists, and a great many business men of the West once knew how to labor with their hands. It is often an easier task to tell what needs to be done than it is to perform the same, and if I should attempt to mention all the ways possible for us to take advantage of our inconveniences in making money, I would surely fail. But I will make a few rude suggestions. Cultivate industrious habits, practise strict economy, and proportion your expenditures with your income; take pleasure in your daily avocations, and look with contempt on all extravagant nonsense which some are pleased to call taking pleasure: what you look in advantage to make, *try* to supply by saving; never go about spending money to show people that you have it, for such actions will only impress the idea on the minds of thinking people that you are not accustomed to having money.

Yours, with respect,
George S. Massey,
Sergt.-Major 43d Regt. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRIUMPHS OF PRINCIPLES.—ADVANCEMENT.

Mr. Editor:—The rapid march of events challenges our attention, and demands a degree of consideration hitherto beyond our comprehension. Not that the interests which we had in the affairs of the nation were not equally as important to us as an integral part of this great, progressive, and enlightened people; but because events had not transpired to reveal them so clearly to our vision.

Now, that the victorious march of our armies strikes terror to the oligarchy of the South—now that the hissing brood of copperheads have nearly been exterminated by the mandate of the whole nation in demanding the exorcism of the devil slavery from this beautiful land—now that the principles which underlie the foundation of this republic, the recognition of the equality of men, irrespective of the peculiar curl of his hair, or the protuberance of his shin-bone—now that we hail the light effulgent from the sun at high-noon.

With this beautiful prospect before us we take the compass, and unfurl our sails, and give our craft to the winds, trusting to the genius of liberty as pilot, and manifest destiny, ordered by the Eternal, we shall rest and wait for further revelation.

In the days of prophetic vision, the people, in astonishment and wonder, sought to uncloud the mystery indicated in the peculiar actions of the Seer. But we, in the nineteenth century, are actors in the mighty drama which delineates in living characters, the purposes of the Divine mind in creation, progression, development, and the fraternizing of humanity. We are no longer mystified, as it relates to the facts of the present; four prophetic days are revealed in our four dramatic years, and from the long night of seventy years of slavery, ignorance, and ungovernable passion, the nation has awoke to behold the beautiful and heaven sent period, when "a nation is born in a day."

The nation is born, but not yet attained to ripe manhood. It has yet to comprehend, through progressive measures, the high purposes of Providence in its establishment. The design of God in the formation of governments, is to make them subserve his own plans of redemption, and the dissemination of truth. Heaven's king seems to have chosen this wide-spreading continent, with its varied scenery, and genial climate, as the theatre whereon the genius of liberty should display its rejuvenating influence on man.

Has this purpose been fulfilled? Let the hum of the thousands of spinning wheels in New England, the whistling locomotives, dashing through mountain tunnels, and over broad prairies, proclaim; let the millions of children in the day schools answer; let the victorious tramp of the armies of the republic, led by Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, and Thomas answer; let the millions of freemen, whose chains have fallen, and who now walk erect, let them answer.

Over every hill-top, in every valley, beside every mountain range, along every running stream, let the echoes be heard, that the nation is being redeemed. Over all the savannas of the South, through the cane-brake, and over the rice swamps, the long night of death and bondage has ended. The crack of the slave driver's lash is heard no more; the auction block has been thrown down; the whipping-post has been removed, and the slave pens, which held the victims of cruelty, and in which chastity was violated, and virtue dishonored, have become the seats of learning, and the homes of the distressed.

Charleston, the Babylon of America, has fallen, and the very men in whose bodies and souls they traded have entered, and now hold her in subjection.

Richmond, the Mistress of Harlots, is fast approaching her doom, because she was a market for the traffic in women and children. Her mighty men have fallen, and her proud daughters have gone forth as wanderers without shelter. As they have done the poor slave, so do they suffer for all the wrongs inflicted by their hands. Ere another autumnal season shall return, we shall hear of the reduction of that citadel of treason. Then shall all the nations rejoice, because God shall have avenged the cause of the oppressed. Shine out, fair sun, that we may see her die.

Junius.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON, N. C.

Pursuant to a call for a meeting of the A. M. E. Church, at 6½ o'clock, the meeting convened. After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. Moore, of the A. M. E. Z. Church of Newbern, N. C. On motion Chaplain Hunter of the 4th U. S. C. T., Chaplain Asher, 6th U. S. C. T., were appointed Chairmen, and Charles Robinson and G. W. Green were appointed secretaries. Chapiain Hunter was called upon by the Chairman to state the object of the meeting, after which the Chairman read a document from General Hawley, giving to Mr. W. L. Coon, agent of the A. M. A., authority and protection in holding religious and literary exercises for the benefit of the colored people in Wilmington and vicinity. Mr. Coon was then introduced by the Chairman and gave the history of the A. M. A., commencing with its origin eighteen years ago, and also gave a statement of the work of the association among the freedmen from the beginning of the war to the present time, and concluded his remarks by offering to the people the aid of said association.

Mr. John Nixon, of Wilmington, made a few eloquent remarks. Mr. French, who is connected with the Treasury Department, made a few very thrilling remarks, also Mr. Price, of Wilmington.

Capt. Riley of the 6th U. S. C. T., Messrs. Burnie, Galley and Avant added much to the interest of the occasion, after which, the following resolution was offered by Chaplain Hunter:

Resolved, That we, the colored people of Wilmington, desire the A. M. A. to establish schools and missions for our benefit, and that we pledge to said A. M. A. our hearty and undivided co-operation.

The meeting adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock the next morning.

In keeping with the resolution of adjournment, the meeting convened in the basement of the Church at 9 o'clock.

Exercises opened with prayer, by Mr. Coon, A corps of ladies and gentlemen consisting of Misses Day, Samsons, Cowan, Mr. Arnold, Hospital Steward, 4th U. S. C. T., Sergeant Miner, of the same regiment, together with a number of others, proceeded to take the names of those wishing to attend the day school, the number present being 489, the number who enrolled their names for night school was 172. Just at this juncture, General Hawley, commanding the district of Wilmington, entered the room, when by common consent all arose and remained standing until the General was introduced and commenced to address the meeting, after which Mr. Longly, Chaplain Asher, and others of note spoke, and the meeting adjourned.

Kate W. Cowan.
Wilmington, N. C., Mar. 20th, '65.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN ESSAY ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY REV. G. H. FIAY.

1st. *Our Father:*—Who art good and gracious to all, our Creator, our Preserver; the Father of our Lord, and of us in him, thy children by adoption and grace; not my Father only, who now cry unto thee, but Father of the universe of angels and men.

2d. *Who art in heaven:*—Beholding all things, both in heaven and earth, knowing every creature, and all the works of every creature, and every possible event from everlasting to everlasting; the Almighty Lord and Ruler of all, superintending and disposing of all things.

3d. *In heaven:*—Eminently there, but not there alone, seeing thou fillest heaven and earth.

4th. *Hallowed be thy name:*—Mayest Thou, O Father, be truly known by all intelligent beings, and with affections suitable to that knowledge; mayest Thou be duly honored, loved, feared by all in heaven and on earth, by all angels and all men.

5th. *Thy Kingdom come:*—May thy kingdom of grace come quickly, and swallow up all the kingdoms of the earth; may all mankind, receiving thee, O Christ, for their king, truly believing in thy name, be filled with righteousness, and peace, and joy; with holiness and happiness, till they are removed hence into thy kingdom of glory, to reign with thee for ever.

6th. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven:*—May all the inhabitants of the earth do thy will as willingly as the holy angels; may these do it continually even as they, without any interruption of their willing service, yea, and perfectly as they; mayest Thou, O Spirit of grace, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make them perfect in every good work to do thy will, and work in them all that is well pleasing in thy sight.

7th. *Give us this day our daily bread:*—All things needful for our souls and bodies; not only the meat that perisheth, but the sacramental bread, and thy grace, the food which endureth to everlasting life.

8th. *And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors:*—Give us, O Lord, redemption in thy blood, even the forgiveness of sins, as thou enablest us freely and fully to forgive every man, so do thou forgive all our trespasses.

9th. *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:*—Whenever we are tempted, O, Thou that helpest our infirmities, suffer us not to enter into temptation, to be overcome or suffer loss thereby, but make a way for us to escape, so that we may be conquerors, through thy love, over sin and the consequences of it.

Now the principal desire of a Christian's heart being the glory of God and all the wants for himself or his brethren being the daily bread of soul and body, pardon of sin and deliverance from the power of it and of the devil, there is nothing beside that a Christian can wish for; therefore, this prayer comprehends all his desires. Eternal life is the certain consequence, or rather completion of holiness.

10th. *For thine is the kingdom:*—The sovereign right of all things that are or ever were created.

11th. *The power:*—The executive power whereby thou governest it, all thy wondrous works and the mightiness of thy kingdom, which endureth through all ages, even for ever and ever. It is observable, that through the doxology, as well as the petitions of this prayer, is the whole fully applicable both to every person, and to the ever-blessed and undivided Trinity. Amen.

New Haven, Ct., Mar. 29, '65.

For the Christian Recorder.

LET THE WORD AFRICAN REMAIN IN OUR DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. O. E. BOYER.

Mr. Editor:—During the last few years, and up to the meeting of the last General Conference, there were many things said concerning our denominational title. On that subject I had but little to say; leaving the question to the better judgment and ultimate decision of our General Conference. We thought the matter as settled by them gave general satisfaction to our people; but, notwithstanding their efforts, we have not been permitted to enjoy the reading of your invaluable paper for ten months without having the question to meet again.

Our worthy Brother Lynch, at this time, calls upon us seriously, to weigh the reasons why the word "African" should be stricken out of our Discipline: as though the General Conference had acted rashly instead of seriously in reference thereto. If we had no inclination to be serious upon this subject, the love we have for our good Brother would certainly stimulate us to it.

1. We agree with our Brother, that the word in our denominational title does not mean a distinctive feature in doctrine or in ecclesiastical polity. But we cannot agree with him that the term is not a legitimate one. We are also candid enough to consider one thing that our Brother failed to mention in his first proposition, whether or not there is a difference between an organized body and the organization itself. While our ecclesiastical polity, doctrine and locality, may be the same as some others, yet our organization never has been nor can it ever be the same. If the Church is of African organization, the term is a legitimate one when applied to that organization. In this light we understand the term, and so did our fathers, to signify a Church of African organization.

2. Brother Lynch says we are not Africans, but a mixed race, Saxon, Indian and African blood, taking care to put the African last, when, in this case, it should have been first. But this appears to be a poor reason. If we are a mixed race and African is a part of that mixture, an organization formed of that mixed race might as well be called an African organization as any thing else.

3. Brother Lynch says, the term used suggests the idea of the formation of all persons of African descent into a separate nationality. He may see it in that light but we cannot. However, if it were so, we can see no more reason in this than in his two other propositions. Brother Lynch, as a definer, is no child, therefore we take him at what he says. Now, if the term nationality means a separate love for one's nation, we can see in this no reason why the word African should be stricken out of the Discipline; and yet Bro. Lynch makes this a part of his third proposition why it should be.

We have not time to follow Bro. Lynch through all his reasons, which are many, further than to notice his propositions. Bro. Lynch reminds us of an individual who was anxious for a fight, and thinking that no one would accept his challenge, he inflicted upon himself a portion of the blows.

4. Brother Lynch says, that the color of the skin, as an issue, in this nation, is fast passing away, but he seems to forget that the word African is, quite as rapidly, becoming respectable. He also tells, us that the progressive and far-seeing portion of our Church disclaim the idea of an organization of persons exclusively of African descent.

We think that Brother Lynch should make no difference between an organization of colored persons and one exclusively of African. He appears to want the word stricken out, as a reward to those great statesmen who, he says, attacked and killed the national proscriptive laws and have written upon the frontlet of American prejudice, "Thy days are numbered!" We admit that we had heard of such an engagement, but this was the first intelligence received of complete victory.

But, it may be that he only heard from some one who had dreamed that he had seen a writer with an ink-horn by his side, ready to write the inscription on the frontlet of American prejudice, but had failed to ask the writer how long it would take to give the monster the proper mark. If this be the case, the writer may not have finished yet. But, we think, Bro. Lynch must have learned, before he finished his article, that the monster was not yet quite dead, because, afterwards, he says we are called upon to battle manfully against prejudice.

In conclusion, we would simply remark, that as we have continued to keep the word in our Discipline when it sounded almost as bad the word Satan, it would be folly to erase it now that it is becoming respectable.

Lewistown, Pa., March 27th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS.

CHAPTER VII.

Lina's Home.

Richard and Lina were indeed truly happy. Little they thought of the future, that loomed so darkly before them. They were happy in each other's love, and therefore content. Alfred Hays and his gentle wife smiled serenely upon the young pair, but wondered how this strange affair would end.

Manville remained until he could not help but feel that he was *de trop*, when he reluctantly took his departure for the South. Richard entrusted him with an important letter to his father, which letter Manville promised faithfully to deliver into the hands of Col. Tracy, immediately upon his arrival in New Orleans.

Soon after Richard's marriage, Alfred Hays received an appointment in a thriving Western village, to which he cheerfully assented, and their beautiful home was soon to become the abode of strangers. Laura's heart clung fondly to the home in which she had passed the first years of her married life. The sale of "Rose Cottage," as Laura had fancifully named it, was often the interesting subject of discussion in the family circle. At last a happy thought dawned on Richard's mind. He proposed to purchase the little homestead.

"I think it would just answer our purpose," he said, looking inquiringly at Lina, whose eloquent eyes fully expressed her delight and satisfaction.

So Rose Cottage became the property of Richard and the home of Lina. Then followed a short season of busy preparation, and the Hays were *en route* for the far West. Rose Cottage was well named, for it was really embowered in roses, and trailing vines. Roses bloomed 'neath the windows, and climbing roses blossomed o'er the door. The air was ever laden with their fragrance. Other beautiful shrubs and flowers there were, but the "sweet brier" predominated. The cottage was repainted and furnished anew, and the services of Juno, a competent colored woman, who had lived with the Hays many years, was secured, and house-keeping began. Juno was an efficient hand, and under her supervision every thing underwent an entire change, while every where Lina's exquisite taste was visible, in the arrangement of the light and elegant furniture. Curtains of a light, airy fabric, were gracefully looped back from the windows, while choice paintings and exquisite engravings adorned the walls, and last, but not least, in order, was a cottage piano, which was a prominent feature in the arrangement of the little parlor, and oft when the twilight was falling, and Juno was quietly knitting 'neath the shade of the lofty tamarac trees, could the mingled voices of Richard and Lina be heard, freighting the fragrant air with melody, and it often happened that they prolonged their singing far into the evening, and passers would linger at the little white gate, as song after song thrilled and trembled on the night air, and long for a glimpse of the beautiful songstress, whom those more fortunate had reported as wondrously fair.

Would that this dream of happiness could last. Would that it were in my power to paint a picture with naught but scenes of beauty; but alas, no. Richard had put off the evil hour as long as possible, but now it could be averted no longer. He must return home to meet an angry father, perhaps to be disfranchised forever from that father's love.

Sad as was that too probable result, yet he did not regret the choice he had made. The half year of married life, had only seemed to render Lina more dear than ever. No, he did not regret the sacrifice he had made for her sake. His father would disinherit him without doubt. But he still possessed quite a fortune in his own right, left him by a will of his great aunt, John Tracy's sister. But a father's curse is an awful thing, and that thought embittered many hours of his daily life. Yet he breathed not his fears to his young wife's ears, but always spoke hopefully of the future, though his own heart sadly misgave him, as week after week passed, and yet no answer came to the letter sent with Manville. The thought of that troubled him. He could not but fear the worst, yet he sought to keep all from Lina.

But the watchful eyes of love soon detected the change. His voice was less cheerful, his step less buoyant, and his smile less frequent. And when he did smile it was sometimes so sadly, as to bring tears to Lina's eyes. From that time she ceased to be perfectly happy. Her spirits varied with her husband's. If Richard was lively and gay, Lina was happy too, but if Richard's brow was thoughtful, or wore a look of care, the smiles faded from her lips, and the rose from her cheek. Hers was a nature that could bloom while surrounded by the sunshine of love and happiness. But let them be withdrawn; let the chill breath of sorrow and adversity fall on her young heart, and the beautiful flower would droop and die.

At last Richard summoned up courage to broach the subject to his young and sensitive wife. He dreaded the effect it might have upon her excitable nature. He spoke hopefully of the result of his intended visit, for he had already noted her pale cheek and languid step. She looked frightened when he told her he was going, but she uttered not one word of remonstrance, for she felt it was his duty to go. And yet she felt that she would almost rather die than have him do so. She felt as if a cloud had suddenly enveloped his spirit. Why she dreaded to have her husband go to New Orleans, she could not tell. She would as soon have doubted the veracity of a Heavenly messenger, as to have doubted Richard's truth and fidelity.

But it was finally settled that he would start South on the following Monday, and all necessary preparations were made for his journey. He would write from every point on the route. Juno must regularly attend the village post-office, every day after the stage came in, to bring the letters, which would be anxiously waited for by the lonely little wife.

On the eventful Monday morning, when Richard was to take his departure, he gave Lina a thousand loving injunctions, as to being cheerful, taking care of her health, and so on, and playfully impressed Juno to bring the rose to his lady love's cheek ere his return. He kissed Lina "good-by," and went smiling down the walk to meet the Bathford stage, as it passed. He left her smiling and waving his handkerchief as a last adieu. Lina sought to console herself, and wait with patience for the promised letters

(To be continued.)

OUR COLORED POPULATION.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THE FREEMEN?

We copy the following, written by Rev. R. A. Caruthers, from the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*. Comment on the same is unnecessary. We hope every intelligent White man who thinks the colored man his inferior, will give it a perusal:

"This is a grave question, which has much perplexed political economists and grave divines, and which, while unanswered by the lights of the world, is fast being solved by those whose movements seem to be but manifestations of God's providence. Let us just cease to do against them. Take off the pressure which so long has dwarfed the colored men of America, and let them swell out to the true proportions of their natural manhood. Let us rule our own eye, and collect our own thoughts, and really wake up to the fact that by the force of natural law—and God is on the side of nature—this country is as much their country as it is our country. We were born here, so were they; if to be born in a country makes men citizens of the country, they are citizens of this country as much as we are. The question of might aside, there is as much sense in the colored people of the United States holding conventions to discuss the propriety of colonizing the Irish population and their descendants (to which I have the honor to belong,) in Ireland, as there is in our discussing the question of carrying the negroes back to Africa, or of sending them to Texas or Florida. Has our love of oppression become so strong—have we become so baptized with the spirit of despotism that the terrible judgments which we have suffered, and are still suffering, only serve to induce us to change one form of oppression for another? Pharaoh would have bought the Lord off at half price. "I will let you go, that ye may sacrifice to the Lord your God in the wilderness; only ye shall not go very far away; entreat for me," (Ex. viii., 28) were the words of the compromise he proposed. Pharaoh did not want them to go so far but that he could bring them back; and we, in the spirit of that arch despot, would ease our hand, but retain them in our possession still. Let us disabuse ourselves of the conceit that we have a right to do any thing with them. Freedom is the motto of our nation, and belongs by nature as much to them as to us. Distinction was the order of the day while despots shaped the destiny of the nation, but now God reigns, and a new condition of things exists. Military necessity has constrained us to acknowledge the brotherhood of the colored man on the field of battle; it has coerced the rebels into the same belief. The white and black die side by side upon the same field; they sacrifice themselves upon the same altar. Those who survive the bloody conflict shout the victory in the same song. What are the colored men fighting for—their own rights or ours? What fundamental law of our nation does he die to serve? Is it that which is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" After asking the colored man to sacrifice himself upon that altar, are we base enough to cheat his children out of the blessing the father died to achieve? What right have we to hold the issues of their liberties in our hands and dole out privileges to them as may suit our convenience, not their interest? Thank God the day of such duplicity is fast passing away. Chief Justice Chase has reversed the Dred Scott decision in a practical way. By the admission of a colored man to plead at the bar of the Supreme Court of these United States, he has recognized the manhood, the citizenship, the natural and political rights, *per se*, of the race to which he belongs. This recognition once made, any disability imposed upon them as a race is arbitrary law, and arbitrary law is despotism always.

"Scarcely had the surprise created by the admission of Mr. Rock to plead at the Supreme bar passed away until we were startled again by the news that another colored man, Mr. Delaney, a physician and ex-editor, now a volunteer in the Union army, had been created a Major in the United States service.

"The true policy has thus been inaugurated. Recognize their citizenship; give them equal access to the privileges of a free people; schools, colleges, military academies; open the door to the reward of merit; give them a fair start in the race of life, and let them take care of themselves, just as the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Irish, etc., are allowed to take care of themselves. I know of no special national guardianship over any of those nationalities: why should we assume authority in one case that is not assumed in another? What! cries the religious philanthropist, leave them alone in their ignorance and degradation? By no means; that is just what we want to avoid. A special arbitrary authority over any people can but degrade that people: to lift them out of degradation we want all such distinctions removed. We ask the Government to deal with them as with others; with an equal hand protect them in their rights as free-born citizens; then, under the ægis of the national protection, let the Christian Church do for the colored population of these states as she does for the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, or any other that may stand in need of missionary labors. Give them systematically what has been given wherever the feet of our armies have trod—schools and religious instruction, and whatever else may serve to develop their manhood—but do it as a brother helping a brother, and not with a despot's hand.

"Ah! but to give the colored people such privileges of education and official position will make them proud. Let it be so. We, too, are proud of such privileges. But they would monopolize the labor of the country; dig our canals, build our railroads, etc. Well, the Irish have monopolized those works; and if the negroes should displace them, it would only prove that they are a superior race, or better adapted for that particular kind of work—just as the strong rats drive the weaker ones from the barn. Are we indeed so conscious of their prowess that we must keep them down, lest they put us down? Our fears are our shame; we should not think less of them, but more of ourselves. O, but then we would marry them? No such union is required by any law of the United States, nor of any State in the Union. But, it is answered, make them our equals, and we will intermarry from choice. I answer, we *don't make* them our equals; we only give them the chance to make themselves our equals if they can; and should they succeed in matching us in intellectual power, refinement and moral culture—in a word, in all that which constitutes true manhood—it would be just as much a condescension upon their part to unite with us, as it would be upon our part to unite with them. Moses married an Ethiopian woman. Had he not a right to do so? How many of us are superior to Moses? Should a man choose to marry a colored woman, has he not a right to do so? Are white men slaves, that they must not marry according to their inclinations? Again: a mixture of the races would only take place where both races exist. The North may have been the heaven for slaves while the manacles and slave whip reigned in the South, but now that the whip is lost and the hand-cuff broken, and slavery no where, the Southern States will soon contain the colored population of the United States, and the question will simply be this: Which will afford the best opportunity for the amalgamation of the races, ignorant, enslaved and brutalized negro women, who are subject to the lust of but little less brutalized men, or colored women who have been blessed with an education and Christian civilization, living in the same neighborhood with white men who have been taught to acknowledge the rights and respect the virtue of those who have been, by the strong arm of the law, wrested from their power!

"In conclusion, let the National Government protect them in all the rights of citizenship; let the Church educate them in all that pertains to religion and moral culture, and let God take care of them as he does of other folks, and here let the question rest."

For the Christian Recorder.

BETHEL CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

Long has been the period since I have incumbered your columns with my imperfect composition, but believing it will be the means of stimulating the people whom I am serving, to see some of their doings on March 26th, published, is my main object for writing at this time.

My charge is, and has been, in a very bad condition. The house is a very antique building, and very small. There is nothing inviting about it. The membership is small, very small; and is composed of old persons with few exceptions. There are some members in this charge, as good as can be found in any society in the connection, but the burden natural to a station, is more than they can carry. Yet they are a large-hearted people, and willing to act beyond their strength.

On the above mentioned Sabbath, although these few people have been so hardly oppressed financially, during the year, they, hearing that their pastor's circumstances demanded immediate aid, responded heartily to the call of the stewards, Bros. J. Myers, D. Wilson, and J. Fernandis, who attended to their duty like men and Christians, and laid the minister's condition before the little band of Union Bethel Church, and few as they are, they put into the stewards' hands $25.00, without festival, fair, promenade, or supper. Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, that the proper spirit for supporting the gospel, by honorable means, has not departed from the entire Church, but there is yet a few nameiain —— etc.

D. W. Moore.

Baltimore,
Mar. 29, '65.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Mr. Editor:—I hear the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." My spirit cannot and will not rest, until I see my brethren in the South. Under the protection of the Lord, and His grace helping me, I can do them some little good. I have informed Bishop Quinn of my intention to return home with my family, but the good bishop did not answer me. I will, the Lord helping me, visit the Baltimore Conference, for I love the Southern air, though I did retreat at one time, because the rebels were too strong for me.

Mr. Editor, I am so far East that I cannot obtain the information desired; you, being nearer, can probably answer me satisfactorily. Will you please tell me, where is my friend *Mr. Jefferson Davis?* I don't wish to go where he is. My friends in Boston were so glad to hear me say I desired to go to Baltimore, that they held a grand levee on last Tuesday, in order to raise means to pay my fare. They succeeded, and gave me $30.00. Our great man, Frederick Douglass, graced the assembly with his presence, and, after supping with us, made an address, in which he spoke of our duty to God, ourselves, and each other, and I can only say, it was good. May God bless him.

Geo. A. Rue.

FUNERAL EXPENSES.

A statement has been put forth, on behalf of the undertakers, that not *they* but the *owners of livery-stables* have combined to raise the hire of carriages employed at funerals. We have expressed our surprise, that in the very face of the fall of gold, and the admitted decline in the price of provender, the livery-stable people should have made any advance whatever. We never intimated that the undertakers had "hand, act, or part" in the advance, but we affirmed, and here repeat, to condemn, that the livery-stable keepers have to give from fifty to seventy-five per cent. to the undertakers out of the hire of each carriage employed at a funeral, and, we need not say, this money comes out of the pockets of those who have to pay for said carriages. We challenge contradiction, and we *know* where leading—that is, the most expensive—undertakers actually keep accounts with the livery-stable keepers, settling with them only once in three months.

Considering that undertakers may be said to charge whatever they please, and really to charge very heavily, in most cases, the additional profit on the carriages may be described as an exaction which is almost an extortion, for the public have no means of checking it, except by relieving the undertakers from the trouble of ordering the carriages.

THE GUINNESS FAMILY.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, a remarkable pile and monument of the ancient Irish Church, has just been completely renovated at the enormous cost of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and a single individual, Benjamin Lee Guinness has paid all of this out of his own pocket. Mr. Guinness has made his great fortune in brewing porter. He is the maker of the celebrated "Dublin XX Porter." The Rev. Mr. Grattan Guinness, who preached with so much success in this city a few years ago, is a son of his, and he has a daughter married to the Rev. William Coningham Plunkett, son, or grandson, to the late Lord Plunkett, a prince among modern Irish orators and jurists.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 8, 1865.

REJOICING IN OUR CITY.

Last Monday was a day of general rejoicing in our city, among both the white and colored portions of the community. When the news was received, and the Old State House Bell began to peal forth its thundering tones, the people generally laid aside work of every description, in order to share the common joy.

In the evening occurred a grand illumination. This also was shared by the American citizens of African descent; and the Institute for Colored Youth, the rooms of the Delmonico Assembly, and several other places of gathering of the colored folks, were beautifully illuminated. The private residences of a number of our "upper ten" bespoke loyalty and fidelity to the government by an appropriate display of lanterns and American flags.

The fever of rejoicing did not subside on Tuesday, and even on Wednesday and Thursday did we find some who were so full of enthusiasm that they had not sufficiently well recovered to be able to ply their usual avocations, but were still congratulating themselves and each other by contemplating the magnitude of that now stereotyped phrase, "Babylon is fallen."

THE UNION VICTORIES.

Steady and ever onward has been the march of the Union army since its command was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Grant, until, at last, that cry is heard, "Richmond is ours!" Not a more game of chance was that strategetical movement by which Lee, that most impenitent traitor, was so beautifully checkmated. It was a problem requiring the most consummate skill for its solution. On the one side was a cool, determined and skilful General, conscious of final victory, and fighting for his country's honor. On the other a desperate and oath-breaking leader, seeking individual renown, even when mindful of the utter hopelessness of his espoused cause.

All honor to Ulysses S. Grant. His name will ever be placed on the list with those of Geo Washington and Abraham Lincoln. All dishonor to the name of Robert E. Lee—and, as the *Press* of Tuesday says, "Away with the pretext that this wretched ingrate has any claims to the consideration of the American Government."

To the colored troops, who were the first to enter the doomed city, let all praise be given. History will record the fact that the black man, whose services were at one time refused by the Government, struck the death-blow, and planted the dear old flag where for nearly four years has hung the rebel rag.

A GREAT DISASTER.

We learn from Rev J. V. Pierce, of the Penningtonville circuit, that on Friday, March 24th, some villain fired the Bethel A. M. E. church at the above-named place.

This is a great disaster, as much labor and expense have been incurred in erecting the same.

The edifice was completed, with the exception of the plastering, and arrangements had been made for its dedication, which was to have taken place on the first Sabbath in May.

But while the inhabitants of earth were buried in sleep, some foul fiend in human form stalked forth, and, in the sight of heaven, applied the torch, and in a few minutes the collected savings of a portion of God's people were burned to ashes.

God grant that the people of Penningtonville may lay hold on the polluted being who had the assurance to so far disregard his Maker, that he did not hesitate to set fire to the temple of God. But if he should elude their vigilance, the vengeance of a just God will ever rest upon his lawless head.

OUR COLORED CAPITALISTS.

It is with great pleasure and eminent satisfaction that we learn of the recent movements of our moneyed men toward forming banking associations. Already we hear of a bank with colored men as officers and directors in New Orleans, and last week several prominent colored men of extensive means and experience in financial affairs, formed themselves into a National Banking Institution, and have asked from the Comptroller of the Treasury a charter to carry on the same.

We wish them all possible success—and as we learn that our wealthiest men of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Baltimore are among the corporators, there can be but little doubt as to their ability to carry out the intended design.

This bank, we understand, will be located in Washington, D. C. It is now time, and we hope the day is not far distant, when every city in the Union will have a bank whose officers and managers will be proud of their dark skins. What say the moneyed men of color in our own city? Shall Philadelphia be backward in this great movement? We anxiously await your answer, brethren.

THE WORD AFRICAN IN OUR DISCIPLINE.

We call attention to the communications which appear in this issue concerning the word "African" in our Discipline. On the first page will be found an article by Rev. Geo. E. Boyer, and inside is one written by Rev. G. A. Rue. Without speaking of their merits or demerits, we leave our readers to judge for themselves. The article written by Rev. J. Lynch, appeared in our issue of March 25th.

THE LIBERATOR.

This old and faithful laborer in the cause of Freedom will end its career with the completion of the present (XXXV.) volume. Friend Garrison gives notice that the suspension of the *Liberator* will not deter him from publishing another paper. The Constitutional abolition and prohibition of slavery, (the chief object in view when the paper was started,) and the completion of two score years of editorial life, all render this a most fitting time for the discontinuance of the *Liberator*.

FUNERAL OF MR. B. F. BROWN.

The funeral ceremonies of our late correspondent and contributor, whose demise we noticed in our last number, took place on last Sabbath. Nearly the whole population of Camden, colored and white, assembled to witness the honor done the deceased. Rev. Theodore Steward officiated, and delivered a most fitting tribute relative to the career of the deceased. We understand that Mr. Brown was one of the officers of Macedonia Church. He was universally beloved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

INQUIRY.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time ago, in a very able and eloquent sermon delivered to our regiment by our Chaplain, Rev. H. M. Turner, he said that slavery had existed longer in America than in Egypt, for the children of Israel were only in bondage two hundred and fifteen years, but that the colored people had been slaves two hundred and forty-four years. This calculation was pronounced erroneous by several officers and men, who averred that the bondage of the children of Israel lasted four hundred and thirty years, while others contended that the statement was true, or the chaplain would not have said so. But as it has given rise to so much dispute and argument, will you, or some of your able correspondents, settle the question for us. We hope the chaplain will not think hard when he sees this, for every body appreciates his ability; but as some seem to think he was mistaken, we desire to see what others will say. The question is, did the children of Israel stay in Egypt two hundred and fifteen or four hundred and thirty years.

A MEMBER
of 1st U. S. C. T., in camp
near Wilmington, N. C.

March 12th, 1865.

[We think the chaplain was mistaken in his statement. The children of Israel were held in bondage about four hundred and thirty years.—EDITOR.]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Providence, R. I., Rev. J. W. Hurley, $10.00; Elizabeth City, N. J., per Rev. Wm. Ross, Mrs. M. Morris, 2.50; Hamilton, C. W., Rev. R. R. Disny, 1.00; Rowlandville, Md., M. W. Fulton, for S. Butler, 2.50; Wilmington, Rev. H. J. Rhodes, 1.40; Frankford, Pa., J. Le Count, Jr., for Mrs. M. Chase 2.62; Beaufort, N. C., D. Sparrow, 2.50; Zanesville, Ohio, Rev. J. Tibbs, on account for books, 10.00.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAMP WILLIAM PENN.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me for the first time, since my arrival at Camp William Penn, to occupy a portion of your columns. It is not any egotistical feeling, dear sir, that moves me to it, but thinking a few words in reference to the Camp would be acceptable, as I perceive the Recorder contains so many interesting letters from soldiers in every department of the army.

I enlisted in the service of the United States, on Monday, February 27th, 1865, and, after having a *pass* for a few days, as the military term is, I was taken to Camp William Penn, where, upon my arrival, I was presented to the Adjutant of the Camp, who, after having my papers properly entered upon their record, consigned me to my place of sleeping and eating, called the barracks.

Now, Mr. Editor, after being in camp a few weeks, I must acknowledge myself very agreeably disappointed, (with some few exceptions,) especially with Col. Wagner. My mind having been filled with the many strange stories I had heard of the Colonel, I must acknowledge my utter astonishment at finding so gentlemanly, kind, and Christian a man, and, to my limited knowledge of military tactics, so efficient an officer. The Col. is always to be found attending to the welfare of the soldiers in Camp, both moral and religious, although, I am constrained to say, there are many who contrive to elude his vigilance.

With regard to the Camp, Mr. Editor, if you could only spend a week in it, and witness the Colonel, the Adjutant, the officers generally and the regiment, and their manner of operating in military affairs, I think you would pronounce it excellent. We have Divine service every Sabbath afternoon, at half past three o'clock, by a spirited young minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church; we have also a Sunday-school which is very well attended by the soldiers who are anxious for knowledge; we have, also, a fine organ in the chapel and an efficient choir, composed of the soldiers, which adds greatly to the services on the Sabbath.

Our Adjutant is a prepossessing man, a gentleman of taste, and a classical scholar; he seems to be posted upon all the topics that come up in the way of conversation, and handles the best masters most fluently, one might consider him a second Chesterfield. The regiment now at Camp is nearly full; and is made up of some of the finest talent of our race. I have conversed with a number of the soldiers, who speak in the highest terms of their officers, and have shown it very recently in the presentation of two swords; one, to [Mr. Mullikin, the Adjutant, by the United States colored troops at the Camp, and the other to the Captain of company D, by the men composing that company, and, as deeds tell more than words, these things speak for themselves. We have many leisure hours in Camp, which we enjoy as inclination dictates; and there are a few among us who are of that stamp that incline to an indulgence in the minor practices of camp life, but, taken altogether, it is pleasant.

Of the second United States brigade post hand it can be said, without the least vanity or flattery, that it is made up of the most efficient artists, whose capacity and taste are displayed in performing some of the most difficult compositions in music, is truly remarkable; some of the difficult gems from Verdi, Guonod, Von Weber, &c., are rendered with perfect ease, and they are deserving of great credit for their musical abilities. It would afford me inexpressible pleasure, could I say as much of them in a literary point of view: however, there is an exception among them, one who is full of wit, and has sailed to nearly every port in the world, and to whom it is quite interesting to listen, during our leisure intervals, as he gives us reminiscences of his travels through Asia, Africa, Europe and America, and, in days of yore, would have equalled the king's fool, but, among us he is known as Judge Ludlow.

The hospital connected with the Camp, is handsomely fitted up, and the patients therein are properly cared for under the direction of Surgeon Styer, Dr. Beal, and others whose names I have not yet learned; there is also in the neighborhood, a lady named Mrs. Mears, who gives much of her time and attention to the comforts of the invalids, and also to the Sunday-school. May God bless her and the ladies who assist her; may their paths be crowned with peace, and, when their voyage of life is over, may theirs be joy and happiness above. More anon.

A. B.
Chelton Hills, Pa.

March 29th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE NATIONAL ARMS.

During this great contest to crush out rebellion, there has been nothing so much desired by the enemies of the government, as that the measure of arming the negroes would be defeated; and to accomplish that object, they have labored both in and out of the army, but have been signally disappointed. On every contested field, where the negro has been brought into action, he has proved himself a man; and in the matter of discipline, and firmness under fire, he has no superior. In many cases he has borne the blunt and saved a defeated army from destruction, as at the battle of Olustee. His bravery and soldierly bearing have so stung their enemies, that they employ every possible means to spit their spite upon the colored people; the petty and disgraceful war made upon them by car agents and conductors, the vulgar and disgusting language by which they are assailed in the streets, the pelting with stones, by half-grown boys, incited on by larger ones, from which treatment colored females are not even exempt, are examples of the low sentiments of these people.

Still the hand of God has been made visible to all who have not sunk entirely out of the reach of his mercies. Since the government has accepted and done justice by the colored soldiers, it has been crowned with a succession of unparalleled victories, and, as a finishing touch, as though He would speak audible words of approval to the nation, after four years of alternate hope and despair, He gives that stronghold of treason and wickedness, the rebel capital, into the hands of black soldiers, to hand back to the rightful authority. This is an admonition to which men, who make war on God would do well to take heed.

A. F.

For the Christian Recorder.

LET THE WORD AFRICAN REMAIN IN OUR DISCIPLINE.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to address the great South Carolina logician, on the word African, which he wishes to have stricken out of our book of discipline. What is there so detestable in that word? What would he substitute that would give more impetus to the progress of our wide-spread connection, or our race in general? If a name impedes the progress of the Church, blot it out. If a name elevates a man, or race, or the Church, and hurl into utter darkness the monster prejudice brought to bear against us, then give us the best name that can be found in Holy writ or history. I ask again, what is in a name? Bishop Payne says, "the coat is not the man, nor the man the coat." A man may assume to be a house carpenter, but if he cannot frame a house by the architect's plans, he would be called a cobbler or a jack leg. Let not the jack leg rob the carpenter. An Irishman does not hate the name Irish, because his ancestors came from Ireland, why then should the African be ashamed of the word African, since it has not yet appeared that any of his beauty or glory has diminished thereby? for God made him as he made others, except Adam and Eve. No other name seems to be so frightful to our oppressors as the word African. It is a terror to evil doers, and is destined to loose the captive from his chain, through the power of God's great arm. Again, the foundation on which the A. M. E. Church is planted, as a connectional name, has been no disgrace to the ship, comparing its past and present status. She has landed many thousands on the shores of the promised land, and yet her good work is but just begun. Let her sail on under the same old flag until her keel rots, and the black crew bleach out. Should a man despise his mother because she is black, or an African. All Africans are not black. If being born in Africa makes a man an African, then we are not Africans; but no matter where the place of our birth, we are still the descendants of Africans, and, of course, belong to that race. The word African, attached to our denomination as a distinction from the M. E. Church, shows no ground for prejudice on our part, neither is it a preventive to other races uniting with us. To use the language of the Governor of Massachusetts, "I know not what sin awaits me in the other world, but one thing I do know, I never did, and I hope never will despise a man because he is *poor*, because he is *ignorant*, or because he is *black*. Our complete happiness does not rest in physical complexion, but in conformity to the Divine will of our heavenly Father, in acting out this principle towards our fellow-creatures."

Our forefathers suffered in obtaining for us the freedom we now enjoy from spiritual bondage. The word African did not impede their onward march for fifty years. I would ask the gentleman what disadvantage there is in a name where no crime is attached, except the color of the skin and texture of the hair; if any, show it? If it embarrass our progress as a race, I for one will say, let the monster hide its deformed face, and give us a better one.

GEO. A. RUE.

March 31, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

We have the painful necessity to chronicle the death of our late worthy Mrs. Catherine W. D. Brown, of our city, and what renders it more so, is because of her wide spread and growing influence here in the West. Mrs. Brown was born in England, March 1st, 1801; married when 19 years of age, in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and had she lived to see next June, it would have constituted her the faithful and devoted companion of Wm. D Brown, forty-five years. She died March 14, 1865, aged 64 years and 13 days.

Alas! that which afforded her dear companion the most comfort, was removed at the time in his age, when the pang would be most felt! Oh, what a vacuum is in that small circle! At the altar before which they used to bow, her place will be vacant, and that surviving heart will be filled with commingled sorrow. One bereft of such a partner must feel desolate, even with the hope of seeing her again. The number of years by them spent together, had such a tendency in its assimilations towards each other, that time has not the power to erase from the mind the fondness and regard that existed between them. This is the natural result when wives have such characters as our deceased sister bore. Mrs. Brown was one of those clear-thinking, intelligent women, of an ordinary class, and associated with this, was a strict and unimpeachable moral character. Her hands, head, and heart were constantly employed in doing good, seeking out objects of benevolence and relieving their wants, and to such a degree was she imbued with this spirit, that she became one of the founders of the order known throughout the country by the name of the Independent Order of Good Samaritan Daughters of Samaria, who have, as one of their ostensible objects, the arrest of the ruinous evils of intemperance, and fashionable wine-bibbing, and she lived to see the fruit of her earnest labor. We here append the names of those ladies who were her associates in this good work: Catherine Brown, Jane Taverne, M. A. Butler, Rebecca Darnes, Ann Smith, Minerva Butler, Priscilla Ware. These names constituted the first Lodge of that Order in the West, and out of this number sprang the numerous lodges that now exist out here, over which the Right W. N. Grand Chief, Mr. Lewis Brown, has jurisdiction.

As a citizen, the place of our late sister cannot be filled. Hence, we are all condoling her loss. For her, as a member of the Church, the temple of worship is draped in sadness. As a friend, she was fast and true;—no flattery nor deceit, which only acquires temporary respect; no tongue had she for folly nor falsehood; as an advisor, she stood first; in all her counsels she had at hand some practical plan for the adjustment of dissensions and disagreements. In her domestic relations she was surpassed by none. Her house was the pleasant resort of those who wished to learn the solution of difficulties and straightening circumstances, which some often fall into, by having no system by which to govern their affairs.

Because of the advantages of an early discipline of the best kind, both moral, intellectual and social, Mrs. Brown had acquired an address in all her relations in life, that won and retained for her the highest regard and admiration, of all who were so fortunate as to become acquainted with her. Indeed, a man who selects such a woman for a wife, surely has received a gift from the Lord.

The funeral was very largely attended by the citizens, and a representation of all the foreign lodges of the West, and by the home lodges *en masse* from Allen Chapel. The remarks made on the occasion had for their base the 80th verse of the 119th Psalm: "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I be not ashamed," by the Rev. Philip Tolliver.

It is to be hoped that this notice may be seen by a relative of our deceased sister, by the name of Flood, whom, it is supposed, still resides in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

And now may the great Ruler of all events let His signal blessing rest upon the surviving companion, society, and friends generally, and may we all ultimately meet in that happy land.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Cincinnati, Ohio,
March 20, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR RECORDER:—Many and various are the changes that have transpired since the date of my last letter sent you. Battle after battle has been fought, and victory after victory achieved. The wheels of time continue to revolve in our behalf as a race of people long and unjustly oppressed, both here at the North and in the South.

This truly is the time for action—the moment to strike a decisive blow. We can say with the great Scottish chieftain, "Now's the day, and now's the hour." The world moves. Each and every one has a part to perform. Some of us must be content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water while the building of American liberty is being accomplished. We desire peace—but not a peace like that of 1776—not like that of 1812—not a peace which holds four and a half millions of human beings in worse than Egyptian bondage—but a peace such as the world never saw.

LIBERIA.

Morrowtown, Ohio.

For the Christian Recorder.

UNION LEAGUE OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

MR. EDITOR:—The young men of our city have formed themselves into a Union League Association, and have been joined by the young ladies, who have organized a Soldiers' Aid Society. They are both prospering finely. On last Tuesday they all repaired to the residence of the President, and had quite a joyful time. The Union League presented the sum of fifteen dollars to the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society. Several addresses were delivered, and some very important remarks were made in relation to our dear old flag.

The following are the officers of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society:

President, Mrs. M. Hawley.
Vice-Pres., Mrs. A. Bloom.
J. Penner, Pres. Board of Managers.
G. BLOOM, Sec. of Board.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 28, '65.

A CALL

For the immediate meeting of the Board of Managers of the Parent Missionary Society of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following brethren, members of the Board of Managers of the Parent Missionary Society, are requested to meet in Bethel Church, Baltimore City, April 12th, 1865, at 10:30, *without fail*, as business of great importance is to be transacted, viz:

Baltimore Conference.—Revs. Rob't T. Wayman, Wm. H. Waters, Wm. H. Hopkins.

Philadelphia Conference.—Revs. Theodore Gould, S. Smith, Wm. Moore.

New York Conference.—Revs. Richard H. Cain, Leonard Patterson, James M. Williams.

New England Conference.—Revs. Joseph P. Shreeves, Wm. H. Chase, Wm. W. Grimes.

Ohio Conference.—Revs. James A. Shorter, John T. Tibbs, Jesse W. Devine.

Indiana Conference.—Revs. Charles Ulrich, Willis R. Revels, Wm. I. Davis.

Missouri Conference.—Daniel L. Brooks, Wm. A. Hove, John Turner.

If any brother should see it *impossible to be present* at this meeting, I hope that he will favor us with a letter, giving us his views of the great missionary work among our brethren, who are growing free hourly. They will also state what their Conference will do for the missionary cause, and make other suggestions which may occur to them.

I hope, if it shall be found that the whole number from any one Conference cannot be present, that the brethren in that Conference will meet and decide which one of their number shall attend. I hope none will be absent.

Done by order of the President,
DANIEL A. PAYNE.

JOHN M. BROWN, Cor. Sec'y.

P. S.—All letters will be directed to
JOHN M. BROWN,
Care of James H. Davis, Esq.,
No. 12, Saratoga St.,
Baltimore, Md.

April 1—2t.

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

Various public efforts in behalf of Christian union have been made for the year past. Eminent divines, of different denominations, have formed an association, to advance this general cause. They have preached a series of sermons in each other's churches, some of which fostered a spirit of union, and others did not. Recently they held a meeting in New York city. Four denominations were represented: The Congregational, Dutch Reformed, Baptist and Episcopal.

Dr. Bacon, of the Congregational Church, submitted a series of thirteen propositions. He alleges that "there is and can be no Church catholic, including and governing all particular churches; and the attempt to establish such a catholicity, excluding from it all Christians who do not acknowledge its authority, is itself schism." He says the existing diseases of sects and separations, are not caused "by disorganization, nor by want of organization, but by over organization; and it must be remedied, not by more organization in homeopathic doses, but by being let alone severely. The Church unity most to be desired is not ecumenical, nor natural, nor any other kind of synodal unity, but parochial unity."

To this Dr. Porter, of the Dutch Reformed Church, replied, that "Dr. Bacon unites the Church by destroying it. He resolves it into particles. For him it is a body no longer. Extreme individualism in the Church is a principle against which we are now contending in the State. Allow to secession its theory of sovereignty, and we restore the Union at once by allowing it to be in separated and disjointed parts. There it is, indeed, reconstructed into its original elements. A union built on a nonentity."

Dr. Weston (Baptist) said, that "the New Testament spoke of a Christian unity in three particulars: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' In the first two particulars the Christian Church *is* united. We *have* the one Lord, we have grown more and more into the one *faith*, it remains that we come to the *one baptism*. The Universal Church surely would come to it, and mean while, it was no part of the duty of Baptists to sacrifice any of their settled convictions upon that subject."

Bishop Cox (Episcopalian) said, "he could not be contented with that kind of union which would leave the Churches like so many separate *squads*, instead of organizing them into an *army*." He pictured the kind of response which General Sherman would be apt to make to his corps and regiments, if they should propose to march up toward Richmond in that style of independent war'are; and claimed that if such a military proceeding would be very acceptable to General Lee, our ecclesiastical hush fighting was just as acceptable to the Pope." The Bishop alleged that the Episcopal Church was not as exclusive as was thought: that its ministers must consent to the Thirty-nine Articles, but freedom of interpretation belongs even to them. As to church order, it asks only "that all Churches accept the church organization of the *first three centuries*."

Dr. Leavitt (Congregational) also appealed to the first three centuries for his theory of church government. Therein lies the difficulty in settling questions of doctrine and church polity. All appeal to history to establish their theories, but read them into it instead of deriving them from its teachings. So, too, with the Bible. Here are representatives of two opposite systems of Protestantism, each claiming to have "the first three centuries" on his side.

Dr. Porter charged the close-communionists with throwing barriers in the way of Christian union. "If my Baptist brother, having scruples about a quantity of water used in a ritualistic way, and my Episcopal brother, having scruples about an exclusive prerogative to be used in the form of ordination, both agree to unchurch each other, and then to turn me away from the sacramental feasts. Why, I have a difficulty, and others have a difficulty."

†

NOTICE.

A Quarterly Meeting will be held at the John Wesley M. E. Church, Shippen St., above 7th, on Sabbath, April 9, '65.

Preaching at half-past ten o'clock by the Rev. Stanford, and at three o'clock by Rev. Elder Monre, after which the Lord's Supper will be administered.

Rev. H. Henson will officiate at half past 7 o'clock in the evening.

Rev. ABRAHAM BROWN, Pastor.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of West Philadelphia Circuit will be held as follows:

Norristown, April 8th and 9th; Germantown, April 15th and 16th.

The Quarterly Conference will meet at West Philadelphia, April 20th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.—will continue at night, and on the 30th; Kensington, on the 6th and 7th of May.

PETER GARDINER.

April 1—2t.

DIED.

VASHON.—In Pittsburg, Pa., on Saturday, March 25th, 1865, of congestion of the brain, Anne Paul, only and beloved daughter of Geo. B. and Susan Paul Vashon, aged 1 year, 5 mos. and 3 days.

JOHNSON.—In Ithaca, N. Y., on Sabbath, March 12th, Rev. Henry Johnson, an old and faithful member of the A. M. E. Zion connection and Conference for many years. After a short illness, he departed this life, praising God. The last words he was heard to say was, "I am dying; praise God!" then fell asleep in Jesus.

We trust he has gone to the realms above—
To the realms of pleasure, peace and love.

Died, on the 19th of March, 1865, near the city of Washington, of brain fever, Sylvester, the only child of Malida and Charner H. Hawkins.

Sylvester was nine years, five months and ten days old. He leaves a kind father and an affectionate mother to mourn his loss, as also a large circle of sorrowing friends and relatives. But their loss is his infinite gain.

Once more has the remorseless angel of death swept like the sickle of the reaper through a once bright and happy homestead, and called the little spirit to its home on high. The joyous prattle, and patter of little feet, are hushed in death forever. Oh, there are times like this when the stricken heart, with torn and bleeding tendrils, looks up to heaven in unutterable anguish, and fain would cry, "Would that I had died for thee!" Sad, sad. A father's heart seems turned to speechless stone, while the tears of the mother fall heavily and fast. But, oh, may she be comforted—may she look smilingly through her tears, and softly whisper, "Great Father in Heaven, thy will, not mine be done!" S. G.

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE TREASURY.

Hugh McCullough was nominated by President Lincoln, on the 6th of March, to the office of Secretary of the Treasury, as successor to Mr. Fessenden, who has returned to his old place as chairman of the Committee on Finance, and was immediately confirmed without a dissenting voice. The appointment of Mr. McCullough was not a surprise to the people; and, though it is said that there was an attempt to prejudice the Senate against him, by some personal enemy, we have not heard a whisper of complaint against him, nor seen a word in print disapproving of his appointment. In truth, his nomination to the office was called for by the public voice, because he was believed to be eminently qualified for the position; and he may be said to be the only chief of the financial department of the Government, who owed his appointment solely to his qualifications for the office. Happily for him and for the public interests, he is unknown to the country as a politician, and he enters upon the discharge of his duties free from the embarrassments which have hampered and annoyed his predecessors, from being compelled to devote the time needed for the administration of his affairs, to the demoralizing duties attendant upon the distribution of the patronage of his department. He finds every office filled with the devoted friends of the Government, the most of whom have become familiar with their duties, and there can be but few changes to be made. Here in he possesses a great advantage over his predecessors, especially so, as regards Secretary Chase, who entered upon the duties of his office, surrounded not only by enemies to the Administration, but traitors to the Government itself. Mr. McCullough, too, has the advantage of having been educated to the responsible duties of his office by filling the place of Comptroller of the Currency, wherein he gained the confidence of the banking interests of the country, whose support is so necessary to him; he finds, too, matured at his hands, a system of taxation adequate to the great necessities of the hour, and a loyal, united people, whose willingness to bear the burdens imposed upon them is assured. He finds, too, an augmenting treasury, and a hopeful prospect of an immediately decreasing expenditure. With advantages like these, almost any man of ordinary business habits might be expected to conduct our finances with credit; but when, to these advantages, he brings administrative talents of the highest order, large experience as a financier, and an honest purpose, it is no wonder that his induction into office acted at once like a tonic upon the public credit, and sent down the rates of gold in Wall street. His brief speech to the chief men of his department, in Washington, on his entering his office, was so full of good sense, so clearly indicative of the right man having at last got into the right place, that the public felt, on reading it, as Sidney Smith did, when he exclaimed, after spending an evening with Macaulay, "What a thing it is to meet a superior man!" Mr. McCullough is known to be in favor of a reduction of our greenback currency, and a return to specie payments at the earliest day possible; and the conviction on the part of the public, that he has the energy and capacity to carry out his views, will have the best effect in seconding his endeavors. We may be sure that the turning-point of our financial troubles has been reached, and that henceforth the country will steadily advance toward that point to which, next to the complete overthrow of the rebel armies, we have been so anxiously looking—the resumption of specie payments. We do not share in the fears of some of our daily cotemporaries, that this will come too rapidly. —*Independent.*

WHAT THE DENOMINATIONS ARE DOING FOR THE ENDOWMENT OF THEIR COLLEGES AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

In Europe, literary and theological institutions are founded and supported by the State. In America this example has only been followed to a limited extent. A few of the old, and some of the new States of the Union have established and endowed colleges or universities. In most cases, these institutions have failed to meet the educational wants of the country, and necessity was laid upon the different denominations of the land, to found colleges and theological seminaries, to sustain them by endowment, and to patronize them with students.

To lay the foundations and rear the superstructure of these great temples of learning, is no ordinary work. The intellectual and moral wants of the church and State, in a country developing so rapidly as ours, constantly increase, and their supply demands corresponding progress in the facilities for imparting knowledge. The standard of liberal education is rising constantly, rendering the necessity imperative for an increase in the endowment fund of all our institutions. And as this subject is claiming the special attention of our church at this time, both in the East and in the West, it may neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable to show our readers what is being done by the various churches of our country for the endowment of their institutions of learning. Not only are the denominational colleges with which Gettysburg comes into direct competition, engaged in making efforts for their complete endowment, but almost every college and seminary in the land, needing an increase of endowment, is pressing its claims. And with what degree of success the following statistics, derived from reliable sources, will show.

Harvard University has an endowment of over $1,600,000, and yet it lately received a bequest of $14,000. The endowment of New York University is $250,000, which has just been increased by an addition of $160,000. Middlebury College, Vermont, has received a legacy of $10,000 Dartmouth College, N. H., $17,000, and William's College $25,000 in one donation. Bowdoin College, Maine, has received $72,000, of which $50,000 was in one contribution. Amherst College has had its endowment increased by an addition of over $100,000, in sums of $60,000, $30,000, and $20,000. Hamilton College, N. Y., has received from a few rich men $100,000, and Rutger's College, N. J. $100,000 from a number of similarly disposed stewards of the Lord. Princeton College, N. J., has been favored with donations amounting to $180,000, of which $80,000 came from one man. The endowment fund of Trinity College, Connecticut, has been increased $100,000, and that of Washington University, St. Louis, by an addition of $50,000 in two donations of $25,000 each—one from Boston and one from New York. American Christians have sent $103,000 to endow the Protestant College in Syria. A Baptist congregation in Brooklyn raised $30,000 to endow a professorship in Rochester University, N. Y.

One man has given $50,000 to Washington and Jefferson Colleges as now united, another $20,000 to Lafayette College, and still another $25,000 to Marietta College, in addition to $40,000 given before. Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, has received $150,000. Allegheny College $130,000, and Ohio Wesleyan University $50,000. But the donations to old Yale exceed those of all the rest. It has lately received $450,000—of which $180,000 was a grant from the United States Government for its agricultural school, and the balance in sums of $85,000, $50,000, $30,000, $27,000, $25,000, $20,000, and $12,000. It is highly probable that another $100,000 will soon be added to this extraordinary sum. We are happy in being able to add to this list donations already amounting to $85,000 to Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa., and of $65,000 to Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.

The aggregate of these donations is about $2,500,000. They have all been made within the past two years. Most of them have been called forth spontaneously, and all of them in large sums. They have not been wrung from the hard earnings of the poor, but they have been drawn from the abundance of the rich. And this is as it should be. These great educational enterprises require such sums of money as the prosperity of the wealthy enables them alone to furnish. They alone have the ability, and upon them alone rests the obligation so to use it as to endow fully all the literary institutions of the church.

Nor have the theological seminaries been overlooked. Andover has lately received $50,000, of which one business firm contributed $30,000. The endowment fund of the Chicago Theological Seminary has also been increased by an addition of $80,000. The Congregational Seminary at Andover has heretofore had a sufficient endowment to sustain four, if not five professors, and that of the Presbyterians at Chicago we think not much, if any thing, less. Consequently, these sums were not required to enable them to rise to a respectable position among the institutions of their class, but they will empower them to increase their facilities for imparting biblical instruction still more, and advance them to a still higher rank in the theological world. The same remark may be made relative to the increase of endowments obtained by many of the colleges just mentioned. Most of them were largely endowed before, and will thus be able to occupy still higher vantage ground in the sphere of education. And the same necessity which demands the full endowment of Pennsylvania College, as a competitor for the educational patronage of the Middle States, calls for the full endowment of the Theological Seminary of the General Synod at its side, as a competitor with the newly established Theological Seminary of the Synod of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, for the education of the candidates for the ministry of the Lutheran Church upon its own territory. Let, then, all the members of our church blessed with means, and unwilling to abandon the Seminary at Gettysburg, but determined to sustain it by making it a first-class theological institution, prepare to respond to the call which we purpose soon to make upon them for *fifty thousand dollars*.

C.

For the Christian Recorder.

Cincinnati, March 23d, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me to make the following acknowledgments in behalf of Wilberforce from Philadelphia Conference.

Through Bro. M. Hall, $168, through Rev. J. Young, 10, through Henry Davis, 25.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

Through Rev. E. B. Davis, 16.85, Miss E. C. King, Newark, N. J., 57.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Rev. George K Rue, 5.00, Rev. J. W. Burley, 55.00.

INDIANA CONFERENCE.

Rev. R. Bridges, 10, Rev. M. Patterson, 6.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE.

Rev. C. H. Hurch and Merry, 140, Rev. J. C. Embry, 12.35.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Rev. J. J. Herbert, 50, Rev. J. R. V. Thomas, 61, Rev. J. D. S. Hall, 75, Rev. N. H. Turpin, 25, Rev. B. T. Tanner, 40, Mr. A. W. Tanner, 5.00.

OHIO CONFERENCE.

Rev. John Tibbs 109 25, Rev. G. H. Graham, 33 05, Rev. Daniel Cooper, 52 50, Rev. S. T. Jones, 12, Rev. J. A. Shorter, 180.

Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust and Rev. John F. Wright, of the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church, each one hundred dollars.

Part of the above amounts came direct to me, the others through Bishop Payne, these are in the Express office at Xenia, directed to Prof. J. G. Mitchell, who is absent; when he arrives it will be reported. There has some come to Bishop Payne, since I was home last week, which will also be reported in my next.

May I not be allowed to urge on the friends of education and of Wilberforce to forward as fast as possible their donations,—be they great or small. Will not the ministers in the various conferences do something that will be as a lasting perfume to their names. Come, brethren, one and all, let us make Wilberforce a power in the hands of God to bless our race. On the 10th of next June will be two years since the purchase was made. On that day if the rest of the brethren will do as well as the above, Wilberforce will be paid for.

J. A. SHORTER, Treasurer.

MR. SPURGEON.

The present membership of the Tabernacle, London, of which Mr. Spurgeon is pastor, is 2,960. The number of admissions during Mr. Spurgeon's pastorate, including removals for all causes, is 3,500. Of these, 47 have become Christian ministers, 7 city missionaries, and 3 Bible-women. The number of students in his theological college is this year larger than ever before. The running expenses for 1865 are put at $25,000, part of which is supplied from Dr. Spurgeon's own salary, but the most of it from Lord's Day free-will offerings made in contribution boxes placed within the church.

THE CHOTA NAPORE MISSION.

The celebrated pastor Gossner, of Berlin, who died in 1857 at the age of 85, only entered upon the missionary cause at the age of 64. After training and sending out a large number of young men to Australia, India, and other countries, who were employed under various societies, he sent to Calcutta, in the year 1844, a minister and three schoolmasters, with instructions to follow the leading of the Lord as to their particular field of labor. In walking the streets of Calcutta, they observed some very poor black people who were employed only in the meanest labors, and were told that they were the Coles, from the hilly country lying one hundred miles north of that city, called Chota Napore, and that their moral condition was even worse than their outward degradation.

"Their only religion was the worship of innumerable evil spirits (called Bongos.) They had some notion of a good spirit, but said, 'There is no occasion to worship him, for he does us no harm, but the evil spirits must be made favorable by sacrifices.' Failure of the crops, diseases, and all other misfortunes, are attributed to the devils, and it is the business of their priests to declare in every case to what particular devil the evil is to be ascribed and to dictate the amount of sacrifice to be made.—Nothing can be more horrible than the festivities that take place on different occasions. There is no connubial tie between them. A Cole purchases his wife, and when she ceases to please him he turns her off. If he has a deal of work to do he takes two or three, or more wives, if he can pay for them. The children grow up like beasts of the field, and with habits of the most depraved kind."

Gossner's missionaries planted themselves among these people, built a house, learned the language, and tried to make something of some orphan children, but with such slow progress that it was not till 1850 that four men were observed to attend their preaching regularly.—Others were soon converted and received into the church, having broken caste. The fire now spread, crowds came to them, a substantial house of worship was built, and by 1857 the number of church members had risen to 900 when the terrible mutiny broke out, and every thing was thrown into desolation. The missionaries were driven destitute to Calcutta, and their senior went home to Berlin to find Father Gossner on his death-bed. But his friends formed a committee to carry on the Chota Napore Mission, with Dr. Procknow, a returned missionary, for secretary. After order was restored in India, the work was resumed, the converts having remained firm, although cruelly persecuted by the mutineers.—And so prosperous has been the result, that the number of converts is now reckoned at 5,000 while about 20,000 others have broken caste, and are ready to receive the Gospel. But the laborers are few. The *Christian Work* says:

"Six additional missionaries are about to proceed from Berlin to Chota Napore, and it is

hoped that others may follow in the spring; but it does not appear to us as if any addition to the number of European missionaries could be made adequate to meet the necessities of the case; and there is an urgent need for the establishment of a seminary for training native catechists, whose duty it should be to instruct their brethren under the inspection of missionaries."—*The Independent.*

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been silent during the greater part of last winter, I thought I would write you a few lines concerning matters and things in and around Newport, Rhode Island. Our Church is doing well at present, both in spiritual and temporal matters, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, and the many obstacles, which seemed to bid defiance to our onward progress. But by the blessings of an all-wise Providence, we are enabled to look with joy and thankfulness upon the advent of another spring.

We have recently added a number of new disciples to our Church, and have a fair prospect of gaining still more to the standard of the King of kings. The season here has been very unhealthy, and the number of deaths, among both black and white, have been considerably increased, but I am happy to say, the usual good health of the place is again beginning to prevail.

The late war news created an intense excitement here. It likewise caused secesh sympathisers to look intensely blue. Truly the hand of God is working miracles for our d'rected country and the oppressed black man. Roll on the ball, thou mighty Giver of all good! till tyranny and oppression be swept from the face of the earth.

Our people, here, expect to do a large business during the coming watering season, and the hotel and boarding house keepers are commencing extensive preparations for the accommodation of pleasure seekers.

On last evening, very unexpectedly, we were aroused by a loud knocking at our door, which, upon being opened, revealed to our astonished optics, quite a number of the Benevolent Daughters of Conference Society, of Newport, Rhode Island A. M. E. Church, who immediately took possession of our house, sung the ode of the Society, and after going through a few other preliminaries, they covered our table with a choice collection of eatables, and the President, in behalf of the Society presented us with the neat little sum of $20.25, as a donation. This was quite as acceptable as it was unexpected. After having spent a pleasant evening, the company retired, leaving me behind, surrounded by their sumptuous donation, and filled with gratitude to God, for the many blessings bestowed upon us by a kind and loving people. May His blessings and guidance go with the Benevolent Society, and each and all of its members, is the prayer of your humble servant.

EBENEZER J. WILLIAMS.

Newport Station, R. I., April 4, 1865.

GONE TO THE FRONT.

We understand that a deputation from the "Ladies' Union Association," and the "Sanitary Committee of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church," left our city on Thursday morning, with such articles as are mostly needed, to relieve the sufferers around City Point, and in the various hospitals in the vicinity.

NOTICE.

Quarterly meeting of Buck's County Circuit, at Attleborough, Pa., on Sunday, 16th inst., and Quarterly Conference, on the 15th inst., at the same place.

P. A. CUFF, Preacher,
P. GOULD, Elder.

NOTICE.

HORNTOWN CIRCUIT.—Quarterly meeting at Tea Chester, on Sunday, 16th inst.

Quarterly meeting at Old Chester, on Sunday, 23d inst.

Quarterly Conference, on Saturday, 8th inst., at Horstown. Quarterly meeting, at the same place, on Sunday, 9th inst.

JOHN C. CORNISH, Preacher.
E. WEAVER, Elder in Charge.

PRINTERS vs. WRITERS.

Mr. MARCH, who is lecturing in New York on the English language, states the grievances of writers for the press in the following extract from his lecture:

The writer who volunteered to enlighten the public through the press was often told that there was room for only half a column, and was compelled to reduce his article, or to see it appear in microscopic type. The rhymester was often puzzled by the inquiry which stanza should be stricken out, that the piece might not run over the page of the magazine. In early times, when fonts of type were small, a book had to be printed at several offices, and oftentimes the division was so badly calculated, that the last form of some one office would have several blank pages. Then, when the orthography was unsettled, the compositor pieced out a short line by adding another letter or two to some of the words. The printers ruled Hume. In his writing he adhered to the spelling *lookt* for *looked* throughout all preterit in *ed*, but he could not get them printed so. An eminent French author wrote a work in favor of sparse punctuation, and he said that when it appeared in print, it looked as though points had been shaken on it from a pepper-box! This tyranny of "printer's rules" rendered it very difficult to get an old book reprinted accurately—and the writer who quoted Chaucer must expect to see the words changed according to Webster. He himself had never been able to get a *grisely ghost* into type; some printer's boy was always kind enough to correct it to *grizzly*. The dictionary-maker and the printer controlled the language, suggested false etymologies, and exerted in speech the same influence which the *modiste* did in dress. The old copyists went further, and corrected what they supposed to be the errors of the author. The booksellers of Rome had kept slave copyists, and multiplied copies of a work by having one read while the rest wrote. No reliance could be placed on a copy, unless it was cotemporary with the author—and even then each new copyist wrote in his own dialect. Manuscripts of Dante, of different periods, differed as much in their orthography as original works written at the same periods. Our classical manuscripts have been much changed in this way. And certainly the copyist had as good a right to change as the editors had in the 19th century. How much of the original text of Shakspeare have we left?

IN HEAVEN, Parnassus may be forgotten—Calvary, never; Eden may fade from all memories—Gethsemane, from none.

THE ATONEMENT is so extensive, that none will be lost by reason of any deficiency in it; so extensive, that on the ground of it salvation is sincerely and freely offered to all; so extensive, that if all should accept the offer, all would be saved. Therefore, let each one come to Christ, and secure to himself an interest in the atonement.

The Christian's Home.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

My home is not by ocean's wave,
That ebbs and flows on every shore;
For I shall surely see the time,
When its proud waves shall dash no more.

My home is not beside the stream
That flows in silent grandeur on;
For I shall surely see the time
When rivers all shall cease to run.

My home is not among the hills,
Where feed the flocks and herds so gay;
For I shall surely see the time,
When every hill shall pass away.

My home is not 'mid forest's shade,
Where warble birds in bowers so green;
For I shall surely see the time,
When these shall never more be seen.

My home is not upon the plains,
Where harvests wave, and cities rise;
For I shall surely see the time,
When none of these shall meet my eyes.

My home is not 'mid camps and courts,
Where mad Ambition, power craves;
For I shall surely see the time,
When pride and pomp lie in their graves.

My home is not beneath the stars,
That shine on this terrestrial ball;
For I shall surely see the time,
When suns shall faint and stars shall fall.

My home is not among the spheres,
That roll in their majestic way;
For I shall surely see the time,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

My home is not beneath the shine—
Here as a stranger now I roam;
For I shall surely see the time,
When my dear Lord shall take me home.

My home is with my blessed Lord,
Where pain and death shall never be;
For I shall surely see the time,
When we, from sin, shall be set free.

The Catacombs of Rome.

The catacombs of Rome are under-ground passages, extending for miles and miles in every direction, chiefly under the great campagna around the city. This whole region of country is thus excavated, but when the work was done is not known. These underground passages were used by the early Christians as burial-places for their dead, and as a refuge in times of persecution; and very often they met there for religious worship. When the fierce Roman Emperors made cruel laws against them, and they could not meet openly for prayer and praise in that heathen city, they used to go quietly and secretly to the entrance of the catacombs. A guide, with a lamp, would lead them through the winding passages to the appointed place. Then the sweet Litanies and hymns of praise would rise to heaven, and all their voices would join in the solemn cry, "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!" When they had exhorted each other to be faithful unto death, they would steal forth again to the light of day, and go back to their homes.

Here, when they died, their bodies were brought and buried in the vaults dug out of the rock; especially the bodies of the martyrs who had been cruelly put to death because they would not give up their religion. Ah! those were dreadful times. The fire, the sword, and the wild beasts, tried the faith of those who were baptised into the name of Christ; and many a time the cry was heard from a savage crowd, "The Christians to the lions!"

We can learn something about these early times from the inscriptions that have been found, and they are still being found, on the tombs in the catacombs. The letters are but rudely carved; but the date is generally given, and there are with many of the inscriptions curious figures cut; sometimes a dove, which was the symbol of peace; sometimes a palm branch, the token of victory; often the cross, the most sacred sign of all. Sometimes a tool was carved, to show the trade of the buried man.

Almost always were written the trustful words, "In Christ," "In peace." Here is the translation of the words on the tomb of a martyr:—"Primitus in peace: a most valiant martyr, after many torments. Aged thirty-eight. His wife raised this to her dearest, well-deserving husband." And another: "In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when, with his blood, he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear."

But not the martyrs only were buried in this place. All the Christians wished their bones to rest in such good company. Husbands here buried their wives, and wives their husbands. Children, with all reverence set up stones in memory of their parents; and weeping parents laid their little ones to sleep here, till the voice of Jesus shall awake the dead.

Here is an example of these inscriptions:—"To Adsertor, our son; dear, sweet, most innocent and incomparable; who lived seventeen years, six months, and eight days. His father and mother set up this." Another reads: "Here sleeps Porcella in peace. She lived three years, ten months, and thirteen days."

Many more tombs are to be found where little ones were buried, who had been early taken out of those troublous times to their home in heaven; and, though their parents found it very hard to lose them, yet they were far, far happier than the heathen parents around, who had no hope of meeting in a happier world. Some, even of these Christian children, young as they were, had gained the crown of martyrdom, and gave up their tender limbs to torture and death, because they would not deny Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Love to Christ made them very brave to meet death for Christ's sake; and their love is an example to us. Let us never forget it, but try to be as true to our Master in our small trials as they were in their great ones.

All Christians belong to one great family, and we shall all know and love each other some day in our Father's house. The same trompet that wakes the dead who were laid in the dark vaults of the Roman catacombs, seventeen hundred years ago, will rouse those who slumber under the green turf of a country churchyard: and those who sleep in Jesus, no matter when or where, shall all partake in the same joyful resurrection.—*Early Days.*

Little by Little.

Do my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you never see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows well that he has done what he could; so He kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand—the pleasant errand upon which the good God sent it to the earth. "I have found you out," said the rain drop to the tiny grains of wheat, "though you are dead and in the grave. God has sent me to raise you up." Well, there is nothing impossible with him; so when the rain-drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade, in the warm sunlight. This is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stock wax stronger; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with every thing that is good? Should we like another way better? *Impatience* would.

It is only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say, "I am tired, tired, tired!—Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knit stitch by stitch? I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, this is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? "Poor man," impatience would say, "what an undertaking!—to start from the earth and go so far towards the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who in looking back upon the day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom and virtue. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help; and it is by the same help that it increases day by day. As the little rain-drop—God's beautiful messenger, descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin the Holy Spirit comes back to us. If he breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without him we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

But one Sabbath in the Week.

A person being invited to go on an excursion for pleasure on the Lord's day, replied, "I should like an excursion very well; but I have but one Sabbath in the week, and I can't spare that."

This expresses an important truth in an impressive manner. When we have but one day in the week exclusively devoted to the concerns of eternity, while six are devoted to the affairs of time, can we spare that one day for pleasure? It is the best day of the seven. It is worth more than all the rest. If rightly employed, it will bring us a richer return. What we can earn in six days is perishable; but the fruits of a well-spent Sabbath will endure for ever. The Sabbath, when properly spent, is the day for the highest kind of employment, or rather enjoyment. If, therefore, you would seek mere earthly pleasure, you can better afford to take any other day in the week for it than the Lord's day.

"In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

Cleaving to Christ.

When a shipwrecked sailor, left to the mercy of the waves, has no help within reach or view but a spar or mast, how he will cling to it, how firmly he will clasp it! he will hold it as life itself. If a passing billow sweep him from it, with all his might he will make for it again, and grasp it faster than ever. To part is to perish; and so he clings—and how anxiously! So the awakened sinner feels. The ocean of wrath surrounds him—its billows and its waves go over him. Hell yawns beneath to ingulf him. The vessel is an utter wreck. All its floating timbers are very rotten. O, how he strains his eye searching for a mast, a plank, a spar! His eye rests on the only hope, the only rock in the wide ocean of wrath—the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus. He makes for the Saviour, he clasps him—he cleaves to him. Every terror of sin and of unworthiness that strives to loosen his hold only makes him grasp with more terrible and death-like tenacity, for he knows that to part company is to perish. "I will not let thee go."—*Rev. R. P. Nichol.*

GOSPEL ETIQUETTE.—Every person should commit and practise the following gospel rules on Christian conduct.

1. Condescend to men of low estate.
2. Look not every man upon his own things, but also upon the things of others.
3. Be not wise in your own conceit.
4. Let each one esteem another better than himself.
5. Recompense evil to no man.
6. Let your love be without dissimulation.

THERE is in the universe but one spot which it is safe for the sinner to occupy. That spot is the foot of the cross of Christ. On every other spot the wrath of God is liable to descend and destroy him.

Theological Education.

PRINCETON SEMINARY.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, writing from Princeton, speaks in the following manner of the instruction now given there in elocution, a matter once very much neglected both in College and Seminary:

"Unusual interest has been manifested here in elocution. Professor Mark Bailey, of Yale College, whose lectures form a part of the course of instruction in this seminary, made his annual visit in the fall of last year. He is a finished scholar, and as a teacher of gesticulation and elocution proper, perhaps has no superior. He was followed by Professor Peabody, formerly of Troy, New York, and then connected with Union College. Professor Peabody has removed his residence to Princeton, and has had continually under his instruction private pupils in vocal culture, numbering, from both Seminary and College, over one hundred. Professor Robert Kidd, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has also had several private classes in elocution.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Three new buildings, (one for Philips Academy included,) are to be erected during the coming summer, at an expense of about $100000. The trustees have voted to establish a pastorate for these institutions as soon as funds can be secured for this purpose; and, within a few days past, have inaugurated measures to establish in the seminary a professorship of Biblical Science, also several lectureships, such as one on elocution, one on music, one on hygiene; also a gymnasium. They propose likewise to increase the charitable funds of the seminary, that they may give to indigent students more generous assistance than their present fund warrant.

BAPTIST.—A movement is on foot to establish a theological school in Washington city for the education of colored Baptist ministers. About fifty of these preachers have been found in and around Washington, whose names have already been enrolled as pupils. It is believed that an attendance of from twenty-five to forty can be secured from the outset. Professor T. Turney, D.D., is to be their teacher.—*Cincinnati Chris. Advocate.*

UNIVERSALIST.—Rev. Mr. Balch, who is engaged soliciting funds for the Theological School of Universalists, announces that a wealthy friend in the interior of this State, proposes to give the schools of the Universalist denomination the sum of $60,000:—The Theological School, $25,000; the St. Lawrence University, $20,000; the Clinton Liberal Institute $10,000.

Life in the Churches.

NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONVENTION.

At the autumnal Convention of Unitarians last year the meetings were so meagre, with the inducement of the most brilliant and powerful orators the denomination can furnish; while the income of the "American Unitarian Association," their only general organ of benevolent operations, could hardly be coaxed or urged above $6,000, that a general feeling was at length awakened among them that "something must be done." They therefore resorted to the expedient of a General Council of the churches, to be held in this city on the 5th of April. At the same time a special effort was undertaken to raise a fund of $100,000 for the A. U. A. This latter work is already more than half accomplished, above $5,000 being subscribed by 26 congregations, the largest being $6,530, being from Mr. Putnam's in Brooklyn, and $25,000 being from six congregations.

The Convention will meet on Wednesday, April 5th, in the Broadway Atheneum, formerly Church of the Messiah. A public reception will be given at Irving Hall by the New York and Brooklyn churches, at which Peter Cooper will preside. Already a hundred churches have been reported as having chosen delegates. Among the lay representatives of note, we observe the names of Gov. Andrew, Peter Cooper, W. C. Bryant, Richard Warren, A. A. Low, Geo. W. Bond, Dr. Geo. B. Loring of Salem, Geo. Livermore of Cambridge, Genery Twitchell, Hon. Thomas D. Eliot, Hon. Ichabod Goodwin, etc. We believe ample arrangements have been made by the local committee both for the comfort of the members and the order of the meeting. It is a movement of great importance to the future of the Unitarians as a denomination, to determine the amount of power they are to exert in forming the next aspect of American character.

A letter from Charleston, South Carolina, says:—"I went to St. Paul's church last Sunday. It is the only English Episcopal Church now open here. The French Episcopal Church is also opened for the usual service. Of the former the Rev. Mr. H. is Rector, who on this occasion seemed to be endorsed by another clergyman then present. The prayer for the President was *omitted*—the sermon was of average ability; and while preaching, the Rector very properly wore the gown, but had left off the bands, apparently to display to greater advantage a *Confederate gray vest*. This was at least in bad taste, and it was still worse to omit the prayer for the President. I hear he has since been prohibited from preaching again, by the commanding general."

Foreign.

MAXIMILIAN ON RELIGION.

A recent mail from Mexico brings the text of the Emperor Maximilian's decree of religious toleration, the promulgation of which has been previously announced. The entire text is now for the first time translated, as follows:

Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico: Having consulted our council of ministers, we hereby decree the following:

ARTICLE 1. The empire protects the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church as the religion of the State.

ARTICLE 2. Free and ample toleration is extended throughout the territory of the empire, to all religions which are not opposed to morality, civilization and good habits. The establishment of a new religion will, however, require the authorization of the government.

ARTICLE 3. As circumstances may require, instructions will be issued to the police regarding the exercise of religions.

ARTICLE 4. The Council of State shall be informed of any abuses committed by the local authorities against the exercise of other religions, and against the liberty which the laws guaranty to their ministers.

This decree shall be deposited in the archives of the empire, and published in the official journal.

Given in the Palace of Mexico, the 29th day of February, 1865. MAXIMILIAN.

By order of his Imperial Majesty, the Minister of Justice,

PEDRO ESCUDROV ECHANOVE

STRANGE THINGS IN JERUSALEM.

There is to be a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and now two lines of English steamers touch monthly at Jaffa. There is also to be a branch of the telegraph line between Jaffa and Beirut extending to the Holy City, and a light house to be built on Mount Carmel, visible to those tossing upon the Mediterranean Sea. Also a firman has just been issued by the Sultan, directing that all streets in Jerusalem should be levelled and paved, and all obstructions removed, so as to make broad highways. The Jews in Jerusalem, noting these things, say, "Now we are certain Messiah is coming very near." Additional interest seems to be gathering every year around the Holy City, and the promised land.

METHODISM IN DENMARK.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have an edifice in course of completion in Copenhagen, concerning which the following notice is taken by *Berlin's Political Times*, under date of February 25th:

There is now being built a church for the Methodist Society in Copenhagen. The building is on the corner of Rigens street. The work has progressed so far that the roof has lately been finished, and within a year the church will be ready for worship.

It is not only its large dimensions which attract attention, but in spite of the scaffolding, which hides it somewhat, the beauty of its conception captivates passers by.

The style is mostly Byzantic, and is distinguished for majesty and elegance.

HYPOCRISY.—He that prays out of custom, or gives alms for praise, or fasts to be accounted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devotion, and a beggar in his alms, and a hypocrite in his fast.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Our Country.

The Movement to the South of Petersburg.

Washington, April 2d.—The advices received here from the front give an air of doubtfulness to the battle now raging along the left of the Union lines. The conflict is still undecided, with the advantage on the side of the Union armies. At the hour of the reception of the latest advices the battle was raging with stubborn fury. The Fifth corps crossed Hatcher's run, and encountered the enemy posted in strong position behind formidable works. Contest for the possession of these works was at once commenced, and the whole rebel line was driven back a mile and a half, leaving all their dead and wounded by hundreds on the field. Sheridan, who came up, was attacked by the rebels with a combined force of infantry and cavalry. They hurled themselves upon him with a fury that pierced his centre and drove him backward three miles; but he rallied his men, and, with one of his celebrated cavalry manœuvres, charged on the rebels and drove them back over the ground lost, into their intrenchments. The left of the line pushed on, capturing new positions, until it halted to prevent being flanked. The rebel dead are lying in great numbers in the ravines and bushes. Our own loss is heavy. We charged repeatedly on strong positions, capturing them only at the cost of hundreds of lives. The rebel loss is equal to our own.

Latest from the Battle-field—Washington, April 2, 11 P. M.—The city is in a state of the highest excitement. The people are all gathering in knots around the newspaper offices commenting on the intelligence from the army. Mr. Lincoln has been heard from again, and he telegraphs that the rebel positions have been abandoned from the Whitehall road up to Petersburg. All the fortifications on the Southside railroad have been abandoned, and Grant has possession of this avenue to Richmond. Prisoners are arriving at the rear in great numbers. The Second corps alone sent back 3000, and the entire captures amount to 12,000 prisoners and 50 guns, and the number is increasing hourly. We now have a line of communication reaching to Petersburg, and the rebels are confined to the inner row of fortifications around the city. East and west of that they have fled from their works. Mr. Lincoln telegraphs: "All is well for us, and every thing is now quiet."

The Daily News, from which we extract the above, says in a leader in regard, to the advance:

The great battle month of the previous campaigns has been June. This year the spring campaign has opened in Virginia in April, and by the time the summer sun dries the sod of the southern plains we hope to record the passing away of war and the return of peace and union to the land. The campaign has opened with a repetition of the movement that failed so frequently last year. Gen. Grant detached a division of sixty thousand men, and sent them towards Hatcher's run to capture and destroy the Southside railroad. He went in person to command the expedition. Meade accompanied him. They crossed Hatcher's run without opposition. Federal intrenchments forming the left of the Union line, extend along the northern side of the run, which flows southwest from the Southside railroad. Petersburg is a common centre for the roads running through the country south of the city. The Boydton plank road crosses the roads coming from Petersburg. It commences at Hatcher's run, five miles from the Southside railroad, and extends to Dinwiddie, thirteen miles south of Petersburg. White-oak road diverges from the Boydton plank road about a mile from Hatcher's run, and runs to the southern counties of Virginia. Both these roads are strongly fortified. Grant's advance reached Hatcher's run, crossed it, and the battle commenced. The enemy deployed from the Boydton road and drove the 5th corps from their position. The check was only temporary. Warren reformed his men, and, charging on the rebels, forced them back from the Boydton road the entire mile to the junction of the White-oak, and dashing on captured all the fortifications at the forks. Sheridan was stationed further to the right. The rebels charged on him with both cavalry and infantry, pierced his line, and forced him back; but he regained his position, and, making a detour of his line with his cavalry, performed one of those celebrated movements which always gave him victory in the valley, and drove the rebels back beyond the position they had formerly held, capturing all their intrenchments and three brigades.

The Taking of Richmond.—On Sunday, the entire Union army advanced to the attack. In front of Petersburg it had not previously been engaged. The troops on the Southside Railroad advanced along it towards Petersburg; and the sixth and ninth corps attacked the town in front. The rebel line of works was soon broken through, and fort after fort captured. The columns steadily moved towards Petersburg. The sixth corps reached the Southside Railroad, three miles west of the city, and began destroying it. The rebels retreated across the Appomattox, toward Richmond, and by noon none of their troops were on the southern bank, excepting those at Petersburg. Gradually the Union lines closed around the city, and at half-past four in the afternoon they extended from the bank of the Appomattox three miles west of Petersburg, around to the river bank again, just east of the city.

On Sunday night Lee evacuated Petersburg and Richmond, his troops going west towards Burkesville. Yesterday morning the ninth corps entered Petersburg, and at half-past eight the advance of Gen. Weitzel's colored troops, on the north bank of the James entered Richmond. The battle was over. At once Grant from Hatcher's Run and Petersburg started his army on a march northwest, towards the Richmond and Burkesville Railroad. This road runs out from Richmond about 18 miles north of Petersburg, and goes to Burkesville, 52 miles west of Petersburg. Lee, it is supposed, will endeavor to join Johnston.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Suez canal, which has been six years in constructing, is completed. It connects the Mediterranean and Red seas, and is 90 miles long, 40 feet wide 4 feet deep; but it is expected in due time to reach a width at the surface of 330 feet and to attain a depth of 20 feet.

THE New Bedford *Mercury* says: "There are now in port thirty-nine whaling vessels. For twenty of these, masters have been engaged, and several are now being fitted for sea. The whaling business is not dwindling here, but on the contrary, the prospects of its successful pursuit are growing more encouraging."

During the months of January and February, 1864, $14,784,581 worth of dry goods were imported to New York; only $3,799,462 were received during the same months this year.

POMPEII.—The excavations at Pompeii have just led to the discovery of a temple of Juno, on the flags of which were scattered about more than 200 skeletons of women and children who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, hastened to the temple to implore the protection of the goddess.

AN experiment has been made on the New York Central Railroad, by using peat instead of coal. The result was highly satisfactory. The equal amount of fuel consumed by coal-burning engines is a ton to every twenty miles, but in this instance only half a ton was used.

VALUABLE CLAY.—About fifteen miles above St. Joseph, near the Missouri river, an extensive bed of very peculiar clay has been discovered. When first taken out it can be easily cut into any shape desired, and a surface made as smooth as glass. In a few hours it hardens, becomes firm as a rock, and has a whiteness equal to snow. In Texas and Utah this kind of clay is used for building purposes, and is exceedingly beautiful.

Advertisements.

SHROUDING
AND
LAYING OUT OF THE DEAD.

MRS. HIGHGATES

Most respectfully solicits the patronage and attention of the generous public and her friends, as she is now in the business of shrouding and laying out of the dead, and will give all needful satisfaction. Residence—

No. 1026 Barley street,
if bet. 10th & 11th, & Lombard & Pine Sts.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.

The Second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line, Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the time of departure of each train, and allow about 20 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7.45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.25, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mann's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No. 21 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

LEAVE.		
MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10.00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	8.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "
ARRIVE.		
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	8.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.30 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.30 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.10 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.50 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	5.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan '65 137 Dock Street.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 16, 1865, trains will leave Depot, corner Broad Street and Washington Avenue, as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS at 4.00, A. M., (Mondays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's and Magnolia.

WAY MAIL TRAIN at 8.10, A. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations, connecting with the Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Milford, Salisbury, and intermediate places.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 1.15, P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Wilmington, Elkton, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 3.35, P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (only to take Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Passengers for Fortress Monroe will take the 8.10, A. M., train.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS,

Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington,

Leave Philadelphia at 11, A. M., 7, 3.30, 5.30 and 10, P. M. The 3.30, P. M. train connects with Delaware Railroad for Milford and intermediate stations.

Leave Wilmington at 6.45, 8 and 9.30, A. M., 2.30 and 6.30, P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM BALTIMORE

Leave Wilmington at 12, M., 4.51, 8.23, and 8.54 P. M.

CHESTER FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Chester at 7.45, 8.43, 10.14, A. M., 12.36, 2.13, 4.54, 7.20, and 9.03, P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Express Train at 4.00, A. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

Night Express at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (for Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, Northeast, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Accommodation Train at 10, P. M., for Wilmington and Way Stations.

BALTIMORE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore at 9.25, P. M., stopping at Havre de Grace, Perryville, and Wilmington. Also stops at Elkton and Newark, (to take passengers for Philadelphia, and leave passengers from Washington or Baltimore,) and Chester, to leave passengers from Baltimore or Washington.

Leave Wilmington for Philadelphia at 6.30, P. M.

FROM BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore 8.25, A. M., Way Mail; 1.10, P. M., Express; 4.25, P. M., Way Train; 8.35, P. M., Express, 9.25, P. M., Express.

TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave Chester at 6.37, A. M., 1.50 and 11.50, P. M.
" Wilmington at 5.13, 9.40, A. M., 2.35, 5.02, and 12.25, P. M.

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached, will leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate Stations at 7.55, P. M.

H. F. HENNEY,
Superintendent.
Feb.25-6mo.

DRY GOODS
AND
TRIMMINGS
SELLING AT
REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Calicos from 22 to 35 cents per yard.
Muslins from 25 to 65 cents per yard.
Alapaccas from 40 to 85 cents per yard.

Shrouding, flannel, cambrics, etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand.

N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand,

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*
to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.
No. 10 1 year.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING.

JONES'
OLD ESTABLISHED
One Price
CLOTHING HOUSE,
604 Market Street,
(Above Sixth.)

At JONES' Crescent One Price Clothing Store, the lowest selling price is marked in plain figures on each article, and never varied. All buy alike, whether judge or not. The stock is gotten up in a superior manner, expressly for retail sales. Those wanting a good, substantial and fashionable article, should not fail to go to

JONES',
604 Market Street,
One Price Store.

OLIVE BRANCH
BOARDING HOUSE,
No. 814 Lombard Street, Phila.

Mrs. H. M. Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class

BOARDING HOUSE

for their special accommodation, in a central (to business or churches) part of the city, as above named, where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M. BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO. 406 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic, Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guaranties a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrup alone is cure used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH H. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS,
HAIR JEWELLERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,
No. 403 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED

Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.

BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid restoration for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Cleansing, it invigorating, Softening, Colouring, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

Poetry.

LEONIE.

Leonie bright, Leonie fair,
With eyes of light, and golden hair,
Where art thou gone? the voice is still
Which laughed more sweet than mountain rill,
Leonie!

As sunset's glory disappears
Thy beauty fled, and bitter tears
Blend with the brooklet's minstrelcy.
Ah! bonnie Bird, come back to me,
Leonie!

The leaves are wooed by summer's breath,
All nature seems to *smile* at death,
Save one lone tree, which drooping weeps,
Above the grave, where coldly sleeps
A. E. C. Leonie!

THE BACKWOODSMAN:

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

The silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone! how glorious to be free,
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging on my arm,
I range the forest wide.
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase;
Now track the mountain-stream, to find
The beaver's lurking-place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And—solitude profound—
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain,
This kingdom, all is mine!
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen;
Wide-stretch its living halls away,
Fill'd and roofed with green.
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences;
My festal lamps are stars.

Though, when in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "Good-night!" think not
I am companionless.
Oh, no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in the solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree,
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in the shades,
Like the embracing air;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

The Family.

ICE IN THE BLOOD.

In the General Confession of the Church, we poor mortals all unite in saying two things: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." These two heads exhaust the subject of human frailty.

It is the things left undone which we ought to have done, the things left unsaid which we ought to have said, that constitute the subject I am now to treat of.

I remember my school-day speculations over an old "Chemistry." I used to study as a text-book, which informed me that a substance called Caloric exists in all bodies. In some it exists in a latent state: it is there, but it affects neither the senses nor the thermometer. Certain causes develop it, when it raises the mercury and warms the hands. I remember the awe and wonder with which, even then, I reflected on the vast amount of blind, deaf, and dumb comforts which Nature had thus stowed away. How mysterious it seemed to me that poor families every winter should be shivering, freezing, and catching cold, when Nature had all this latent caloric locked up in her store closet,—when it was all around them, in every thing they touched and handled!

In the spiritual world there is an exact analogy to this. There is a great live-giving, warming power called Love, which exists in human hearts dumb and unseen, but which has no real life, no warming power, till set free by expression.

Did you ever, in a raw, chilly day, just before a snow-storm, sit at work in a room that was judiciously warmed by an exact thermometer? You do not freeze, but you shiver; your fingers do not become numb with cold, but you have all the while an uneasy craving for more positive warmth. You look at the empty grate, walk mechanically towards it, and, suddenly awaking, shiver to see that there is nothing there. You long for a shawl or cloak; you draw yourself; within yourself; you consult the thermometer, and are vexed to find that there is nothing there to be complained of,—it is standing most provokingly at the exact temperature that all the good books and good doctors pronounce to be the proper thing,—the golden mean of health; and yet perversely you shiver, and feel as if the face of an open fire would be to you as the smile of an angel.

Such a lifelong chill, such an habitual shiver, is the lot of many natures, which are not warm, when all ordinary rules tell them they ought to be warm,—whose life is cold and barren and meagre,—which never see the blaze of an open fire.

I will illustrate my meaning by a page out of my own experience.

I was twenty-one when I stood as groomsman for my youngest and favorite sister Emily. I remember her now as she stood at the altar,—a pale, sweet, flowery face, in a half-shimmer between smiles and tears, looking out of vapory clouds of gauze and curls and all the vanishing mysteries of a bridal morning.

Every body thought the marriage such a fortunate one!—for her husband was handsome and manly, a man of worth, of principle good as gold and solid as adamant,—and Emmy had always been such a flossy little kitten of a pet, so full of all sorts of impulses, so sensitive and nervous, we thought her kind, strong, composed, stately husband made just on purpose for her. "It was quite a Providence," sighed all the elderly ladies, who sniffed tenderly, and wiped their eyes, according to approved custom, during the marriage ceremony.

I remember now the bustle of the day,—the confused whirl of white gloves, kisses, bridesmaids, and bridecakes, the losing of trunk-keys and breaking of lacings, the tears of mamma—God bless her!—and the jokes of irreverent Christopher, who could, for the life of him, see nothing so very dismal in the whole phantasmagoria, and only wished he were as well off himself.

And so Emmy was wheeled away from us on the bridal tour, when her letters came back to us almost every day, just like herself, merry, frisky, little bits of scratches,—as full of little nonsense-beads as a glass of Champagin, and all ending with telling us how perfect he was, and how good, and how well he took care of her, and how happy, etc., etc.

Then came letters from her new home. His house was not yet built; but while it was building, they were to live with his mother, who was "such a good woman," and his sisters, who were also "such nice women."

But somehow, after this, a change came over Emmy's letters. They grew shorter; they seemed measured in their words; and in place of sparkling nonsense and bubbling outbursts of glee, came anxiously worded praises of her situation and surroundings, evidently written for the sake of arguing herself into the belief that she was extremely happy.

John of course was not as much with her now; he had his business to attend to, which took him away all day, and at night he was very tired. Still he was very good and thoughtful of her, and how thankful she ought to be! And his mother was very good indeed, and did all for her that she could reasonably expect,—of course she could not be like her own mamma; and Mary and Jane were very kind,—"in their way," she wrote, but scratched it out, and wrote over it, "very kind indeed." They were the best people in the world,—a great deal better than she was; and she should try to learn a great deal from them.

"Poor little Em!" I said to myself, "I am afraid these very nice people are slowly freezing and starving her." And so, as I was going up into the mountains for a summer tour, I thought I would accept some of John's many invitations and stop a day or two with them on my way, and see how matters stood. John had been known among us in college as a taciturn fellow, but good as gold. I had gained his friendship by a regular siege, carrying parallel after parallel, till, when I came into the fort at last, I found the treasures worth taking.

I had little difficulty in finding Squire Evans' house. It was *the* house of the village,—a true, model, New England house,—a square, roomy, old-fashioned mansion, which stood on a hill-side under a group of great, breezy old elms, whose wide, wind-swung arms arched over it like a leafy firmament. Under this bower the substantial white house, with all its window-blinds closed, with its neat white fences all tight and trim, stood in its faultless green turfy yard, a perfect Pharisee among houses. It looked like a house all finished, done, completed, labelled, and set on a shelf for preservation; but as is usual with this kind of edifice in our dear New England, it had not the slightest appearance of being lived in, not a door or window open, not a wisk or blink of life: the only suspicion of human habitation was the thin, pale-blue smoke from the kitchen chimney.

And now for the people in the house.

In making a New England visit in winter, was it ever your fortune to be put to sleep in the glacial spare-chamber, that had been kept from time immemorial as a refrigerator for guests,—that room which no ray of daily sunshine and daily living ever warms, whose blinds are closed the whole year round, whose fireplace knows only the complimentary blaze which is kindled a few moments before bed-time in an atmosphere where you can see your breath? Do you remember the process of getting warm in a bed of most faultless material, with linen sheets and pillow-cases, slippery and cold as ice? You did get warm at last, but you warmed your bed by giving out all the heat of your own body.

Such are some families where you visit. They are of the very best quality, like your sheets, but so cold that it takes all the vitality you have to get them warmed up to the talking-point. You think, the first hour after your arrival, that they must have heard some report to your disadvantage, or that you misunderstood your letter of invitation, or that you came on the wrong day; but no, you find in due course that you *were* invited, you were expected, and they are doing for you the best they know how, and treating you as they suppose a guest ought to be treated.

If you are a warm-hearted, jovial fellow, and go on feeling your way discreetly, you gradually thaw quite a little place round yourself in the domestic circle, till, by the time you are ready to leave, you really begin to think it is agreeable to stay, and resolve that you will come again. They are nice people; they like you; at last you have got to feeling at home with them.

Three months after, you go to see them again, when, lo! there you are, back again just where you were at first. The little spot which you had thawed out is frozen over again, and again you spend all your visit in thawing it and getting your hosts limbered and in a state for comfortable converse.

The first evening that I spent in the wide, roomy front-parlor, with Judge Evans, his wife, and daughters, fully accounted for the change in Emmy's letters. Rooms, I verily believe, get saturated with the aroma of their spiritual atmosphere; and there are some so stately, so correct, that they would paralyze even the friskiest kitten or the most impudent Scotch terrier. At a glance, you perceive, on entering, that nothing but correct deportment, an erect posture, and strictly didactic conversation is possible there.

The family, in fact, were all eminently didactic, bent on improvement, laboriously useful. Not a good work or charitable enterprise could put forth its head in the neighborhood, of which they were not the support and life. Judge Evans was the stay and staff of the village and township of ——; he bore up the pillars there of. Mrs. Evans was known in the gates for all the properties and deeds of the virtuous woman, as set forth by Solomon; the heart of her husband did safely trust in her. But when I saw them, that evening, sitting, in erect propriety, in their respective corners each side of the great, stately fireplace, with its tall glistening brass andirons, its mantle adorned at either end with plated candlesticks, with the snuffer-tray in the middle,—she so collectedly measuring her words, talking in all those well-worn grooves of correct conversation which are designed, as the phrase goes, to "entertain strangers," and the Misses Evans, in the best of grammar and rhetoric, and in most proper time and way possible, showing themselves for what they were, most high-principled, well-informed, intelligent women,—I set myself to speculate on the cause of the extraordinary sensation of stiffness and restraint which pervaded me, as if I had been dipped in some petrifying spring and was beginning to feel myself slightly crusting over on the exterior.

This kind of conversation is such as admits quite easily of one's carrying on another course of thought within; and so, as I found myself like a machine, striking in now and then in good time and tune, I looked at Judge Evans, sitting there so serene, self-poised, and cold, and began to wonder if he had ever been a boy, a young man,—if Mrs. Evans ever was a girl,—if he was ever in love with her, and what he did when he was.

I thought of the lock of Emmy's hair which I had observed in John's writing desk in days when he was falling in love with her,—of sundry little movements in which at awkward moments I had detected my grave and serious gentleman when I had stumbled accidentally upon the pair in moonlight strolls or retired corners,—and wondered whether the models of propriety before me had ever been convicted of any such human weaknesses. Now, to be sure, I could as soon imagine the stately tongs to walk up and kiss the shovel, as conceive of any such bygone effusion in those dignified individuals. But how did they get acquainted? how came they ever to be married?

I looked at John, and thought I saw him gradually stiffening and subsiding into the very image of his father. As near as a young fellow of twenty-five can resemble an old one of sixty-two, he was growing to be exactly like him, with the same upright carriage, the same silence and reserve. Then I looked at Emmy: she, too, was changed,—she the wild little pet, all of whose pretty individualities were dear to us,—that little unpunctuated scrap of life's poetry, full of little exceptions reforable to no exact rule, only to be tolerated under the wide score of poetic license. Now, as she sat between the two Misses Evans, I thought I could detect a bored, anxious expression on her little mobile face,—an involuntary watchfulness and selfconsciousness, as if she were trying to be good on some quite new pattern. She seemed nervous about some of my jokes, and her eye went apprehensively to her mother-in-law in the corner; she tried hard to laugh and make things go merrily for me; she seemed sometimes to look an apology for me to them, and then again for them to me. For myself, I felt that perverse inclination to shock people which sometimes comes over one in such situations. I had a great mind to draw Emmy on to my knee and commence a brotherly romp with her, to give John a thump on his very upright back, and to propose to one of the Misses Evans to strike up a waltz, and get the parlor into a general whir before the very face and eyes of propriety in the corner: but "the spirits were too strong for me; I couldn't do it.

[To be continued.]

Child's Cabinet.

MOUSE SWIMMING IN THE MOON-BEAMS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

In a deep hole of the mountain stream, near the roots of an old elm that stood on the bank, lay a large, beautiful trout. His sides were mottled and dotted with carmine, and his belly was silver. He lay at ease, a few inches from the bottom, just lazily moving his fins to keep himself from touching bottom, and now and then gently wagging his tail to keep him just where he was. Many smaller trout lay near him; but they all looked up to him as a very wise old head, too swift to be devoured by larger fish, and too cunning to be caught by the hook. Many were the hair-breadth escapes which he could boast, and the many hours he had made the fisherman hold the pole and cast the line in vain. He was too wise to be caught. One day two very skillful fishermen came fishing along the stream.—They had caught a few very small trout, but not of any account.

"See there! see there! what a noble fish!" says one.

"Where?"

"Just under the root of that tree. There! see him move! I'll have him, if it takes me all day."

Carefully and gently they threw in their lines; but Mr. Trout was too old for them. Then they changed the bait—but no! he knew them too well. Then they put on their flies, red, and yellow, and black, and all colors; but the fish would not touch them. He knew they were not real flies.

"What a noble fellow! I wish we could catch him. But never mind, I'll have him yet."

Then they went off and caught some live grasshoppers, but all to no purpose. So they were obliged to give it up. On going home one of the gentlemen saw a field mouse run along before him. On looking carefully at the spot at which she started, he found her nest, with four nearly grown mice. It was near the big maple-tree. So he cut a long stick, and stuck it in the ground near the nest.

"What are you doing?" said his friend.

"Only a little notion of my own."

That evening the moon shone upon the waters calmly, and all the fish were seeking their supper. If a grasshopper leaped into the water, or a fly came down near to cool himself, he was sure to be caught up. The old trout began to be hungry. All that afternoon he had been boasting that no one could deceive him, and that no fisherman ever came near catching him. Presently he saw a little mouse swimming on the top of the water. It seemed to be young, and to swim very slowly, as it rippled along in the moon-beams.

"Oh! what a supper is that. A real live mouse, and no sham, like the flies of the fishermen. I will have him in a hurry.

With one leap he seized the mouse and swallowed him. In another moment he was jerked far out of the river, and lay panting and frantic on the ground. The cunning fisherman had come and found his stick and the nest, and taken one of the young mice for bait, and the poor trout was outwitted and destroyed.

Poor fish! How much like people! There was Joe Bixley—a fine, fair-faced boy, who seemed to want to do right, and to resist temptation. He would not swear nor lie; and yet Sam Blake got him out one moonlight night to walk, and then showed him the fair fruit that hung on old Moseley's plum-tree, and before he knew it, they were robbing the poor old man of that which would have bought him bread. *The mouse swimming in the moon-beams!*

There was James Dergy—as noble a boy as ever left his mother's home for life in a great city. For a long time he was true and faithful to his employers, and gave the promise of making a valuable man; but at length he met a smooth-tongued, cunning young man, who, by degrees, made him feel that in order to be manly he must smoke, and he must dress, and he must go to the theatre, and he must, in turn, give oyster suppers. How was poor James to meet all these expenses? He was tempted to defraud his employers, but for a time resisted. At last his smooth, tempting companion told him that he might "just borrow the money out of the drawer, and pay it again when he got his salary." Alas! *it was the mouse swimming in the moon-beams!* He "borrowed," as he called it, again and again, till he owed more than his salary would pay, and then he was discovered, and disgraced, and ruined. He is now a poor, broken-down fellow—a curse to himself, and to all who have to own him as their relation. *O, the mice that swim in the moon-beams!* Beware of them.—*S. S. Times.*

Popular Natural History.

THE VEGETATION AND THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF CALIFORNIA.

All the vegetation of California is monstrous in growth. Strawberries as big as hen's eggs, some of which sold at a Sanitary fair for a dollar a piece. Indeed, eggs have sometimes sold in market at seven to ten dollars per dozen. We have no conception of the extravagance of the people. They never think of the price of any thing, so long as they have the money. They live on their capital instead of income, and begin anew every year. A lazy stage-driver will toss the stable-boy who waters his horse, a silver half-dollar, as if it were but two cents. Judging from their generosity, we think this people must be immensely rich; but they are poor—keep themselves so by their extravagance; no population in the world, living at the same rate, has so little wealth.

But the great crops—green vegetables are to be had through the whole year, and in size they beat nature. A respectable Presbyterian clergyman told me he planted a peach-pip, and in *fourteen* months it had grown to a tree ten feet high, and he ate peaches grown upon it. Now, you don't believe this; but it is true. One man cut a stick, which he carried as a cane for a week or two, and then sticking it into the ground as a support for a weak sapling, it sprouted, and in two years he gathered a peck of pears from that very cane! We have no conception of the activity of that soil. Prodigious crops of wheat and oats are raised; and as to peaches, plums, and pears, why, I should ruin my character for veracity, should I give you the facts about them. Pears weigh five and six pounds; grapes weigh four and a half pounds to the bunch. It is the greatest grape-growing country in the world; they are produced in the greatest profusion—grapes for breakfast, grapes for dinner—and yet they are not cheap, because labor enters into their cultivation, and labor is high. So nothing is cheap, though it is picked up in the streets, because the man who picks it up will charge you a quarter for stooping down and picking it up. All vegetables, potatoes, turnips, etc., are sold by the pound, and you can imagine what the bills must be.—*Address by Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

"SIDE WHEEL" DUCKS.

The "Side Wheel Ducks" are found only in Patagonia. Discarding their wings as instruments for flying, and their feet as paddles, they use their wings as wheels; never rising from the water even when pursued, but rushing ahead at great speed, leaving wakes behind them precisely like those of paddle-steamers. An examination of their wings showed a cartilaginous projection at the elbow, with which they undoubtedly strike the water; but while in motion, the rapidity of their movement was such, that any attempt to analyze its nature was impossible. A gray mist at either side of the body, was the only visible means of progression; while their feet dragged after them on the surface. When approached too closely, they dive.

Science and Art.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE.

It took a lifetime to produce even a small quantity of fine lace. "Les belles et eternelles Valenciennes," as they were called, required so much labor, that some workers could only produce twenty-four inches in the year. The changes in the atmosphere, and the fluctuations in the health of the workers told on the finer kinds of lace; and it was a well known fact, that if a piece were begun in the city of Valenciennes and finished outside the walls, it would be inferior, though it might be the work of the same hand, made with the same thread, and on the same pillow. The flax of which the old Brussels and the Point d'Alençon were made, was cultivated on purpose; it was chiefly grown in Brabant, Halle, and Courtrai, and had to be spun in underground cellars, because contact with external air made the thread brittle. The thread was so fine as almost to elude the sight; the spinner had to go by the sense of touch, examining every inch as it left the distaff, and at the slightest irregularity stopping the wheel. The room was kept in darkness, except for one single ray of light arranged to fall on the thread, which was thrown up by a background of dark paper. As it was in the sixteenth century, so it is now. The wheel and distaff are still used to spin the flax for lace-thread, and under the same conditions. No machine has yet been invented to equal the work of the trained flax-spinner and her distaff. At the present day, the hand-spun thread is often sold at 240*l.* sterling for one pound avoirdupois of thread; and at the French Exhibition in 1859, it was stated that sometimes the price runs as high as 500*l.* for the kilogramme. Fine lace may well be costly!

Formerly, it required eighteen workwomen to produce a single yard of point d'Alençon; each of them bore a different title, to indicate her function, as *pigneuse, traceuse, brodeuse, ebouteuse, remplisseuse*, etc. Now, however, the number of workers is reduced to twelve. The time required to produce point d'Alençon is as great as that needed for Valenciennes.—*London Athenæum.*

Health.

TAKING MEDICINE.

Let it be remembered that it is not the medicine advised by the educated physician which has done the world so much injury, but it is the physic which the people swallow on their own responsibility. When a narrow-minded person gets sick, he "calculates" the saving it will be to him to give twenty-five cents for a box of pills, instead of "employing a physician," besides avoiding the discomfort of "a course of medicine," as it is called. This answers for a while in many cases, but it is ultimately disastrous, and health and life are the fearful forfeit. A gentleman had been a dyspeptic, and hearing that a preparation of soda was "good for dyspepsia," he "tried it;" it acted "like a charm," and for the next six months he was so enraptured with its effects that he considered it a duty as well as a humanity to recommend it to every person who seemed to be affected as he had been. Not long thereafter, as he was standing at the gate of his newly-married daughter, in London, in a passing call on his way to business, he dropped down dead. On examination the cause was found in several ounces of soda impacted in the bowels.

Not long ago a young lady of wealth called for a prescription at a Quaker druggist's. Being a conscientious man, he said to her very kindly that if she continued to take it in such quantities, it would destroy her. It was a preparation of morphine, chloroform, and ether, which had an instantaneous and powerful effect on the whole system, and in her case excited the brain and kept it in that condition, requiring constantly increased doses. Within a month she was attacked with a very familiar disease, cured every day in its more peculiar seat. In her case the brain having been so weakened by the continual over-excitement to which it had been subjected, became the point of metastasis. In familiar phrase, "it went to the brain." She was a model of unobtrusive, self-denying piety, so retiring, so pure, as to be the admiration of those who knew her inner life. In an hour the maniady made a wreck of the mind. No man could hold her. Her profanity was shocking to every attendant. A day or two more, and she died. We personally know that her sister perished a year earlier in consequence of a condition of the system, induced by taking daily, for months a popular "cough-lozenge," or "troché." In these last two cases economy was no object, for they had always been the pampered and petted children of lavish wealth. But it was so much easier to get rid of an ailment in this way than by the formality of calling in the family physician; besides parental solicitudes need not be uselessly excited; this, no doubt, was the ruling motive. The experienced practitioner well understands that the habitual taking of any efficient medicine is the certain road to a premature and very often a violent or agonizing death."—*Hall.*

THE AFTER-DINNER CIGAR.

In an editorial on the subject the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* says: "While physicians and ministers of God's Holy Word, the guardians of our temporal and eternal happiness, encourage the vice by precept and example, the consumption of tobacco will increase, the tendency of tariffs and taxes to the contrary notwithstanding. Physicians assist greatly in forming public opinion, and as long as teachers of medicine continue to take great pains to impress upon the minds of the hundreds of students who annually listen to their instructions, that alcohol and tobacco are food, so long will their use as such be continued, and so long will the practitioner of medicine, whose eyes are not closed by being himself a slave to their influence, in his daily round of visits, witness the consequences in broken health, broken characters and broken fortunes—in ruin temporal and eternal.

The assertion that tobacco assists digestion by increasing the quantity of saliva secreted, is answered by referring to the fact that saliva impregnated with tobacco and swallowed, produces a sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach, nausea, vomiting, purging, etc., on account of which nearly all who use tobacco eject their saliva, and thereby instead of having, as is claimed, an increased quantity to assist their digestion, they almost entirely lose the benefit of that fluid, which performs an office in digestion second only to that of the gastric juice."

DRESS.

We also most strongly object to the present style of children's dress, or rather undress, for you cannot call that dress which leaves one-third of the body without protection. Look at the children as you meet them daily in the streets: bare arms, short stockings reaching just about the ankle, and drawers coming to the knee.—They shiver along and cry with the cold, but you must say nothing, for that is the fashion, and these parents are "hardening" them. It is sad to think that in this age it is considered sufficient apology for any imprudence to say that it is fashionable. It is fashionable to have the measles and scarlet fever, and very, very fashionable to have the consumption, and, we suppose, if any one were to discover a specific to relieve mankind of disease, he would be shut out from all society for being so unfashionable. It is fashionable to dress children so, and therefore we need not hope for any change for the better.—

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS,
(At 634 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)
has constantly on hand the best
Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,
At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand by small measure.

Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.

Orders received at No. 115 South Second Street.
No. 1—3 mos.

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER, RAGS, &c.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
[*No. 32 South Sixth Street.*]

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,
Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,
BALTIMORE.

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds. This is an Old Stand. I have opened on pains in refitting it up.
dec 31—no 5—6m
DANDRIGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,
News and Periodical DEPOT,
20 *Commercial Place, and* 85 *Baronne St.*,
NEW ORLEANS.

☞ A large assortment of School Books, French Books, School Tablets, Phrenological Journals, Slates, Novels, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c.
No 4—tf

COLORED DOMESTICS

As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.,
can find good situations, free of charge, at the
Freedmen's Employment Bureau,
No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,
Opposite the City Hall,
BROOKLYN.

Basement on Joralemon Street.
No. 11—3 months

DR. J. W. CREEK,
Thomsonian and Botanic
MEDICINE DEPOT,
N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of
FAMILY AND DRUG MEDICINES,
And all Fresh and Pure of the Very Best Quality, and disposed of with care and accuracy.
☞ A GOOD SELECTION OF PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

DR. J. W CREEK will be in attendance at his Office, N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets, Baltimore, Md., for consultation with patients laboring under the various diseases, as Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Scrofula, together with those symptoms of Disease usually called Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Debility, Rheumatism, Head-Ache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Impurities of the Blood, or any other chronic or long standing complaints on reasonable terms. Directions are adhered to them. Can be cured invariably, give an unbiassed opinion as to the probability of a cure.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefit they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicines, that they are really in dread of "Doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary to the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why cannot they be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he has no other as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions! Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

Miss JANE JOBS wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sandy Hook Bay, convenient to both Salt and Fresh BATHS. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continued liberal patronage from the public. tf

TRIMMINGS

AND

Fancy Goods.

633 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under-shirts, Collars and Neckties.

A general assortment of Stationery.

Ladies' Dresses and Under clothing made to order.
Oct 17—6mo

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,
Fifty Years among the Baptists,
The China Mission,
Oriental Acquaintances,
Political Essays,
Letters from Switzerland,
Mabel, or Heart Histories,
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,
In and Around Stamboul,
Trifleton Papers,
A Life Struggle,
Two Eras of France, by Auber,
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,
St. Paul to St. Sophia,
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,
Fresh Gleanings,
The Exile of Florida,
Columba,
Summer Pictures,
Anticipation of the Future,
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Freadly's Practical Treatise on Business,
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,
Lovell's Young Speaker,
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,
Jefferson's Manual,
Lady of the Lake,
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,
Webster's Common School Dictionary,
Pronouncing Bible,
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,
History of Methodism, 3 vols.,
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,
Positive Theology,
The Poet Preacher,
Saints' Rest,
Pilgrim's Progress,
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,
Life of Wesley,
Covel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,
Cole's Concordance,
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,
Our Friends in Heaven,
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,
Missionary among the Cannibals,
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,
The Missionary in Many Lands,
Rudiments of Public Speaking,
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,
Memoir of Carvosso,
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,
" " without Clasp,
The Prices of Hymn Books,
" "
Sheep skin, "

New Disciplines,
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,
Clark on the Promises,
Theological Compend,
Local Preachers' License, per dozen,
Local Exhorters' License, "
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,
Harry Budd,
Village Blacksmith,
Infant Teachers' Manual,
Claude's Essay,
Gerald and his Friend Philip,
Daisy Downe,
Girls at School,
What Norman Saw in the West,
Jane Atherton's Year at School,
Little Tiger Lily,
Sweet Corn Ball,
Hannah Lee,
Dairyman's Daughter,
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,
Christian's Philosophy,
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,
Light in the Valley,
Holy Angels,
Sylvia Austin,
Resurrection of the Dead,
Bible Pictures for Children,
Margaret Maxham. A book for Young Ladies,
Stories in Verse,
Home Pictures,
Minnie Wingfield,
Young Gold Seeker,
Self-willed Susie,
Life of Whitefield,
Fletcher's Perfection,
Christian's Pattern,
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,
Gold Dollar,
Hetty,
Hard Text,
Jennie,
My Missionary Book,
Our Father in Heaven,
John Bliss,
Stories in Rhyme,
Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,
" No. 2, "
" No. 3, "
Questions on the Old Testament,
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,
" " Mark,
" " Luke,
" " John,
Sabbath School Almanacs,
Tracts, Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,
First Lessons in English Composition,
Weld's Latin Reader, per dozen,
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,
Berard's U. S. History, per dozen,
A. Anderson's U. S. History, per dozen,
Smith's Grammar,
Progressive and Etymological School Book,
Alson's Algebra,
&c., &c., &c.
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,
Notes on the XXXV Articles,
Schmucker's Popular Theology,
Lowrey's Positive Theology,
Whedon's Commentary,
Covel's Dictionary,
The Memoirs of Stoddard,
" " Cone,

SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENTS.

Glen Morris Stories,
Sweet Story of Old,
Henry's Birthday,
A Mother's Gift,
Sunday's Pictures,
Willie Books,
Father's Presents,
Meadowside Stories,
Jessie Books,
Lives of Eminent Men,
Alden Series,
Youth's Library,

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,
ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No. 1119 Pine Street, Philada.

Also, operating on the Sewing Machine, together with fashionable Dressmaking. Sept 24—6m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other book Sabbath School books of various kinds: Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens Pa[illegible] Envelopes and Blank Books.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1126 Rodman Street,
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE

General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend Funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 12 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn,

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or ped, at short notice.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING C

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 15.—New Series, Whole No. 224.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2975, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine st.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2975, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia "	A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	L. PATTERSON.
New England "	W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio "	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	BENJ. McINTOSH.
Missouri "	M. M. CLARK.
California "	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

I love, when day is breaking fair,
And birds begin to sing,
To take a walk in early morn,
And view the flowers of spring.

'Tis then my heart seems free from care,
This world a happy place:
When fields are decked with pearly dews,
The hand divine we trace.

Though better still I love to hear,
The linnet tune his lays:
His notes are free and ever soft;
There's music in his praise.

The flowers, too, are beauteous things;
In words of love they speak,
When culled and placed beside the couch,
Of helpless, sick and weak.

I love the lilac, pink and rose,
That bloom before my door:
In viewing them, I see the hand
Of Him whom I adore. LIZZIE.

Morgantown, Ohio.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE BY CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Headquarters First U. S. C. T.
Fort Raison Depot.
March 28, '65.

Mr. Editor:—I would have written a few days sooner, but for the fact that a thieving scoundrel, under the clandestine cover of night, came, and, with roguish hands, stole one of my horses, valued at $200. But as this dirty wretch has been overtaken, and my mind relieved by the return of my servant's horse, I trust I can now frame myself into writing humor sufficiently to throw a few facts together for the benefit of the many friends who are ever anxious to know our whereabouts.

On the morning of the 16th of March, at the command to march, we broke camp; and all portable comforts were girded on by the soldiers, and lashed to horses, or packed in wagons by the officers. Every thing being in readiness, we marched out of camp, and halted for a few hours, at no great distance, in the woods, and near the pontoon bridge which was laid across the North-east River.

Shortly afterwards, General Terry and Staff rode past, making a splendid appearance. Then followed the Second Division of the 24th Corps, (white,) after which our Division, (First Division 25th Corps, colored,) followed in pursuit. I might say that the whole of General Terry's command left. It will be understood that Gen. Terry commands the brave troops who first came to attack Fort Fisher, with a view to its speedy reduction.

These forces were made up of the First Div. of the 25th Army Corps, (colored,) and the Second Division of the 24th Army Corps, (white.) The colored troops were commanded by Bravet Major-General Payne, and the white troops by Brevet Major-General Ames. The chief command is vested in the intrepid Major-General Terry.

Since the capture of Wilmington, Gen. Terry's command has been lying at North-east Station, about ten miles above Wilmington. However, the white troops having passed, my regiment led the advance of our division. Soon after crossing the river, we passed an extensive line of rebel works, which they had hastily evacuated upon hearing that Sherman was about to cut off their retreat.

Shortly after taking up our line of march, we were informed that our destination was Goldsboro'. Consequently our march was continued for several days. Many incidents took place on the march of an amusing character, and also some which were quite saddening. But whatever was disagreeable was borne with the usual liveliness of our men. Passing through an extensive rebel country was a new thing to our soldiers: therefore, for the first few days, the inhabitants fared quite well. But afterwards, the white soldiers commenced the ransacking policy, which the colored troops had been rather reluctant to engage in; but as we were now considered a part of Sherman's army, and as they were accustomed to relieving the rebels of whatever they desired, our soldiers thought they would follow their example. So every one who had any desire for the foraging fun, (we call it foraging,) went at it in earnest.

The advance was led each day by a different Division—one day by the white, and the next day by the colored. And I must say for the colored soldiers that they manifested more feeling for the rebels than did the white soldiers. When the white soldiers were in the advance, they would leave comparatively nothing—taking the last bit of meat, and every chicken, hog, sheep, cow or horse upon the premises, and hurling the most bitter maledictions upon them if they dared to utter a word. But the colored soldiers, in several instances, to my own knowledge, would leave some, and tell the rebel women to hide it if they could, or the white soldiers would take it all when they came along. Sometimes they would shout—

"Stop, boys! you have got enough now. Leave the poor creatures something to eat!" and like expressions.

But the white soldiers would excuse themselves by telling the rebel women and men, (when the men were there,) "If we don't take all, the colored boys will; so we might just as well take it now."

There was one infamous old rebel who lived at Rensenville, named Herron, who, however, fared very badly with the colored troops. He was a mean old wretch. He owned three hundred slaves, and treated them like brutes—yes, worse than brutes. It was on Sabbath, the 19th instant, when we arrived there, and, as Providence would have it, we halted to rest and eat dinner.

Seeing his splendid mansion standing near the road, our boys made for it, and soon learned that he had just released a colored woman from irons, which had been kept on her for several days. Upon hearing of this and sundry other overt acts of cruelty committed by him on his slaves, the boys grew incensed, and they utterly destroyed every thing on the place. They gutted his mansion of some of the finest furniture in the world. With an axe they shattered his piano, bureaus, side-boards, tore his fine carpet to pieces, and gave what they did not destroy to his slaves—and on his speaking rather saucily to one of the boys, he was sent headlong to the floor by a blow across the mouth, his downward tendency being materially accelerated by an application of boot-leather to his "latter end." I heard afterwards that the white soldiers burned his houses to the ground; but whether they did so or not, I cannot say. But this much I do know—that I have seen numbers of the finest houses turned into ashes.

Oh, that I could have been a Hercules, that I might have carried off some of the fine mansions, with all their gaudy furniture. How rich I would be now? But I was not. When the rich owners would use insulting language, we let fire do its work of destruction. A few hours only are necessary to turn what cost years of toil into smoke and ashes.

During our entire march from Wilmington, until we met Sherman, there was only one Union flag displayed by a citizen to our forces. His house was well protected. Neither soldiers nor officers would touch a cob. It was remarkable, too, to hear how impudently some of the rebel women would talk. Yet their loose-hung tongues in almost every instance brought them into trouble.

One very fine-looking lady, residing in a small village which we passed through, ran out of her house-door, and bleated very loudly to a certain officer—

"Keep your negroes out of my yard!"

The officer said nothing, but passed on—but such a shower of "blessings" as the negroes heaped upon her devoted head would have well nigh aroused the dead from their graves. Such a string of expletives, I presume, never before greeted the ears of such a haughty Southern goddess.

I must now stop, for here comes marching orders.

Having left Harrison Depot, and marched about fifteen miles, I now resume my correspondence with you.

As I was writing about the contemptibleness of several white women, I regard it needless to use their vulgar parlance, but simply to state that their repeated insults were almost in every instance visited with their just reward. I am sorry to state, however, that some of Sherman's men took their revenge in quite a disgraceful manner.

Among the amusing scenes which transpired was when our army came to fordable streams, which was often the case. Some streams through which we were obliged to wade would take the men up to their arms. Each brigade would generally halt for a short time prior to crossing, so as to be prepared for it. Some would simply hang their cartridge boxes on their bayonets, and plunge in with a cheerful but vociferous yell—while others would dismember pantaloons and drawers, and others still strip entirely naked, and swing their clothes over their heads—and, amid all kinds of expressions and laughable utterances ever conceived by the genius of mirth, like some monstrous brood of liberated ducks, our brave boys would take to the water as naturally as a beaver—wading through water, mud, and slop. This was indeed but an every-day occurrence.

So far as provisions are concerned, we found them in the greatest abundance. I even rode up to a fodder stack, and commenced pulling out some for my horse, when hams, sides, and shoulders of bacon fell out in such rapid succession that I thought I was mistaken in the place. Suffice it to say that our whole army, fifteen thousand strong, found enough and to throw away while passing through the enemy's territory. Honey itself was plentiful; for on passing several houses we found bee hives in any quantity—and these little fellows, with all their stings, were not proof against the voracity of our soldiers. One fellow would pick up a bee gum on his shoulder, and run like fury, while a dozen more would charge on the honey-comb with their bayonets, and the bees would pour out and blacken the air with numbers.

By this time the fellow carrying the gum would dash it down, and run his bayonet or hand in, take out a pretty good piece of comb, and then *leave* like a streak of greased lightning, with apparently ten thousand enraged bees darting around his head. And by the time one brigade would pass, all the bee gums on the place would be robbed, and something less than twenty millions of bees intent on vengeance flying in every direction, stinging or trying to sting every thing they saw. And while in this pleasant mood, the remainder of our army would have to run the gauntlet past them—and you may be sure that men, horses, dogs, or whatever passed by, were politely and *smartly* accosted by these gentlemen. But those who were stung by the maddened bees seemed to enjoy the joke quite as well as the more fortunate ones who laughed at them.

The colored people, too, were peculiarly interesting, and sometimes gave vent to expressions and acts which were quite amusing. Some would clap their hands and say, "The Yankees have come! the Yankees have come!" Others would say, "Are you the Yankees?" Upon our replying in the affirmative, they would roll their white eyeballs up to heaven, and, in the most pathetic strain, would say, "Oh, Jesus, you have answered my prayer at last! Thankee, thankee, Jesus."

Others would cry out, "I have been looking for you many years, and God told me you were coming to possess the land, and now here you are."

Others again would commence venting their revengeful desires by telling of their hardships and the cruelty of their owners, and wanting us to revenge them immediately.

But I must pass on. It was on the 20th inst. when we first came within hearing of General Sherman. His big guns sounding some eighteen miles distant told us we were nearing the great champion. Our army was much fatigued, and every one felt quite exhausted, until the sound of his artillery gave us new life. We all longed to be there. The consequence was that we now marched more swiftly, and took longer strides.

At ten o'clock on the following day we came to where a part of Sherman's army had passed, and saw for the first time a portion of his brave cavalry. And here we just began to learn what destruction was. We thought our men had been doing outrageously, but now we were convinced that we were all good fellows. Houses were burnt, and the fences for miles on both sides of the road demolished. Corn-cribs, smoke-houses and dairies were emptied of their contents—and if, perchance, a house was left standing at all, on entering it, one might find an aged white man, some white women, and a few children, (formerly very rich,) standing in the door, with watery eyes and haggard faces, and every thing either carried off or broken to pieces. Even the garments of women and children were destroyed, except what they had on their backs when the Yankees came to the house. The condition of the roads beggars description. Added to this was the woods on fire as far around as the eye could reach.

Besides the children, turkeys, hogs, sheep, goats, cows, mules, horses, and all such things, for fifteen miles on either side, had disappeared. But that distance I do not think is sufficient, although I was so informed; for I saw some of Sherman's raiders come in, who told me they had been thirty miles off. However, to resume my story. We continued to follow the road so badly desolated by Sherman's army, until we arrived at the edge of the Neuse River. There General Terry halted his army, and we all commenced to prepare such quarters as we could rest awhile in. But it was not long before big guns began to tell us that Sherman and Johnson were only five miles away, and were measuring each other's strength.

All the afternoon and part of the night, amid a heavy falling rain, did the terrific roar of cannon and musketry keep up an unbroken clamor, while deadly missiles flew thick and terrible, regardless of whom they might injure. Never did I hear such musketry before, except at Petersburg, on the night of the 18th of June, 1864, when Grant and Lee, with more than fifty thousand men on each side, were kicking up a dust over that doomed city. During the night, however, Sherman drove the rebels across the river, but did not cross at the same place. So General Terry, with Sherman's Pontoon Corps, succeeded in laying two pontoon bridges over the Neuse river, up near where our troops were encamped. After the bridges were prepared, two brigades (First and Second) of our division were sent to hold them against any possible attack from the rebel side.

Having crossed the river, we soon had ourselves well fortified within a circle ranging about three hundred yards from the pontoon bridges. Here we lay quite secure from any rebel disturbance, except what opposition was offered to foraging parties, who were frequently driven in by the rebels, who were swarming on the road leading to Smithfield. Several times were our venturesome foragers driven within our undaunted lines.

During this time two corps of Sherman's great army passed over the bridges, and came through our works, en route to Goldsboro. This was a sight equally novel to both. We all desired to see Sherman's men, and they were anxious to see colored soldiers, particularly the colored heroes of Petersburg, as they called us. Therefore you may be sure they were not passing long before our boys thronged each side of the road. There they had a full view of Sherman's celebrated army. Soldiers without shoes, ragged and dirty, came by thousands. Bronzed faces and tangled hair were so common, that it was hard to tell if some were white. Their guns instead of being clean and bright like ours, were rusty and dirty. They wore all sorts of hats, many of them looking like nests of confusion. Some of their officers were dressed the same as privates, many having no shoulder straps. Some of their generals looked worse than our second lieutenants. Sometimes a soldier would pass with his shirt-tail out, walking as large as a prince. About this time, here comes the rear of the corps. Now, look out for the rubbish—wagons in great numbers, pack mules, buggies, carriages, ambulances, and droves of colored men, women, and children.

I must say, and I say it with no prejudice whatever, that luck (if the word be admissible,) has had much to do with the popularity of Sherman's celebrated army. I believe I estimate the value of its services, as highly as any one, but I do not regard it as *the* army of America. That is all I will now say, wait and see for yourself. So much for Sherman's army. After it had passed and gone to Goldsboro', our men went out foraging every day, each day contending with the rebels. I can't refer to any of our fights now, as the mail is about to leave. H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM OUR NEW ENGLAND CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Mr. Editor:—Having a few leisure moments permit me to present to the readers of the Christian Recorder a few of the fleeting events of the old Elm City. The churches here are all in a flourishing condition. The good Lord has visited Bethel, Union, Zion, and Zion Baptist Churches, and many souls have been added to them. The only change that has taken place is the calling of the Rev. L. A. Black to the pastorate of the Zion Baptist Church, over which the Rev. Wm. Barnett presided for the last year or more. He having taken French leave of them, they called Mr. Black. The church made a wise selection, for in Mr. Black they have a gentleman, a Christian, a scholar, and a minister of whom they need not be ashamed.

At the celebration of the Sabbath School Union, when all the white schools were invited to meet at Music Hall, the A. M. E. Bethel School was the only school invited that is taught by colored teachers. Mr. Wm. W. Grimes, the pastor, with Mr. B. W. Morris, the superintendent, headed the column, consisting of seventy-four scholars and teachers. They marched from Cherry street Church in perfect order, and was the first colored school admitted to the hall; for once there appeared to be no difference on account of the color of the skin.

The A. M. E. Bethel Sunday school is improving very fast; it never was so well attended as at present. There was a move made by the colored people of this city to secure a colored teacher for the new school that has recently been built for the rest of the colored children. A meeting was called to meet in the Temple St. church, and all colored citizens were invited to attend, and they turned out in a mass. The meeting was organized by the choice of Mr. Pauchett as President, and Mr. Rogers as Secretary. The president stated the object of the meeting, when Mr. Rogers presented some resolutions. One was that we demand our rights: the second was that we petition the school commissioners for a colored teacher to take charge of the new school at the corner of Cherry and Goff streets. The resolutions were received, and the first was adopted, but the second was opposed by the Rev. Wm. W. Grimes, who stated,

1. That he was opposed to proscribed schools, but not opposed to colored teachers. He went on in his speech to show the effect it would have in future, when the colored men of this State should receive the right of franchise; then we would ask for the abolishment of proscribed schools. He favored the plan of white and colored children going to school together.

2. He favored their intermingling, for it was the only way to break up the prejudice that is now existing between the white and black races in this country.

3. He was opposed to making any request of them at this time; let them do as they pleased, for we had not one cent in the building, nor do we pay one cent of tax; but wait a little, and then we would be called on to pay taxes, then we will demand what we want, and not ask it as a favor. He referred to Rhode Island, to Massachusetts, and other States.

Rev. Mr. Cadoza, pastor of the Temple street Church, obtained the floor, and stated that Mr. Grimes' remarks were very good, but they were far from the subject. The subject is, "Shall we have a white or colored teacher?" Here a lengthy debate followed, in which Mr. Grimes, Cadoza, Lothrap, Sun., Berry, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Effant and others participated.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet in the Cherry street A. M. E. Church.

At the appointed time the meeting was called to order by Mr. Pauchett, the chairman. The proceedings of the last meeting were read and approved, with the necessary corrections. The resolutions were drawn up by Mr. Grimes. After a lengthy debate, pro and con, they were lost. The meeting adjourned sine die.

Mr. H. D. Philips, chorister of the A. M. E. Church, gave a concert for the benefit of the choir, which was a perfect success. He was assisted by Mrs. Sarah J. Nichols, formerly of Sag Harbor, N. Y.

The ladies attached to the A. M. E. Church gave a festival for the benefit of Rev. Wm. W. Grimes; they cleared $14.00, notwithstanding the very inclement weather: had it been fair, they would have doubtless done better. God bless them. The president of the band was soon after joined in wedlock by me to a very nice young man. May the rest of them soon be led by the choice of their hearts to the altar, and may peace and prosperity attend them through life.

On the 31st of March a meeting was held in the Temple St. Church for the purpose of organizing a city Equal Rights' League. Mr. J. W. Cones was chosen President; B. W. Morris and Rev. S. A. Black Vice Presidents, and Mr. C. McGlenn, Secretary.

A committee of five was appointed on resolutions; committee Rev. Grimes, Rev. Berry, Mr. Rogers, Pauchett, and Lathrope. They retired, but soon returned, and reported, through their chairman, the resolutions recommended. The calling of a State convention to demand the rights of franchise, and to organize an Equal Rights' State League auxiliary to the National Equal Rights' League. They were read and received.

Mr. Cadoza was called on by Mr. Grimes to read the constitution of the National Equal Rights League, which was done. He made a short speech, recommending the organizing of a city League.

Mr. Grimes said the organising of a city League was unconstitutional, after which the meeting adjourned to meet in the A. M. E Bethel Church on the 6th of April.

At the adjourned meeting Mr. Cadoza made a very able and eloquent address, and was followed by Mr. Lathrope, Rogers, and Grimes. The resolutions were all adopted with two amendments. A committee of seven was appointed to correspond with the leading men of the State, and invite them to co-operate with them in calling a State convention. The meeting adjourned sine die.

Our State election is over. The 3d of April will long be remembered in this city. There has never been such a time here for many years. While our Union men were sweeping every thing before them by overwhelming majorities, the news of the capture of Richmond and Petersburg added to the joy of all Union loving citizens. The booming of cannons; the ringing of bells; the display of flags; the blowing of steam whistles, and smiles and hurrahs of Union men and boys added to the grief of all copperheads.

A good time is coming, boys; only wait a little longer.

Respectfully yours,
Wm. W. Grimes.

New Haven, Conn., April 8th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CURSE OF CASTE;
OR
THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flower Fadeth.

Time passed slowly with the inmates of Rose Cottage, until the first letter would be received from Richard. Lina wandered about the cottage and garden with a listless air, and Juno seemed more quiet and thoughtful. She knew more of the real state of affairs than the young wife supposed. Juno had lived so long with Laura Hays that she was well acquainted with the history of the Tracys. She also knew much of the character and disposition of Colonel Frank Tracy; she was about twelve years old when Frank was married to pretty Nellie Thornton. She was then living with Laura's aunt. Juno saw Frank Tracy once after that; it was when he came to forbid Laura's marriage with the young minister, Alfred Hays. She knew well his overweening family pride, and love of wealth and position. Alfred Hays was one of nature's noblemen, but wealth and position he had not. Juno was not likely to forget the terrible family quarrel that ensued, when Laura, who possessed much of her brother's spirit and resolution, persisted in marrying the poor minister, declaring that she had the right and was capable of choosing her own husband, and was prepared to follow the dictates of her own heart. Frank, finding that Laura would not be persuaded to give Alfred up, said, angrily:

"Laura, if you persist in marrying that beggar, that mere fortune hunter, you are no longer a sister of mine; so reflect well ere you decide. I will never receive him as a brother."

He was about leaving the room when his sister's voice arrested him. She said, in a low firm tone, "I need not time for reflection, my decision is already made; I will marry Alfred. If he is poor, he is good and noble, while your interference is unnatural and cruelly unjust, and——"

"Enough!" cried Frank, impatiently interrupting and pushing her from him. "I will say no more; you have taken your own course, and must abide by the consequences." And he strode from the room, leaving his sister heart-stricken and aghast.

Poor Laura had not quite expected this unhappy turn affairs had taken, yet she was not prepared to sacrifice her life's happiness to her brother's selfish demands.

Frank sought his aunt, and told her the result of his interview with his sister. Laura need not indulge the hope that he would relent his cruel decision, it was unalterable. He departed without seeing Laura again, and from that time all communication between them ceased.

Not until after their marriage did Alfred Hays learn the bitter sacrifice his gentle wife had made, when she fulfilled her plighted troth with him. Miss Tracy then went to reside with her niece, taking Juno with her. A few years later she died, leaving her entire fortune, with the exception of a legacy of ten thousand dollars, to her niece, Laura. The above legacy was willed to Frank Tracy's little son, Richard, to be placed in the care of Alfred Hays, until the young heir should become of age, the interest of which was payable on or after his nineteenth birthday. What had induced Miss Tracy to leave this legacy to little Richard, whom she had never seen, would be impossible to say, but future events proved the wisdom of her last act of kindness.

Juno knew all this, she also knew that all was not satisfactory in relation to Richard's marriage. She knew that some trouble was expected, though the exact nature of it she did not know, but her suspicions were very nearly correct.

Juno always had her "suspicions," and the remarkable part of it is, they were nearly always right. At last a letter came from Richard—a kind and hopeful letter—which did much towards reviving Lina's spirits. It was soon followed by others, all written in the same hopeful, happy style, from various points on the route, and, finally, one written immediately upon his arrival in New Orleans. Manville, he said, was at present out of the city. I shall go home this evening. You need not look for a letter again for some time, as I shall not write until I know the final result of my visit."

Several weeks elapsed and yet no other letter came. In vain it was that Juno went to the village post-office every day, after the Rutherford stage came in; she failed to bring the white-winged messenger that would have won back the lost smile to Lina's sad face. Truly "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." for Lina's face grew more pale and sad and her step more languid, as week after week sped by, and she received no tidings from the absent one.

Every day, when it drew near the time for Juno's return from the village, she would walk down to the little gate, and wait anxiously for her coming, with eager and expectant face, but when Juno reported her ill success, she would turn away with such a look of keen disappointment, such hopeless despair as to make Juno shed tears of sympathy with the fragile creature that leaned heavily upon her arm.

At last Lina ceased to look for a letter. She never complained, but that quiet despairing look was pitiful to behold. It was in vain Juno taxed her brain in the manufacture of choice delicacies to tempt the pallat of the gentle invalid, who invariably thanked her faithful friend with a sweet smile, but failed to do justice to the dainties she prepared. The golden autumn days had passed, and dreary November, with its leaden sky, made all without seem cheerless. The wind moaned dismally through the branches of the Tamaracs at the door, and played at "hide and seek" among the leafless rose bushes. One day, after Lina had been more despondent than ever, and Juno, having finished her household duties, was sitting with folded hands, seemingly intent upon the gambols of a playful kitten; but in reality thinking of Lina, and considering what she had best do, her mistress said:

"Juno, I wish to have a long talk with you."

This was just what Juno had long been wishing for, and she arose with alacrity and followed Lina into the little parlor, where a cheerful fire was burning on the hearth, which, with the heavy red curtains, served to give the room a cheerful appearance. The piano stood open, but no light fingers called forth its lively notes. Juno would open it every morning, saying, apologetically, "that it made the room look more pleasant-like, and more as if master Richard was home."

Lina seated herself in a large easy chair, while Juno took a seat on a low ottoman at her feet.

"Juno, I have never confided to you my early history. I have been thinking much of late, and have concluded to tell you all about myself." Whereupon she told Juno all the reader already knows, together with other facts which it is not our purpose at present to disclose.

"Juno," she continued, after a long silence, during which she had been toying with a beautiful ring on her third finger—it was Richard's gift, "I sometimes think I shall not live long, and, indeed, I should not wish to, if Richard never returns, for I could not live without him."

"Oh, my dear mistress Lina, don't talk that way! Master will come back! You must not talk of dying!" cried Juno, striving to keep back the tears that would fall in spite of all effort to restrain them.

"No, Juno, you cannot deceive me. I know that I cannot get well. You know my situation, and it is not best that you should be with me any longer alone. I wish you to engage the services of some competent old lady immediately. My marriage certificate and letters you will find in a little rose-wood box in my work-stand drawer. When I am gone, Juno, put this ring with the other things, and keep them carefully for my sake. If Richard ever comes home, you may give them to him. Tell him that though my heart was breaking, I loved him to the last. That is all now; I am tired and wish to sleep. You may stop at the post-office as you come through the village."

Juno was successful in finding an old lady of suitable qualifications. Old Mrs. Butterworth had just arrived by the Rutherford stage, and was one of those fat, motherly, smiling, rosy-cheeked old ladies that straightway win one's confidence. So home she went with Juno, who, though delighted with her success, did not forget to stop at the post-office.

The postmaster, from Juno's frequent visits and disappointed face, had learned to know her, and on this occasion hastened to produce and hand to the astonished woman a letter bearing the New Orleans post mark, and addressed to Mrs. Lina H. Tracy. Juno gave an exclamation of delight, as she thought of the joyful tidings she hoped to convey to the anxious, weary wife.

Lina was standing by the window when Juno and Mrs. Butterworth came up the walk, the former holding the letter triumphantly aloft. Lina sank nervous and trembling into a seat, as Juno rushed tumultuously into the room, exclaiming, "a letter from master Richard!" and could only articulate faintly, "Give it to me, Juno."

She glanced at the well known superscription, and, with trembling hand, opened the fatal letter, to read the cruel words which would freeze the life from her young heart and extinguish the life of the rapidly fading flower. Once, twice she read, with staring eyes, the words that closed her brief dream of happiness, when she fell heavily to the floor in a death-like swoon.

[*To be continued.*]

CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER DEATH.

BY REV. ALVAH HOVEY, D. D.

If there is any fact of the New Testament which reveals with special clearness the state of man between the day of his natural death and the day of his resurrection, it is the discourse of Christ, preserved in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, respecting the rich man and Lazarus. The particular period after death which is referred to in this discourse, may be learned from two circumstances. First, the word Hades is used elsewhere in the New Testament to denote the abode of the wicked after death, but not after the final judgment; and it should therefore be explained in the same way here. Secondly, the brothers of the rich man are represented as being still alive on the earth.

Lazarus, it will be observed, is not said to be in Hades, but in Abraham's bosom; and this expression probably contains a reference to the oriental custom of reclining at table. The poor beggar, no longer dependent on the crumbs of human charity for daily food, is represented as enjoying a celestial repast at the side of the father of the faithful, and reclining upon his bosom. The language of Christ in this passage should be compared with his words to the Centurion (Matt. viii: 11:) "and I say unto you, that many shall come from the East and West, and shall recline at table with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob." The spirits of the just are not therefore, after death, in Hades, but in Paradise. (Luke xxiii. 43.)

But not so with the souls of the ungodly. A great gulf separates them from the righteous, and they behold the shining countenances of patriarchs and prophets afar off. As to their consciousness, however, no one can be in doubt, who is willing to accept the obvious meaning of Christ's language. For the rich man complains of sufferings and prays for even a slight alleviation. Though expressing no sorrow for sin nor reverence for God, he yet intercedes for his kindred in the flesh, that they may be warned and not come to this place of torment. And this last expression is worthy of special remark. He calls his abode "this place of torment," and speaks of being "tormented in this flame."—Christ does not make him say, this place of annihilation or this Lethean flood, but "this place of torment."

But some are not willing to accept the obvious meaning of this discourse, they deem it inconsistent with other declarations of the inspired volume; and they attempt to set it aside by pronouncing the whole discourse a parable.—The attempt is vain; for the bearing of our Saviour's language upon the condition of men after death is not affected by calling it parabolical.

For, in the first place, the parables of Christ never violate the order and course of nature, never introduce foreign elements into any sphere of life. If then we call our Saviour's account of the rich man and Lazarus a parable, the lesson of it is this, that God will treat certain parties, not expressly named, as he treats the prosperous unbeliever and the afflicted believer, when they are moved from the present world. The normal conditions of good and bad men after death, are used by him to shadow forth the relations of certain classes in this life to the kingdom of God.

In the second place, the parables of Christ always employ well-known, characters, customs, and operations to illustrate spiritual things. They were always made up of elements familiar to his hearers. If, then, the account of the rich man and Lazarus be a parable, Christ deviated in this instance most strangely from his otherwise uniform, natural and perfect method of constructing parables, or else the consciousness of souls after death was a familiar truth to the Pharisees. We do not say familiar *opinion;* for to suppose that Christ honored the erroneous opinions of his hearers by giving them a place in the warp and woof of his discourse, is to make we know not how serious a charge against his integrity.

And, in the third place, the parables of Christ are constructed of such elements as not only suggest, but also commend the lessons contained in them. They are so fit, appropriate, natural, in their own sphere, as to render probable certain parallel facts in a different sphere. That is to say, Christ was wont to give the truths pertaining to his kingdom the benefit and support of analogy, of a similar process in some other part of God's administration.

Hence the doctrine of consciousness after death must be reasonable and probable. For otherwise, without any conceivable necessity, Christ has put his own doctrine under a disadvantage, has clothed it in a suspicious garb, fitted to secure its rejection. To suppose that he has gone beyond this life for the chief lines of his picture, has made the picture untrue to the actual condition of things in that region beyond, and has thereby laid his own doctrine under a positive disadvantage, is surely too monstrous a hypothesis for any thoughtful believer. And if, as some assert, the infliction of misery upon the impenitent dead is unworthy of God and foreign to his nature, then has our blessed Lord woven his solemn and ominous parable out of events, which do not so much slight as fearfully misrepresent the Divine government; which do not so much forego the advantage of analogy as contemn reason itself. This view is utterly incredible; and, therefore, whether the discourse of Jesus respecting the rich man and Lazarus, be *or* be not a parable, it touches with perfect clearness and with absolute authority the doctrine of human consciousness in the middle state.—*National Baptist.*

Every form of sin tends to precipitate the ruin of transgressors. It hastens the final catastrophe. Not a violent passion can man indulge which does not tear his heart strings. How often has a sudden excess of rage broken the golden bowl of life! What a warning against all evil ways! Why are men so eager to reach the end of their course?

Be ever the enemy to sin, and yet the friend of sinners.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 15, 1865.

RICHMOND CAPTURED.

Lee has surrendered to the Union forces at last. This good news caused great rejoicing throughout the country. For the past week Philadelphia has represented a grand carnival more than the sober-sided Quaker City it is wont to be. We hope that we shall not have cause to regret our rejoicing by some proclamation or other act of our law makers, in regard to the most loyal race of people of which the government can boast.

PREJUDICE NOT YET DEAD.

We are sorry that the colored troops and their noble leader were prevented from being the first to enter Richmond. They were in the advance, but were ordered to halt till the arrival of the white troops, who were then given the advance. This was wrong; those who win should wear the laurels. But history will show that they were in the suburbs of Richmond long before the white soldiers, and but for the untimely and unfair order to halt, would have triumphantly planted their banner first upon the battlements of the capital of *"ye greate confederacie."*

NOTICE.

To the subscribers of the Recorder, residing in Savannah, Geo., Hilton Head, Charleston, and Beaufort, S. C., and to all those who understand the post-office regulations, notice is hereby given, that the paper is regularly mailed to all subscribers. The names of all residing at or near the localities above-named, will be found in this number. Will preachers announce it to their congregations, and invite them to tell the same to all whom they may know to be subscribers to the Recorder, that it can be had by calling at the post-office for it.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The Baltimore and Ohio Conferences are both in session. Bishop Payne presides over the Baltimore Conference, and Bishop Quinn over the Ohio Conference. We shall endeavor to meet the two Conferences.

REVIVALS.

Bethel Church, of which Rev. William Moore is pastor, has been holding a protracted meeting, which, as we learn, has resulted in great good. Having just returned from the South, we have not yet found time to ascertain the whole particulars.

Rev. John Cornish, of the Horntown Circuit.

We have been informed that Brother Cornish has had quite a revival at Horntown, and that a number of persons were truly converted to God. The Lord be praised for his wonderful goodness and mercy to us poor and perishing sinners!

NOTICE.

The Soldiers' Musical Temperance Union will give a grand Temperance Concert at Sansom Street Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 25th, for the benefit of the cause among the Volunteers. As this is the most needed of any reform, it is hoped that a generous public will support this effort.

Tickets 25 cts. For sale at 1014 Market St., 1322 Chestnut St., 18 North Seventh St., and Gould's, Seventh and Chestnut. Also at the door, in the evening.

ACCIDENT TO BISHOP CAMPBELL.

We learn with much regret, from the *Pacific Appeal*, that Rev. Bishop Campbell had met with an accident while crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which resulted in a severe sprain of the ankle, and a dislocation of his wrist. The church the Bishop had agreed to consecrate, has to wait till he recovers. We are sorry for the occurrence, but thankful that it did not end in any thing more serious. He has probably, ere this, reached San Francisco.

ICH DIEN GLOBE HOTEL.

In another column of our paper will be found the card of Mr. Powell, the proprietor of the hotel in New York, No. 2, Dover street, near Franklin Square. This gentlemen is well known to the anti-Slavery men, to be a true friend to humanity and his race. We are informed that Mr. Powell keeps the best boarding house that is kept by our people, and highly recommend all travellers visiting New York, to stop at 2 Dover street.

READING IN SANSOM STREET HALL.

We refer our readers to an advertisement in another column, of Mr. J. H. Smith's second Reading, which takes place on next Wednesday evening, 19th inst. The first reading given by Mr. Smith fully established his reputation as a reader of more than ordinary merit. The programme for the occasion is well selected. We hope our friends will not fail to hear him. Tickets may be had at our office, 619 Pine st.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meeting of the West Chester Circuit will be held as follows:

Unionville, April 15th and 16th;
Thornbury, April 22d and 23d;
Weston, April 29th and 30th.

We hope all the official brethren will meet at the different stations, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

ED. LAWS, Preacher.
ELISHA WEAVER, Elder.

THE NEW CONDITION.

During the continuance of the war new ideas have possessed the masses of the people. The nation has been regenerated and born anew. Old notions have been discarded, and new ones inaugurated in their stead, comprehending the universal brotherhood of the human race. This nation, for all future ages, will act up to this great truth, marked out for us by the providence of God, through the instrumentality of the rebellion. Nor has the war wrought great changes only with the white man. It has reached deep into the very heart of the nation and thus brought to the surface the hitherto despised and rejected black man. Before the war little was known of him, except as a "nigger," to be degraded, cut-lawed, and spit upon; chattels, to be bought and sold and traded as beasts of burden. But his very condition before, being the cause of the war, has brought him before the nation and the world in a new light. "He is a man and and a brother," brave in battle, humane in victory, and he has shown, that in his ignorance he possesses all the attributes of enlightenment.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Continuation of the Editor's Travels and Visits to Hilton Head, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Charleston and Beaufort, S. C.

This is Monday, the 20th day of March, and we are still in Savannah, Ga. To-day we are engaged in visiting and taking observations of things. We visited the colored schools of this place. We were first conducted by Rev. James Lynch to the school under the superintendence of Mr. James Porter, a very efficient and competent Principal. Mrs. Sarah Howell and Mrs. Ann Stiles are the assistant teachers, and seem well qualified for the noble position which they occupy.

This department of the school is well governed. What were considered merely goods and chattels a few days ago, here presented all the appearance of quite intelligent beings,—and possessing faculties in common with other human creatures, and susceptible of great improvement. They are by no means ignorant of their freedom. When we would refer to the matter, they would not own that they were slaves to any one. When Bp. Wayman asked them the question, "Who made you free?" they would reply, almost unanimously,

"Yonkoya."

We now ascended another pair of stairs, into another department of the school, of which Mr. James B. Mason is the Principal, and Mrs. Elizabeth Edy and another lady, the faithful assistants.

The same amount of credit is due this department as the one of which we have just spoken. The little boys and girls are taught to keep their hands and faces clean. There is something connected with this school worthy of note; and what do our readers suppose it to be? Why, the very building now occupied by these schools was formerly the slave-mart of old A. Bryan, where he used to keep hundreds of God's people to sell at auction as you would dispose of a horse or a cow.

Many a broken-hearted mother has here been sold from her children, and fathers, brothers, sisters and mothers, also cruelly separated from each other.

This slave mart is now under the control of colored people, and their children receive the light of knowledge within its walls, and where they were formerly debarred from it. God be praised for his power over wrong; for the old slave-driver has been made to skedaddle like a base thief in the night. But enough of this for to-day.

On Tuesday morning, the 22d, we resumed our visits, in company with Bishop Wayman and Brother Lynch, and also a Brother Harris, of the Baptist Church. In going around, the Recorder was by no means overlooked, and we are glad to know that it is not entirely a stranger to many of the folks here. Many have received it through the beneficence of the Christian Commission, and many of the people eagerly became subscribers. We refer our readers to the list of acknowledgments in this weeks paper.

We also paid a visit to another school, under the charge of a most estimable colored lady, by the name of Miss Jane A. Devaux. This lady informed us that she had been teaching in that same house for thirty years, it being her own property.

She has probably the best school of them all; for these scholars had some great advantages, and were looking very bright and happy. This lady deserves much credit for the able manner in which she has stole a march on the old slaveholders, by educating and training in the proper channel the minds and hearts of many of her colored citizens, who will never forget the great amount of good she has done for them here. Would that her bright example may be closely followed.

Such sights as this thrill our heart with gratitude, and speak loudly for the abilities of the colored man.

At night we went to Church, arrangements having been made by brother Lynch for preaching. Bishop Wayman preached to a pretty large audience, and we followed with an exhortation: altogether, we had a very good time. This congregation is under the flag of the A. M. E. Church, it was formerly known as "Andrews' Chapel," but is now called the Union A. M. E. Church.

We also laid the claims of the Recorder before them, and we were surprised to see how anxious they were to subscribe for the mouthpiece of the A. M. E. Church. We believe that these people are trying to make their way heavenwards.

23d. To-day we visited the camp of our brave soldiers, and here we found the daring old 54th Massachusetts, and met with our old acquaintances, Sergeant Collins, of Chicago, Ill., and other Christian young men, who hail from Wilberforce, Xenia, Ohio, &c.

We visited another school to-day, under the management of Mr. Mason. In this school there were some five or seven teachers, and we wish to say again, that we have never been in any school where there was better order and discipline, and we do say, most emphatically, that there is no class of people, who teach these poor souls, who have been oppressed all their days, so well as these colored teachers. Our white teachers may have ever so good a will, but they can't enlist the sympathies of these pupils so well as the colored teachers. I will say more about this at some future time.

A Mass Meeting at Night.

A large mass meeting was called by the colored citizens, in the Baptist Church, of which Rev. Mr. Cox is pastor. The object of the meeting was for educational purposes, and was very largely attended. Among the speakers we noticed Rev. Mr. McGill, (white,) Sergeant Bargitte, Sergeant Johnson of the 54th, Bishop Wayman, Lieutenant A. P. Ketchum, of General Saxton's staff, and ourself. It was a grand affair, and realized near $112. Lieutenant Ketchum, is a son of Edgar Ketchum, collector of Internal Revenue at New York. He is a noble fellow, and a true friend of the oppressed.

Thursday, 24th. To-day we depart for Hilton Head, South Carolina. Our friends seem loath to part with us, but go we must. During our stay in Savannah we were very kindly used, and had every attention paid us that would conduce to our happiness. May the Lord of mercies continue to abide with them. After bidding adieu to our friends we wended our way to the landing, just in time to take passage on the steamer U. S. Grant. This is a splendid vessel, and after a delightful trip, landed us safely at Hilton Head, where we took quarters at Prince Delagall's, in Mitchellville, a town of about three thousand inhabitants. At night the Bishop, Brother Lynch and myself addressed a very large meeting.

But before we close we would say to our friends, that there is a good, loyal paper now published in Savannah. The editor of it is a gentleman and a scholar, and we recommend him and his paper to the support of all sound Union men.

LIBBY—ANDERSONVILLE.

As the history of Libby, Andersonville and Salisbury testify to the endurance and suffering of the Union soldiers confined within their noisome walls, so also does it testify to the unswerving fidelity of the black man, to the cause of civil liberty and universal equality. Throughout this war he has steadily clung to the old flag, and relied upon the wisdom of God to work out, in his own good time, the suppression of the rebellion and the freedom of the slave. He saw through the gloomy darkness which surrounded him the bright light of liberty, shining in the distance. Acting under this influence, he has succored and guided back to the Union lines many of the half starved champions of liberty, who had escaped from rebel prisons and had lost their way in the woods and swamps of the southern States, content himself to bide his time, and thankful for the opportunity to attest his devotion to the Union cause.

But a new order of things has sprung up in the rebellious States. The victorious march of the Union armies, through the heart of the rebellion has thrown open the prison doors, and liberated from a bondage worse than death the defenders of civil liberty; and as a reward for fidelity and devotion to the cause of the Union, struck the chains from the bondman, and bid him rise and be forever free. What a glorious thought it must be to the poor freedman when, he no longer feels the collar of slavery on his neck, nor hears the lash of the driver's whip. How thankful should he be to the Giver of all good for the inestimable blessing thus bestowed upon him for all time to come—"forever free."

But our friends in the north must not think that because their southern brethren are now free, that they can rest from their labors. There is a herculean task yet before them. These freedmen must be educated, they must be instructed how to take care of, and act for themselves. Hitherto their masters have acted and done for them, but now that they are free they must be taught how to be free. Churches and schools must be established among them, their education must be attended to, and missionaries must go forth and teach them to love and praise almighty God for his many mercies to them. With such bright prospects for the future of the colored race, there should be no lack of laborers, as the harvest promises to be abundant.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM REV. BISHOP CAMPBELL.

DEAR BROTHER WEAVER:—When I last wrote to you I was in Sacramento city, the capital of the State of California. I am now in Virginia City, called "the Silver City of the new State of Nevada." It is so-called because it is situated in the midst of the largest silver mines in this country. This city is located at the foot of Mount Davidson, among the range of mountains which form a part of the Sierra Nevada, at the head of Carson Valley, twelve miles from the city of Carson, the capital of the State of Nevada. Mount Davidson is one of the highest mountains in the world. The top of it is almost perpetually covered with snow. Few seasons pass during which snow may not be found upon its summit. Crossing the Sierra Nevada at this season of the year is most difficult, and very dangerous, and at times impossible. Accidents and dreadful calamities are of common occurrence. Snow slides from the mountains frequently take place, covering many acres of ground, and destroying in their course both man and beast. One of these occurred a few days ago, which came near overtaking and burying alive the regular line stage, and all its passengers. The past winter in this section is said to have been unusually severe, though hard winters are common to the country. We have had snow upon snow, here a great deal and there a great deal, with rain, hail, ice and stormy winds.

The mountains are covered with snow in some places eight feet deep, and in others eleven, and even up to twenty feet, according to the reports of those who profess to have a knowledge of these things. For miles there is not a tree, not even a shrub to be seen upon the sides of the mountains; you can see nothing but the everlasting hills, lifting up their lofty peaks to the skies, covered with snow, as far as the eye can reach.

Such is a part of the scenery with which I am surrounded, while I am writing to you. A bird is never seen here at any season of the year, except it be a canary bird in a cage, or once in a great while, a poor little snow bird, alone upon the mountains.

I spent twelve days in Sacramento City, preached for them three times, lectured once, held a quarterly Conference with Elder Ward, or assisted him, held a love-feast and a general class meeting, and had, altogether, a good visit at that place, as, indeed, I have had at all the points which I have visited. They have had no pastor here since Elder Mitchell left them, in April, 1864. They are very anxious for one, and I hope the Annual Conference will be able to supply them.

Friday, the 3d inst., I left them and went to Placerville, where I found a church and pastor. They have a small house and two church lots, upon one of which they will shortly move: a large house, bought from the Presbyterians by a member of that church, and given by him to the members of the A. M. E. Church. This is a very good house.

I preached here three times, and delivered three lectures in one night, upon different subjects; visited Coloma during my stay in Placerville, preached a sermon and delivered a lecture on the same night, at two places. Very hard work this, my brother, but I have been compelled to do so, or fail to supply, in a great degree, the wants of the people.

I need not tell you, that in every city which I have visited, I have been kindly invited to fill the pulpits of our white brethren, and that I have filled at least one or more in every city that I have visited, and have now several more pressing invitations to comply with.

At Placerville I reorganized the church, held a quarterly meeting, and had the Church incorporated according to the discipline and the laws of the State.

On Thursday, the 9th inst., I left Placerville, and started for Virginia City, where I arrived on Friday, the 10th, after the most severe, painful and dangerous journey, of 110 miles, that I have ever experienced in all the days of my life. In this journey over the Sierra Nevada mountains, I passed through several hair-breadth escapes of life and limb. But thanks be to God, though much bruised and injured, I have neither lost limb nor life. God has brought me safely to this point in my journey. Here I remain until the 23d.

We have a beautiful church and fine congregation at this point—a new house, free from debt. They have no pastor, and are very urgent in their request to be supplied with one, whom they promise to support handsomely, if they have their request granted. I cannot but believe that in the matter of kindly receiving and liberally sustaining a minister, this charge will be second to none in the bounds of the California Conference. I have spent one Sabbath in this city, preaching twice for them on that day, to large congregations, one half, at least, being whites, with several of their pastors.* As usual, on the next Lord's day, I had an opportunity to preach in the largest church in the city. I speak of this in order to show you the liberal state of feeling which exists here toward the black man. But this is off-set by the fact, that in this State the testimony of the colored man is not taken in the courts against the white man, in any civil or criminal case whatever. With an humble few the state of morals and religion is good, but the masses of the community are extremely wicked. It is a common thing to have one or two murders for every meal in the day. The life of a man is held as a matter of small import. No one is hung for committing a murder in this city, and very few are even sent to prison for committing that crime.

This city is built upon a mountain seven thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not a small distance, that, to be up in the air; but here I am, at this high altitude, with all the inhabitants of Virginia City, and Mount Davidson, with its top covered with snow looking down upon us from a distance of two full miles.

I have not seen a copy of the Christian Recorder in any city on the Pacific coast, excepting San Francisco, while I have seen and heard of the Anglo-African in every city through which I have passed. This will not do. The Christian Recorder, the organ of our Church, and only religious journal of the colored people of the United States, most positively must be circulated throughout the limits of the California Conference. Yours, in Christ,

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Virginia City, February 10, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

February 20th.—We had something of a skirmish with one of General Bragg's "bad men," General Hoke, and, as usual he *fell back*. On the 21st, we built a line, and bivouacked for the night; being only four miles from the largest and oldest city in the State. We asked ourselves as well as others, "How would you like to march through Wilmington to-morrow, February 22d, the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington?" The answer was, "It would be the proudest moment of my life!" But little does a soldier know when, or at what time, he may be ordered to "fall in." We slept behind our works that night. The 22d came, and a more lovely day I never saw. By half past six o'clock we were on the move, as General Hoke had evacuated during the night, and one hour's march brought us on the corporation line of Wilmington, when large volumes of smoke were seen rising in the eastern part of the city. For a time, we thought Hoke had set fire to the city as he went through. But not so. It was the burning of cotton and turpentine, at, and near the Wilmington and Weldon Rail-road. The column halted for a few moments, when the mayor met General Terry, and begged for protection. We finally moved, and entered the blockaded city of the confederacy—the place where all the southern and some of the northern men have made their piles of money—the once thriving city of the confederacy; the place noted for its slave-market! But now, alas! we march through these fine thoroughfares, where once the slave was forbid being out after nine P. M., or to puff a "regalia," or to walk with a cane, or to ride in a carriage! Negro soldiers!—with banners floating! with their splendid brass bands and drum corps, discoursing the National airs and marches!—the colored division of the 25th army corps, commanded by General Charles J. Paine. It would be a mere attempt for such a one as myself to describe the manner in which the colored people of Wilmington welcomed the Union troops—cheer after cheer they gave us—they had prayed long for their deliverance, and the 22d day of February, 1865, realised their earnest hopes. Were they not happy that day? Free, for evermore! The streets were crowded by them, old and young; they shook hands with the troops, and some exclaimed, "The chain is broken!" "Joy! freedom to-day!" "Hurrah, for Uncle Abe!"

"There goes my son!" said a lady. "Which one," asked a corporal. "That one, just gone ahead!" And, sure enough, it was her son. She overtook him and embraced him; and how proudly she felt, none but those similarly situated can ever feel. The man knew that his mother was living when he entered the service, for some friend had so informed him. He had left his home a slave, but had returned in the garb of a Union soldier, free, a man. Similar incidents have happened in other colored regiments. At one corner, near the market, the colored people had boxes of tobacco, which they distributed to the troops as they passed. At almost every door was a bucket of water; and, in many places, ladies gave bread and meat to the boys, saying, "'Tis the best we have." The farther we advanced, the more numerous the people. At one corner, my attention was attracted to a crowd who were "jumping for joy!" One old man among them, said he was nearly ninety-three years old, and had not been in the street since last July; but hearing the music of the Union troops, it had revived him, and he felt so happy that he came out; and there he stood, with his long, white locks and his wrinkled cheeks, saying, "Welcome, welcome!"

We passed out of the town, and were soon on Hoke's track. We came up with him at North-East Bridge, or Station, nine miles from town—the 4th, 6th, and 20th U. S. C. T., Gen. Duncan's Brigade, gave him battle at this place, and during the night—as usual—Gen. Hoke retreated.

BACK TO WILMINGTON.

On the 25th details from the different regiments were made for the purpose of recruiting. War meetings were announced, and the work went bravely on. Gen. Paine's Division obtained near one thousand men in a few days.

WHAT I SAW WHILE IN TOWN.

One of the first things I did while in the city was to take a view of the A. M. E. Church that I have heard so much of. Having the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Edward Arlis, he kindly volunteered to accompany me. The church is built in the latest style, and is very commodious, seats sixteen hundred persons, has a large and convenient gallery, and splendid basement. It is situated on "Zion's Hill," so named by the Rev. Wm. Meredith, the founder of the church. On each side of the steps are two marble slabs, one dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Meredith, the other to a South Carolina Bishop. The former is on the left side, and reads:—

"This marble is erected in Memory of the late William Meredith, who died 1799, by those for whom in life he labored." The ground on which this church stands, was willed by this man to the colored people of Wilmington, N. C. Shortly after his death a church was built, some years after it was burned, another was built, this was burned. When the colored people began another, the whites interfered, and informed them that unless they had white people to act with them, no church could be erected. Thus was their plan to build a place for worshiping God severed. Finding them otherwise as the whites desired impossible, they of course had to yield. The church was finished, the colored people who paid the largest portion of the money, and who owned the ground, were not allowed to assemble in it unless a white man was present. Marriage ceremonies among colored people must be in the basement. "Your seat is in the Gallery." Thus it was until February 22d, 1865, when things generally in Wilmington took a sudden change. The first sermon ever delivered in Wilmington, N. C., by a colored man was by Rev. W. H. Hunter, Chaplain of the 4th U. S. C. T., who will be known in Wilmington as the second Meredith. The present, or at least the late pastor, Mr. Barkhead, strongly objected; but the colored leaders insisted, and on Sunday March 5th, 1865, at 8 o'clock P. M., "Old Bethel" was crowded. Among the distinguished persons I recognized General Harley and staff, General Abbott and many of Generals Schofield and Terry's staffs, and a number of officers of the navy, and a host of persons from all parts of the world. The audience as it was, could not be excelled in regard to decorum or interest to the sermon.

Immediately over the pulpit reads: "For my house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." Thirteen leaders were represented, and they are worthy of their titles, not only as of this church, but of the very best society and morality that can be found. Accompanied by the Rev. Jeremiah Asher, Chaplain 6th U. S. C. T., Mr. Hunter entered. Robed in his army uniform, that manly form failed, I am sure, to please the eye of one or two Secesh Gents, who came, not to hear him preach, but to see "what was going to be done by the Negroes, and how the Negroes were going to act."

The hymn chosen was "Sing unto the Lord a new song." I thought, as did others, that it was the best singing we ever heard. The text was from Psalms, "Sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things: with his right arm he hath gotten him the victory." Eloquence never flowed so freely as on that day: few in the church could say their eyes were dry. Mr. Hunter himself was born a slave on this very soil, sixteen years previously he left the state a slave. But now he comes to the land of his birth an officer in the United States Army. Was not that congregation of *citizens* proud of him? Yes! they are, they will never cease to remember him. How can they? He worked day and night for them.

He had interviews with General Schofield and with General Terry, when finally he showed the letter he received from the former, informing the colored people that they should be protected while worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience and loyalty to the Government of the United States, and, that they might choose whom they desired to preach to them the gospel. Mr. Hunter has thus turned over to the A. M. E. Church of the United States the largest methodist congregation of any city that has been in the confederacy. Every leader voted for being transferred to the A. M. E. Church of the U. S., and each voted for the the bill which dispensed with the services of the white pastor, Mr. Burkhead of the M. E. Church South, and who still thought his church in authority.

"FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS."

Nearly or quite seven hundred children were in the basement of the church on March 11th, it having been announced that schools were about to be organized. Speeches were made by Mr. Asher, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Coss and Mr. French, A. M. A., and others. At 10½ Brig. General Hawley entered and spoke for half an hour. He, as all others, was pleased with the children, and I heard several say that a more intelligent body of little ones they never saw, and it is just so. One little boy, Master Horte, (slave) made a neat speech to that vast audience of people from all parts, and strangers to him. Some little Misses made little speeches, and did it as though it was common to them, and they sang splendidly.

The above named gentleman assisted by Misses Day, Sampsons, and Cowan, organized the school, and it is now in splendid running order. The "underground" schools have been taught in this city for a number of years by the young ladies, and others. Among the acquaintances I made are several who have friends and relatives in the North. Mr. and Mrs. James Golly, Mrs. James Sampson, Joseph Nichols, John H. Brown, Jas Scull, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mosely, whose hospitality I enjoyed, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. James Price, are some of the most prominent. There are many mechanics here, Mr. Thomas Day, Mr. Hostler, Mr. J. Brown, and a host of others. The people are generally refined and well informed. Union to the bone, liberal and modest. Almost or I may say all of the colored people have been engaged in the business of hiding Yankee prisoners. Almost every house in the city occupied by colored people has done this favor for our prisoners.

Before closing permit me, by direction of the people, *en masse*, of Wilmington to tender their highest regards to Chaplain Hunter for his labor in behalf of restoring to them their church and as the father of "Freedmen School," in Wilmington, North Carolina. His name will ever be.

"ARNOLD."

Wilmington, N. C., Mar. 20th, '65.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM CAMDEN.

DEAR RECORDER:—It is with a sad heart I write these few lines on the death of our kind and affectionate superintendent, who departed this life on Wednesday morning, the 29th day of March. He was a man who was loved and respected by both white and colored, and much loved by the teachers and scholars of the sabbath school, as well as those of the public school. He was elected superintendent about five or six years ago, and while filling this office, he was a most willing superintendent, and had been taxed with duties of the public school as well as the duties of the sabbath school.

Mr. Brown had taken so much interest in the school, that after the time of his election had expired, he was requested to fill this office in preference to others. Mr. Brown was willing to have some person relieve him of this duty, but there being no one to place in the office, he gave his time and services freely, and thus remained until his illness. In his death the sabbath school has lost a good and worthy superintendent and teacher, whose place can not be filled directly by one as worthy as he. The sabbath before his illness, he opened the school with singing and a very long prayer, asking God to prepare us for the day that death should come, but who of us thought at that time to have been deprived of his company so soon, but Providence,—who does nothing wrong,—called him from labor to reward. We are sad, yet not discouraged, but hoping that our loss is his infinite gain. He leaves a dear wife and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

He has gone! He has gone! the hero is gone,
The battle is fought, the victory won.

Camden, N. J. April 7th. A.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Through the Editor.

Savannah, Ga., Jas. Porter, Mrs. Sarah A. Howard, Ann Stiles, Elizabeth Edy, James R. Mason, Wm. Gaines, J. Godfrey, P. Flerney, J. M. Johnson, Samuel Whaley, C. Gardiner, D. Waters, Ed. Walton, H. E. Hanson, U. L. Huston, Miss J. A. Dedveax, Sergt. W. Grey, Wm. H. Wallace, S. Ross, John Wilson, T. Garnett, Jas Hale, A. Law, R. Felder, H. Bates, G. Taylor, Mrs. S. Butler, A. Burk, Rev. J. Cox, Miss M. C. Dess, L. B. Formon, Mrs. C. A. Dassner, Mrs. A. Cobrin, Eliz Hoanker, Rev. Wm. Ross, E. J. Turchlet, Margt. McKinney, Geo. Fraser, not paid, Hager McGinn, not paid, Robert Herrin, J. Miller, A. Williams, Rev. W. J. Campbell, Lieut. A. P. Ketchem, C. L. Broadwell, S. A. McIver, F. Lloyd, L. Williams, each 2.50.

Hilton Head, S. C., P. Delagall, S. Blake, C. Horne, P. Grandison, James Haywood, J. S. Singleton, Jas. Singleton, James Arnell, G. P. Gardiner, A. Roberts, Com. Perry, C. Brown, P. Wright, P. Watson, Rev. A. Murchison, R. Sawyer, Rev. A. McIntosh, Mrs. L. Gillyard, Mrs. L. Simmons, L. Redrick, S. A. Brown, R. Clark, J. Sheboo, J. P. Hopkins, each 2.50.

Newport, R. I., Mrs. M. S. Hayes, 2.50.

Charleston, S. C., Dr. W. Johnson, P. Poinsett, not paid, P. L. Miller, A. Bumm, A. T. Dregoril, G. J. Henderson, not paid, Ann Harrison, S. Richardson, not paid, Margaret Youngblood, not paid, Miss M. J. Perry, not paid, Miss T. Harriet, not paid, Mrs. M. Baxter, not paid, R. Dereef, not paid, Miss J. Glover, not paid, P. St. Mark, not paid, J. F. Hopkin, W. Sumpter, R. H. Harney, Jos. A. Alston, H. Wayne, J. A. Chestnut, P. Carrier, Ann Craig, 2.00. J Days, T. Aikins, S. A. Randall, A. Parker, S. Cross, A. Jacobs, J. Boran, A. J. Jones, P. Green, G. Brown, A. Friday, S. Vesten, W. Telifel, G. W. Barrow, R. Small, Eliz. Langston, J. B. Carr, S. Wigfall, R. B. Alston, A. Linden, A. Delesline, J. H. Gaddis, W. C. Young, F. Jenkins, R. Wesay, R. Faucet, S. Richardson, 2.00. Mrs. S. Gaskin, Jas. Grant, J. Laval, Miss A. E. Taylor, Wm. H. Jenkins, John Wilson, not paid, F. Perry, W. W. Halloway, A. Yeaden, L. Faulkne, 1.50. Thomas M. Holmes, S. Blanks, each, 2.50.

Beaufort, S. C., Thos. Long, S. Green, R. J. Hamilton, S. Chaplain, C. Furman, B. Jenkins, James Robinson, Jos. Jenkins, S. Lawton, Sarah Fraser, P. White, Daniel Buythewood, G. Parker, James Fraser, 2.00. James Wareing, Wm. Bryant, Mary Shelly, Emma Knight, J. Harris, Mrs. S. A. Williams, Mrs. C. Jackson, Mrs. M. Buythewood, Captain Blake, Jackson Brand, 3.00. Isaac Simmons, 2.50 Sarah Simmons, J. Penn, Mrs. R. K. Adams, G. Haynes, R. Daily, Mrs. C. A. Gillyard, Rich'd Dustin, 3.00. J. Simons, P. Gibbs, each 2.50. C. M. King, 3.00.

Sag Harbor, L. I., Harriet M. Brown, 2.50.

Fortown, Md., A. Carblack, 2.50. Brooklyn, N. Y., J. F. Onley, 2.50; P. B. Howard, 2.50. Rev. J. M. Williams, 5.00; Rev. R. H. Cain, 10.00.

Vicksburg, Miss., H. R. Revels, for books, 28.00; for Mrs. L. Simons, 2.50. Newport, R. I., Rev. E. T. Williams, 1.55. Leavenworth, Kansas, per Rev. J. Turner, Margaret A. Morris, Julia Jones, Rev. J. Turner, T. Newton, Harriet McGuinn, P. Mitchell, each 2.50; Amanda Young, 5.00; Sarah Williams, B. Ewing, S. W. Watkins, each 3.60; C. Flemings, T Kucker, V. Carter, R. Montsecure, T. J. Trusty, M. Spindle, C. A. Drake, W. Manhollin, M. Lightfoot, E. Peck, each 1.15; L. M. Matthews, 1.10. Media, Pa., Mrs. L. J. Owney, 25c. Wilmington, Del., Rev. Rhodes, 1.40. St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Clark, for self, for books, 15.00; for Mrs. M. Dickson, 5.00. Bridgeton, New Jersey, Mary C. Webster, 2.50. Emlistown, N. J., Rev. Hollee, for F. Rayner, 2.50.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE 26th U. S. C. T.

MR. EDITOR:—As nobody seems to take any interest in the 26th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, I will endeavor to write a few lines for the benefit of all concerned, hoping our friends at the North, whom we have left behind while we went forward to fight for the defence of our Union, would be glad to hear from us.

We left our homes, our firesides, and our families, to fight for our country's cause, which we have done nobly. Twice we have been called upon to face the hot steel of the rebel batteries, which we did with unflinching bravery, and the energy of true soldiers, and lovers of our country. On John's Island, in the month of July, 1864, the 26th won laurels for herself worthy to be recorded on the pages of history. The 26th has done noble deeds, and will do nobler, if she has a chance. At the battle of Honey Hill we lost our Colonel, who was leading his brigade through the field of battle, when a rebel shell struck his leg. Amputation soon took place, which caused his death. The 26th admired and trusted in him, as a friend and a brave man. We greatly mourn his loss.

We have often heard it said, that the negro would not fight,—would not stand fire,—was only intended to stand behind the white man's chair. I deny the assertion. Has not the negro proved to be a true soldier? Has he not done the task assigned him? Who won the battles of Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, and Olustee? Was it not the negro? Yes, my fellow countrymen, the negro will fight. It has been proved. I defy either whites or black, to deny it. At the present crisis we are all waiting with eager hearts to see the end of this cruel Rebellion. May God speed the day, and may it not be far distant. While we are fighting for our country, and our country's cause, we would most earnestly ask to have the prayers of every true and loyal citizen.

WM. WATERS,
Co. K, 26th U. S. C. T.

LETTER FROM 54TH U. S. C. T.

Savannah, Georgia,
March 19, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time has elapsed since I have written to you, but I am in hopes that this will reach you in due season to let you know that I am still alive, and lending a helping hand to repress this rebellion. Whilst we are doing our utmost in the far South, the Head of the Government is doing something for our race. I noticed, not long since, a column in the *Anglo African*, stating that Dr. Martin R. Delany had been commissioned as Major in the army of the United States. I am happy to see that our people are beginning to be something more than mere chattels, and that we have got rights that white men are bound to respect, and I hope and pray that the day is not far distant, when not only Dr M. R. Delany, but all those who are competent enough to become more than privates and non-commissioned officers in the service of United States will be promoted. I fancy before the suppression of this rebellion, that the colored man will not only wear the plain stripe, but the spread eagle.

I must say something about our regiment, to let our friends know that we are on hand yet, and ready for any call that can be made. Although we were not allowed to remain in the city of Charleston, yet we claim the largest share in capturing it. On the day we entered that rebellious city, the streets were thronged with women and children of all sizes, colors and grades—the young, the old, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. I saw an old colored woman with a crutch,—for she could not walk without one, having served all her life in bondage,—who, on seeing us, got so happy, that she threw down her crutch, and shouted that the year of Jubilee had come. The city is little better than a mass of ruins, but ere long it will be repaired by Uncle Sam.

Now that we are encamped at Savannah, Ga., I must say something about it. It it quite a fine city in appearance, but there are a few rebels left here yet, who will, however, change their tune before long. There are a nice set of colored people here. Though some of them seem to be afraid of the colored soldiers, others are very friendly.

On the 19th, we had a grand review by Gen. Williams of the Regular Army, Chief of Gen. Grant's Staff. It was a very fine affair. It was a strange sight for the people of Savannah to see so many colored soldiers, but before this war comes to a close, they will see corps instead of brigades.

Yours truly,

J. H. W. N. COLLINS,
Orderly Sergt., Co. H,
54th Regt., Mass. Vols.

For the Christian Recorder.

HOW A MINISTER IS TREATED IN BOSTON.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit a friend through the columns of your valuable paper, to state a few facts concerning the Bethel Church in Boston, its Pastor and members: since the Rev. Geo. A. Rue, has been stationed over it, I believe he has done his duty as a servant of the Most High, and for the benefit of His people; and I know that while he has been laboring amongst us, the Church has been blessed both spiritually and temporally, many have been added to the Church, some have died and gone home to heaven, shouting; but in the midst of all this I am sorry to say his people, with some few exceptions, have not treated him as a good and faithful Minister ought to be treated. In the first place, he does not get paid for his labor. He does not get enough to pay his board, and often is going with one meal a day (and poor at that:) they do not care whether he is clothed or not; but in the midst of all this he still labors on amongst them and never murmurs. This he says, is nothing, if they would not try to scandalize and impeach his character, which is open and upright as a faithful Elder; but the people in Boston are not worthy of a good Minister. I hope this will cause the people in Boston, for their own honor, to treat the next Bethel Elder as he should be treated, or at least as well as they can.

SARAH MYERS.

Boston, April 8th.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with no little degree of satisfaction, that I send to you the subsequent communication to be inserted in the Christian Recorder.

My object, in thus writing, is to inform the many readers of your most valuable sheet, of the condition of the Brown Chapel charge of the A. M. E. Church, in Allegheny city, which charge, by Divine appointment, I have had under my Pastoral care for the last two years, during the whole of which time, the charge has grown in religious interest and in numbers, until the number has increased to one hundred and sixty-two (162) members and probationers, independent of the deaths, withdrawals or removals by certificate and expulsion. When I took the charge the number of members amounted to about one hundred (100.) We have experienced no difficulty in meeting the expenses of the church in every respect, notwithstanding we are paying thirteen dollars per month for the hall in which we worship. It is the object of the congregation to build a house of worship, as soon things become more favorable in that direction, as they own a lot, and the foundation is built on it for a church, all clear of debt.

I am also happy to say, within the last four months, we have had an especial outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord in our midst, and some 35 persons have professed to have found the Pearl of great price, and have joined the church on probation, also ten have joined by certificate, who appear to be substantial members. In view of our fast approach inganual conference, which will take place in Delaware and Ohio on the 15th instant, the trustees of the above charge resolved to get up a demonstration for the purpose of raising means to procure the Minister of said charge a suit of clothes for Conference, and to meet some incidental expenses of the church. The demonstration was managed by the following sisters of the church:

Mrs Clarissa Moore; Mrs. Sophia Lucas; Mrs. Frances Newman; Mrs. Mary Blue; Mrs. Virginia Askine; Mrs. Catherine Kain; Mrs. Virginia Robinson; Mrs. Louisa Thompson; Mrs. Carrie Peterson; Miss Elizabeth Bruce: assisted by brother Thomas Rosch, who is one of the most competent and worthy male members of the church, and who discharges all his official duties in the spirit of love, meekness

[illegible]

For the Christian Recorder

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE

Public Meetings.—Discussion of questions of a public character.—Much interest manifested.—Resolutions adopted.—Kings County Fair.—For the Leasing of the Fleet Street and Colored Sunday School Children.

Mr. Editor:—The citizens of Brooklyn have been much interested of late in the various movements which have taken place in their midst. So great has been this interest that several public meetings have been held, and various questions brought forward, which vitally affect the colored people throughout this country.

Two large meetings were held in Fleet street A. M. E. Church, at which the various questions of the day were discussed by Revs. A. N. Freeman, J. S. Martin, Nelson Richardson, R. H. Cain, H. M. Wilson, and others. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meetings.

N. B. Lewis having been chosen President, John B. Only Secretary, Rev. R. H. Cain, A. N. Freeman, Robt. H. Cousens, were chosen committee on resolutions, and reported the following to the meeting, which were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the whole nation has reason to be thankful to God for his goodness, and chastisement, in preserving the Union, and maintaining the government, so that our homes are in security from the ruthless slave-holder's rebellion.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Congress for the benefits bestowed in the acts securing liberty to the millions of our oppressed race.

Resolved, That the names of Charles Sumner and A. Wilson shall ever be held sacred to the colored race, for their constant and untiring efforts for the establishment of Justice in the land, and in giving liberty to the slaves by law.

Resolved, That we hail with pride and delight the exhibitions of bravery of the colored troops in the field, whose deeds of valor have forever redeemed the character of their race, and hurled back the foul slander, that black men would not fight. Milliken's bend, Olustee, Port Hudson, Wagner, Petersburg, and other places will stand as monuments of their valor in coming generations.

Resolved, That we send greetings to the colored soldiers, our sympathies and congratulations in the great work in which they, as defenders, are engaged, and we will ever remember them till this war is ended, and when they return home clothed with honor and renown, to greet their friends and relations.

Resolved, That the Christian Recorder deserves the patronage of all colored people throughout this country, and we recommend it to all persons as an enterprise worthy of general support.

Resolved, That these proceedings be sent to said paper for publication.

In passing in review the operations of this country for the last four years, we hail with delight the rapid progress which has been made in alleviating the condition of the oppressed, and the redemption of the nation from the power of slavery.

We note with pleasure the great change of sentiment which has possessed the whole people of this country, relative to our rights and our manhood. Among these changes we note,

1. The victory which has been won over the prejudices of the nation relative to colored soldiers in the armies of the republic. Over two hundred thousand are now under arms, and are being augmented daily. In the naval service probably sixty thousand are found to day.

2. We note with pleasure the constitutional amendment, passed by Congress, for the entire abolition of slavery throughout this country, and the ratification of the same by eighteen of the States of the Union.

3. The admission of a colored gentleman and able lawyer to the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.

4. The promotion of a colored man in the person of Dr. Martin R. Delaney, to the position of a Major in the field in the U. S. service.

5. The acknowledgment of our citizenship by the government.

6. We hail with delight the fact, that the States of Missouri, Tennessee, Maryland, and West Virginia have all abolished slavery within their jurisdiction, and all men are free to pursue their own course without restraint.

And in view of all these changes we feel it to be our duty to give public expression of our feelings on these important changes.

The Union Charity Fair, which has been held in the Fleet St. Church, has closed, and the success was complete, considering the times. The ladies realized $1365 75, net, clear paying expenses $625, which was a success. It is true that the most of their goods were donated, and they only get the per centage on the sales which they make, also the fact that within the year they held a fair for their church at which they cleared $871.

The ladies tender their thanks to the generous sons of Brooklyn for the liberal patronage which they have bestowed on them. They have appointed R. H. Cain their envoy to the South the goods which they will send to the freed women and children in their Sister's department.

Many events have occurred in our midst of interest. Rev. J. S. Martin has been installed pastor of Shiloh Presbyterian Church, N. Y. As one of the wealthy Synods in the city. Mr. Martin has deserved the success of which he is more because he has had to meet the opposition from a portion of the old men that ever young divine who ever entered upon the sacred duty in the city, entirely from persons having a pecuniary connection with the church. For such scheming men who are outside of the church. Men, steeped in crimes which he knew, have compelled the honorable body to destroy his moral character, to commence over women of twelve and then but happily, in this case, the very persons who were the instruments for his destruction, upon the testimony and completely exonerated him, the persons who were the

[illegible]

For the Christian Recorder

CAUTION AND COUNSEL TO YOUNG MEN

Dear Recorder:—What induced me to write this article was this. The Rev. John A. Warren, pastor of the A. M. E. Church in Cleveland, Ohio, and recently of this town, delivered a very interesting lecture in the Harvey street B. M. E. Church on this subject, "The Virtues and Vices of Young Men." From which I gleaned a few facts which I shall now take as a foundation of my remarks.

I will commence by saying, that every young man, no matter who he is or where he may be, should denounce vices of all kinds and try to walk in the paths of virtue and always prefer solid sense to wit, and be not just intimate upon good manners or any thing that would lead unbecomingly.

Be cautious in giving your advice or opinion before it is required, and do not make it a practice in finding fault with the ways of others, for you are not bound to weed their gardens. But hearken to the warnings of conscience, if you do not feel its wounds as it is easier for you to give advice than to take it; for wise men think they do not need it, but fools will not hearken unto it. Remember the counsel of Christ in His sermon on the mount, (Matt. 5: 40;) "If any man sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." This doctrine may seem hard for you to comply with, but it was spoken by the Supreme Judge of all men.

Every young man should try to be frugal, and never forget the old proverb, "Remember that one dollar in your purse will do more good than ten dollars spent."

If your means do not correspond with your ends, pursue those which correspond with your means. Take heed in your discourse how you speak, and what you speak. Speak truly, when you speak; speak wisely and remember that "the fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his head."

Be very cautious in commending yourself, for he who is continually praising himself betrays a weak understanding, and is the object of contempt and ridicule to all men of sense and judgment. If you think you are worthy of praise, wait for some one else to praise you, for what is more ridiculous than to hear one always commending himself before others?

When you arrive at a proper age for marriage, (which ranges from the age of 22 to 24 years,) you should be very cautious whom you select. Learn to prefer accomplishments to wealth, virtue to beauty, and the mind before the attire. Then, indeed, you have a wife, friend, and a companion.

By way of conclusion, I will say to you avoid vices of all kinds, and acquire a thorough education for this is the main object of my remarks. Try to exercise competition, and to imitate the examples of great men.

Finally, live so as to have no cause of blushing in private. If you stand in award yourself, you will have no need of a Seminole [illegible] observer."

I remain

Your well wisher,

William H. Yeaney.

Chatham, C. W., March 28th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder

[illegible]

Mr. Editor:—Dear Sir: I am requested by the members of Company D, 27th U. S. C. T., to inform you of a presentation which took place in this camp this afternoon.

The presentation took place at Lieut.'s after dress parade, P. M. The members of the company [illegible]

[illegible]

Corporal [illegible]

[illegible]

Sergeant [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Poetry.

LENT

(Robert [illegible])

WHEN WE HAVE CROSSED THE CRYSTAL SEA

Sweet must it be to dwell secure
In heaven, at rest from [illegible]
Now walking [illegible]
Now sitting [illegible]
And [illegible]
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

How oft the struggling soul cries
For [illegible]
How often [illegible]
Christ's perfect image, even here;
And oh! [illegible]
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

They who have safely gone before
Where [illegible]
Exercise in that dear land of [illegible]
All their souls panted for on earth.
And their enjoyment surpasseth
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

I see them now in spotless white,
I hear their song of [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

MY MOTHER'S FAITH

BY ANDREA HOPEY HALLAM

When [illegible]
Made an unbind December of my Spring.
That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,
And the sweet birds their love no more would sing;
Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart;
Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,
And from thy hope I could not live apart.
Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,
And on the calmed waters once again
Ascendant Faith circles with silver plume,
That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,
Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee.
And mingle prayers for what we both may be.

The Family.

ICE IN THE BLOOD.

CONCLUDED.

I remembered the innocent, saucy freedom with which Emmy used to treat her John in the days of their engagement,—the little ways, half loving, half mischievous, in which she alternately petted and domineered over him. *Now* she called him "Mr. Evans," with an anxious affectation of matronly gravity. Had they been torturing her into these conjugal proprieties? Probably not. I felt sure, by what I now experienced in myself, that, were I to live in that family one week, all such little deviations from the one accepted pattern of propriety would fall off, like many colored autumn leaves after the first hard frost. I began to feel myself slowly stiffening, my courage getting greatly chilly. I tried to tell a story, but had to mangle it greatly, because I felt in the air around me that certain parts of it were too vernacular and emphatic; and then, as a man who is freezing makes desperate efforts to throw off the spell, and finds his brain beginning to turn, so I was beginning to be slightly insane, and was haunted with a desire to say some horribly improper or wicked thing which should start them all out of their chairs.—Though never given to profane expression, I perfectly hankered to set out a certain sweet unvarnished, wicked word, which I knew would create a tremendous sensation on the surface of the circle; and I felt so certain that I was afraid that I should make some such rash demonstration, that I remember I began to [illegible] with my teeth, and to [illegible] my self-possession, and [illegible] marshal me to my room.

When she had ushered me into the chilly hospitality of that stately guest-chamber, she paused, and, drawing herself up to her full height, looked me steadily in the face, and said, with a voice and manner that I shall never forget, "Mr. Evans, I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat me with disrespect in my own house. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my husband with disrespect in his own house. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my guests with disrespect in their own houses. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my religion with disrespect in the house of a professed Christian. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my God with disrespect in the house of a professed worshipper of his name. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my children with disrespect in the house of their parents. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my servants with disrespect in the house of their employer. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my domestic arrangements with disrespect in the house of a guest. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my table with disrespect in the house of a boarder. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my cookery with disrespect in the house of a customer. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my family with disrespect in the house of a lodger. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my person with disrespect in the house of a tenant. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my property with disrespect in the house of a lessee. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice with disrespect in the house of a consumer. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-cream with disrespect in the house of a patron. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-water with disrespect in the house of a subscriber. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a relative. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a friend. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a brother. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a sister. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a mother. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a father. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a son. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a daughter. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a husband. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a wife. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a child. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a parent. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a brother. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a sister. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a mother. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a father. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a son. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a daughter. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a husband. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a wife. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a child. I am sorry that you have seen fit to treat my ice-blood with disrespect in the house of a parent.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other

COAL,

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER,
RAGS &c
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
[*No. 32 South Sixth Street*]

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,

BALTIMORE

—DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor

WINSTON & THOMAS,

News and Periodical DEPOT,

COLORED DOMESTICS

can find good [illegible] free of charge at the
Employment Department Rooms,
No. 1607 Cuthbert Street, Corner of Jonquil Alley,
Office over the Colored Church,
BROOKLYN

DR. J. W. CREEK,

Thomsonian and Botanic

MEDICINE DEPOT,

N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY

TRIMMINGS

Fancy Goods.

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A M E Church located at No 619 Pine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger... ?
[illegible] Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus.
[illegible] Texts among the Baptists
The China Mission
[illegible] Acquaintances
[illegible] Lessons
Letters from Switzerland
[illegible] Heart Hymns
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty, by [illegible] Armed Singleheld.
[illegible] on Prayer
A Poor Stranger
The Life of [illegible] by Andrew
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,
St. Paul to the Romans
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,
Fresh Gleanings,
The Face of Florida
[illegible]
Summer Flowers
Anticipation of the Future,
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,
Large Family Bibles &c
[illegible]'s Practical Treatise on Business,
Nelson Nettop, Twelve Years a Slave
Lessons Young Speaker,
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,
Homes's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,
Jefferson's Manual,
Lady of the Lake,
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,
Webster's Common School Dictionary,
Pronouncing Bible,
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.
History of Methodism, 3 vols
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,
Positive Theology,
The Poet Preacher,
Saints' Rest,
Pilgrim's Progress,
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory
Life of Wesley
Cook's Pictorial Life of Henry Bidle, D. D.
Cole's Concordance,
Theological Warden. Priestley,
Our Brethren in Heaven,
The Sacred Hour. Rev M. P. Gaddis
Sister's Book. Rev W. C. Smith
Moments among the Cardinals,
Path of Life. Rev D. Wise
The Missionary in Many Lands,
Redemption Peddle Spelling
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands
The New Lute of Zion
Memoir of Cary as
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,
" without Clasp,
The Prices of Hymn Books,
" "
Sheep skin, "

New Discipline
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,
Clark on the Promises,
Theological Compend,
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,
Local Exhorters' Licenses, "
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,
Harry Heath,
Village Blacksmith,
Infant Teachers' Manual,
Claude's Essay,
Gerald and his Friend Philip,
Daisy Deane's
Girls at School
What Women Saw in the West,
Jane Atherton's Year at School,
Little Tiger Lily,
Sunday Lessons
Hannah Lee,
Barraman's Daughter
Christian's Philosophy,
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,
Light in the Valley
[illegible] Angels,
Sylvia Austin,
Resurrection of the Dead,
Bible Pictures for Children,
Margaret Maitland. A book for Young ladies,
Lessons in Verse,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 16.—New Series. Whole No. 225

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 819 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, subscribers' subscriptions, and all matters belonging to the business of the paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No 2075, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express and to correctly, must be directed to A Weaver No 819 Pine St

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No 2075, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

One dollar Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines ten dollars paper inserted or, eight dollars without the paper, six months, five dollars, paper inserted,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case furnished

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference,		REV	B T TANNER
Philadelphia	"	"	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	"	"	L PATTERSON
New England	"	"	W W GRIMES
Ohio	"	"	SAMUEL WATTS
Indiana	"	"	ÆNOS McINTOSH
Missouri	"	"	M M CLARK
California	"	"	T M D WARD

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I cannot write, my heart's too full of grief,
Because the dastard's hand has slain our honored Chief.
Him whom the nation loved, it now most mourn.
And the avenging rod throughout the land is borne
To leave us when his sun began again to shine
In Martyrdom, and oh! how sweet, sublime,
How sweet to die, and die for country, too,
To show the world a patriot pure and true
The nation placed this honored Chief in power—
He took the helm when clouds began to lower
And from that time to this, has safely steered the bark
O'er many dangerous rocks and shoals; but hark!
His pulse to beat has ceased, no more shall we be blessed
With words of wisdom, healing hearts distressed.
So, "Lincoln" sleeps in peace, the green acacia leaves
We place within thy grave, our broken hearts to ease.
And when the trump shall sound by archangels above,
May it be to thee a token of our Heavenly Father's love.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

COMMERCE AND THE R. R. LEAGUES.

To the Executives of the National and State R R. Leagues

Fellow Citizens:—On reviewing the present condition and state of affairs in these United States in regard to our people, we are forced to acknowledge that the hour for action has come, with its incentive, viz., hope, without which no class of men can act, and of which we have been deprived so long. And what is our hope? It is in a glorious, bright, and progressive future. And what is to make our future progressive? It is, temporally speaking, money—money gained by persevering labor and action, without which we can do comparatively nothing. But the great question of the hour is, how can we act unitedly? that is, we of the North, with our Southern brethren, to make this money?

On reviewing the history of nations from the days of the Phœnicians down to the present time, we find that commerce was and is still, the mighty agent by which nations have arisen to wealth, power, and affluence. Especially in modern days, have the effects of commerce been visible. What is it that binds England and France to these United States with such indissoluble bonds? and what is the greatest barrier to war between these nations? It is commerce; without which the wonderful manufactories of those nations, would speedily sink into oblivion It needs no argument to prove that commerce is the great national road to wealth, and that it is it, and it alone, that can bind us together as a people, North and South, in adamantine bonds that can never be broken.

I have taken this subject up, for the purpose of laying before our people, for their calm, earnest and careful consideration, a system, which, if rigidly and perseveringly put in force, this great agent can be brought into full play, and can be wielded by us, with its attendent results as a people. Before entering upon the system, I would respectfully say to all our representative men, in all their public and private discourses and deliberations, to advocate the introduction of commerce into our Leagues, by this or some other efficient system, as will cause this mighty agent to be placed in full operation by our people, for it is as much needed as the right of suffrage, which has been so earnestly and ably advocated. I urge this because the stream of southern trade will be opened shortly, and if we do not get into it at the start, it will ever be difficult afterwards

All systems of commerce have one simple base, viz.: an exchange of commodities

These exchanges are conducted under three principal forms, viz:

1st. Exchanges between towns, villages, and ports of entry

2d. Exchanges between home ports of entry

3d Exchanges between home and foreign ports of entry

By these forms are all exchanges of commodities conducted, without regard to the amount invested

I propose, that as the objects of our systems of Leagues are to encourage and promote everything that pertains to a well ordered and dignified life, to make them centres of operations in making money, which is the best thing that I am acquainted with, to make life to those United States dignified, having the grand base in the National League, the State bases in the State Leagues, and the localities in the Auxilary R. R. Ls. To facilitate which, I propose that the Constitution and all By-Laws ... [illegible] be so amended and worded, as to encourage, promote a full and healthy development of trade. Also, that the formation of State and Auxiliary Leagues be encouraged by every available means, especially in the Southern States with a view first, for early assembly for trade. And to enable our Southern brethren, whose mercantile education is limited, to engage safely and ... in trade, and also that the ... [illegible] correctly, I propose that the National L. R. L. do agree, for a reasonable compensation, to employ such Leagues with proper persons, competent to act as clerks, or to conduct a mercantile business. Furthermore, that said persons may become fully qualified, I propose that the Executive of the National L. R. League do ... [illegible] which of the Mercantile Colleges will admit persons of color, as I learn that some of them are biased and on a call being made for such persons, said executive to circulate the names of unbiased colleges, so that they can procure a few weeks training. All applications to be made through the Auxiliary Leagues, who shall act according to instructions received from the National E R League.

As each branch of the Leagues must have its particular work to perform, I propose that it shall be the duty of the National E R L.,

1st. To collect, at stated periods, from the State and Auxiliary Leagues the state of trade, of markets, and state and condition of Leagues, &c, and to publish the same in paper form, to be circulated among the State and Auxiliary Leagues, which shall be requested to subscribe for one or more copies Also, all persons may become subscribers The price of the same to be no more than will cover the expenses incidental to printing, &c

2d Said League shall fix the amount of per centage that shall be charged on consignments and all moneys arising therefrom after deducting the salaries of commissioners and auditors, and other expenses connected with said consignments, shall be paid into the treasury of said League.

3d. Said League shall also have power to negotiate for the purchase and sale of commodities &c, but in all cases, when acting through commissioners, to allow the fixed rate of percentage

4th All commissioners for foreign countries to be appointed by said National E R League, and whenever it shall be deemed advisable, there shall be a commissioner appointed to act in behalf of the National E R League, any where in the Union

5th Where no State League exists, the said League can name any League so to act.

It shall be the duty of State E R Leagues,

1st To appoint proper persons to act as commissioners in ports of entry of the State wherein said League exists, said person or persons to give satisfactory security to the amount of consignments that may be determined to be in his or their care at one time.

2d. Said League shall appoint proper persons to act as auditors, the same to give satisfactory security in case of losses arising from their neglect of duty. Said commissioners and auditors to be paid a reasonable salary, out of the money arising from percentage on consignments, and to be retained in office as long as they give satisfaction. And it shall be the duty of said commissioners to make sales and purchases, receive and dispatch all consignments, fill orders intrusted to their care in a business-like manner, and also to deposit or invest all moneys arising on consignments, as they may be directed by the National League.

3d. Said League shall have power to negotiate for purchases and sales of commodities, &c., and in all cases when acting through commissioners, to allow the fixed rate of percentage

4th Said League shall also collect from Auxiliaries the state of trade, markets, &c, for their respective localities, and forward the same to the League as directed,

5th. It shall be the duty of the commissioners to keep a correct account of all business transacted through them, and report as they may be directed

The Auxiliaries shall,

1st. Report to the State League, at stated periods, the state of trade and markets, condition of League, &c., for its respective locality,

2d. Said League shall appoint a proper person or persons to act as local commissioners, for the purchase and sale of commodities, &c., and whenever acting through other commissioners to allow the fixed rate of percentage. Said persons to be paid by said Auxiliary League.

Such are the outlines of the system, of which I have stated sufficient for any business man to form an estimate of its true value, and to such I submit it, acknowledging that it has many faults which able minds can discern. I will now endeavor to show how this system can be applied to the three forms heretofore mentioned and how, through the Leagues, they can be put in full operation

1st Exchanges between inland towns and villages and ports of entry, to be effected through local commissioners.

2d. Exchanges between home ports of entry to be effected through State commissioners

3d Exchanges between home and foreign ports of entry to be effected through the said State and Foreign or National League commissioners

I would also suggest that the State Leagues have in each port, if entry a suitable warehouse for storing consignments the storage on the same to be a revenue to said State League ... [illegible] and ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

which, with all due deference to Mr. Douglass and Dr. Randolph, we pronounce for superior to their summaries, omitting the three planks which were adopted as the official utterance of the Syracuse Convention. And now that the Tennessee Legislature is about to assemble, the signs are as we infer from the letter of our Knoxville correspondent, of opposing delegates intending during the legislative session to labor for the end desired, that full recognition is extended. We honor the colored men of Tennessee for the manly course they are pursuing, and hope that the influence of their example will be extensively felt. We could wish that we could be very great losers, were we to profit thereby.—*Cincinnati Citizen.*

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 22, 1865

OUR NATIONAL SACRIFICE.

The joy of the nation has suddenly been changed to mourning. Abraham Lincoln, the man whom the American people had for a second time chosen for their leader, and placed at the helm of the ship of State, has fallen a martyr to his country. Treason, in its death struggle, has dyed its hands in the blood of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

And for what? Can it be said that Abraham Lincoln was revengeful or relentless? No! It can not be truthfully said that in that great heart was either deception or guile.

There was no other man throughout the land whose *natural* death would have caused so much national sorrow. But when the Chief Ruler of the country is hurried into eternity by the hand of a bloody and villainous murderer, no pen can portray the mingled feelings of sorrow, grief, and dire revenge which must necessarily fill the hearts of all loyal and good men and women throughout the land.

We say loyal and good men and women, because they have lost their Leader, and they alone will mourn his loss. The opposers of the administration have gained nothing—they have lost their best friend; they have lost the man who, amid all their contumely and bitter reproaches, had no private wrongs to redress—but who, holding in view the interests of the States and the salvation of the nation, dealt far too leniently with them.

President Lincoln was the true embodiment of the good and noble qualities which go toward making a perfect American citizen. Honest to a fault, he hated any thing which savored of deceit in any sphere of action. Frank in his manner, he won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Kind and forgiving in his disposition, he had learned to deal mercifully toward his most inveterate foes.

He never shrunk from duty. When he set about performing any thing, he carried it through with an iron will—hoping, trusting in Providence, to guide him aright. Without showing any party favor, he endeavored to guide the old Ship in accordance with the chart laid out by the people. He used his best endeavors to carry on a Christian warfare. In this he was eminently fortunate, and lived just long enough to see his efforts crowned with success by the death blow of treason, and the certainty of a once more united country. Had he only laid aside some of his spiritual convictions, and meted out to the leaders of the rebellion what they actually deserved, our country would not have been suddenly called from rejoicing to mourning.

Abraham Lincoln died at a most eventful time—just as he was about to grasp the golden fruits of his four years of toil and labor. He had led this nation through its black night of trouble, sorrow and despair, but he was not permitted to gaze upon its bright morning of glory. He strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the breaking day—but the dark veil of death obscured his vision. For more than four years he led the great American people through the quicksands and hidden shoals and rocks of slavery, and had landed them safely at the port of universal freedom and emancipation. Like Moses of old, he reached the mountain's brow, and viewed the glory that was promised to his people. But as he was preparing for the last great step, he fell—a Martyr to his cause, and a Sacrifice to his country.

By the death of PRESIDENT LINCOLN our country has lost a patriot, a statesman, yea, the leader. Humanity has lost a friend, and the colored man one not easily replaced. The Emancipation Proclamation will stand for ages a proof of the unswerving fidelity and uncompromising devotion to the country of our lamented Ruler.

To the infernal scoundrels who so deliberately planned his death, we trust the just reward of death will be given. Should they succeed in eluding Justice on earth surely the Supreme Ruler of the universe will prepare for them such tortures as He did for Satan and all his angels.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Continuation of Notable Incidents connected with the Editor's Visit to the South.

Our last communication terminated while we were yet at Hilton Head. The present article is dated at Mitchellville, S. C. This town was settled by the people who were freed by General Littlefield, an avowed and zealous friend of our oppressed race. Bishop Wayman, Bro. Lynch and ourself strolled around leisurely through the principal streets observing the buildings around us, and taking note of the manners and habits of their inmates. We should judge that the town is over a mile long. The majority of the people have been brought up in the cotton and rice fields, and about the sugar cane plantations, and have been whipped, kicked, cut and bruised by an infernal band of monsters, pimps, robbers, cut throats and murderers, who claimed to be their owners—and lorded over by overseers who possess as little of humanity or feeling as do the venomous cobra. We cannot say so of the Southern monsters to the brute creation, for the most ferocious wild animal has at times display feelings of affection and pity; but these craven and God forsaken wretches never! The most of these poor people while in bondage were not allowed to take a book in their hands or read the word of God. It is this class of persons who mostly occupy Mitchellville. But we are pleased to say that, after all, they seem to prosper greatly. Each one has his little house erected and also possesses a from half an acre to an acre of land fenced in, and a garden blooming with vegetation, and entirely free from weed. The most of them are in Government employ and are very industrious.

These people till their land between times—or rather carry to them corn and vegetables. The state of heathen and ignorant well the way terms of accusations. They have had their election. Their municipal arrangements are com-

[illegible] with the exception of a Mayor. He [illegible] missionary was to be appointed by General Littlefield and not a white man. But as the citizens must be voters, and must therefore be at the appointed time, the Mayor elect is to be [illegible] view is to create them upon a knowledge [illegible] responsibilities. [illegible] the State House, after which we [illegible] the Island. The procession spoke well [illegible] M. O. V. C.

The Delaware Assembly No. 1 formed one of the leading features of the parade. There was quite a display of banners, and upon [illegible] bore the following inscriptions: "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable," with the date. "Angel Emancipation," "Welcome to Delaware's Star," "Delaware's Emancipation Day," "Welcome to Delaware's Star," "Welcome to Delaware's Star," "Welcome to Delaware's Star

of your space, which I fear I have done already. I would give their names, but that at some other time.

I am still an ardent lover of my race, and a soldier [illegible]

Sergeant Co B 3d U S C T
Battery M Cren, Jacksonville, Fla.
January 23d, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM CALVIN FAIRBANK

WILLIAMSBURG, MASS.
April 13, 1865.

DEAR RECORDER:—I avail myself, with great pleasure, of this moment, to offer this testimonial of my unbounded gratitude, for the many favors conferred upon me and my precious wife during the past winter by our long oppressed people, and offer them, in the utmost sincerity, my hearty congratulations upon the final results of the bloody struggle for liberty, now drawing to a close.

The great fight has been longer than the actual war. It was in full blast, and men and women suffered, when a heartless government, representing a heartless constituency abused the best citizens in the land, for demanding, what we now see let down upon the bow of promise and represented by one of the best men, though hated most bitterly, of all the patriots in the army of freedom.

How, changed now, the temper of the people and the power, when four among the best of all the people in the United States and England accept the invitation from the Government, to consecrate once more with the old flag, so well defended four years ago, by the noble Anderson and his invincible band, the "American Idea," right in sight of the Owls' nest of Despotism, that first hatched treason, and threw blood in the face of the people.

The Government is victorious. The question may now be asked and answered, Who turned the scale-beams to its present status, after the armies were driven from so many bloody fields, and the result was doubtful? The very men whose services were at first rejected with contempt.

The prize is won. It is only a matter of time.

My hopes for the life and prosperity of the Republic, lies in the will of the people, who by the exercise of the elective franchise, and their valor and fidelity in arms, have brought loyalty out of treason, order out of confusion, and fertility and joy, singing and gladness out of the moral desert of terror, and weeping, where the people so long covered with thick darkness, now rejoice in the new light of the gospel of Christ.

Now will a peace be settled without an element of compromise. Shall the brave men who have brought victory every where, be ignored in settling the enfranchisment, while rebels taken in arms are restored to all their original powers? God forbid! While I shall enjoy, here for the coming season, the quiet of domestic life, may my faith not fail, nor the purpose of the people falter in their earnestness for full, unqualified, social and political enfranchisement.

I am as ever,
CALVIN FAIRBANK.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAMP SHAW, PLAQUEMINE, LA.
March 27th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—At the request of an old and familiar friend, whom, I am happy to inform you, is deeply interested in your valuable publication, I shall attempt to give you a few sentiments of the multitude of current thoughts which are now vibrating through my mind. I might answer the question which I intended asking. What benefit does a man derive from the innumerable hours that he has employed in thought?

Had I the knowledge or power to lay open the iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal, could I draw out and read to you a list of all imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret, what a picture of thoughtless man could I present for your consideration!! What crime would not appear to have perpetrated in secrecy, which to their most intimate friends they dare not reveal. I might say that even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly suffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wish to attain, or chose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their desire, though such employment of fancy, come not under the same description of those which are plainly criminal, though wholly unblamable they seldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate of those intellectual powers that were given us for other purposes; such vague ideas, as a general thing, lead us into the neighborhood of forbidden.

I designed in this letter to address you on the subject of the condition of the 2nd Batt 11th Regt, U. S. C. A., who are garrisoning this Post. Happy am I to inform you that there are but a few men under the doctor's care, that are unfit for duty; as a general thing, there are but a few who claim any medical attention, whatever. Leaving out of view the cases in which there have been a great many men of the battalion who have been subject to ingnominous treatment, where their own previous conduct has been altogether exemplary,—I might say that heretofore their just rights have been unreasonably infringed by the avarice of their superiors; and an amount of service has been required of them which it was altogether unreasonable, and in some cases impossible that they should render. It is proper to remark here that we have been somewhat discontented, and depressed in spirits, owing to the want of proper attention and justice from some of our superiors, but since the arrival of our daring and intrepid Colonel, J. Hale Sypher, who assumes command of the Post, there has been a reverse in regard to the battalion as well as civil affairs. The village itself seems to become more cheerful under the administration of General Orders which have been issued by the commander, who is strict in the duties of his position, though humane in his administration.

I will now conclude, and hope to be able to give you some items in relation to the progress of the young freedmen of this command.

W PAUL GREEN,
Co F 11th U S C T Artillery.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the national calamity the Fair which was to have been held at Mercantile Hall during the week [illegible] April 17th to 22d, inclusive, by the Pennsylvania Ladies No 3 Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Pennsylvania, will be postponed until May 1st to 6th, inclusive, in order that our brave soldiers, be participated on account of the great National calamity.

S. LOUISE LONDELL,
CARRIE R. LACOUNT,
MARY V. BROWN,
M. CATHERINE CARELL,
Committee

NOTICE.

The amateur concert of the Ladies' Union Association will take place on Monday evening, April 24th at Concert Hall. Doors open at 7½ o'clock; concert to commence at 8 precisely. Tickets 25 cents.

NOTICE.

Information wanted.—Upon what day does the Indiana Annual Conference meet? Will somebody that knows please answer, as the minutes do not give the desired information.

apr22-3t WM. C. TREVAN.

NOTICE.

Wanted, an apprentice, to learn Shirt making at 633 Pine street. apr22-1t

NOTICE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1865.

The reports circulated by Samuel Hackey are infamous slanders. It was, evidently, his own choice to live with his children, so that he might enjoy the benefit of their property, and he also robbed my children of the power to administer on Gracy Rodgers' estate.

When called before Bishop Waters, of the A. M. E. Church, to answer for renting the house and leaving the family without shelter, he gave, as an excuse, his pretended failing sight, saying he was not able to attend to his affairs. Rev. L. Lee, and Rev. D. Thomas are witnesses of this fact. $300 would not cover the damage done by him.

ELIZABETH JAMES.

MINUTES OF THE GREAT NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Full proceedings of the Great National Convention, held in Syracuse, last October, including the Bill of Wrongs and Rights, the Address to the American People, and the official copy of the Constitution of the National Equal Rights League, have been published in a neat pamphlet of sixty-two pages. Price, single copy 25 cents; three copies, $1.00; ten copies, $3.00; and to State or Local Leagues, $25.00 per hundred.

Orders enclosing the money, may be sent by mail, to John S. Rock, No. 6, Tremont street, Boston; or to Geo. L. Ruffin, No. 28, Staniford street, Boston.

April 15—3t

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Early to-day, the streets were crowded with persons, thousands of them from distant cities and other localities. Nearly the entire population was abroad. By ten o'clock, every prominent point on the line of procession was occupied by those who desired to obtain the best view of the solemn and truly impressive pageant. In the immediate neighborhood of the Executive Mansion, a dense and unprecendentedly large crowd had assembled. During the forenoon, various bodies had met at the Treasury Department, separate rooms having been assigned them, and to these Assistant Secretary Harrington, who had charge of the arrangement, delivered tickets of admission to the executive mansion. They included the Assistant Secretary, and the Assistant Postmaster General, and the Assistant Attorney General, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of the several States, the Judiciary, and others of prominence. None could enter the mansion without tickets, room having been provided for six hundred persons only, upon a raised platform, with steps on the east and north and south side of the room. The corpse lay about the centre, the space being reserved all round the catafalque, with chairs for the occupation of the immediate family of the deceased. It was here in the east room that the bodies of Presidents Harrison and Taylor lay in state, but the arrangements on those occasions were far inferior to the present, for now artists had been employed, contributing of their skill and taste to produce the best possible effect. At eleven o'clock the guests began to arrive, a body of about sixty clergymen, from all parts of the country, being the first to enter. There was an interval of a few moments between the arrivals, and then no confusion whatever was occasioned. The proper officers were in attendance to assign the guests to their appropriate places in the room. Heads of Government bureaus, governors of States, members of municipal governments, prominent officers of the Army and Navy, the diplomatic corps in full costume, members of the Christian Commission, the Union League Committee of Philadelphia and New York, merchants of the principal cities, members of both houses of Congress and others.

There were honored representatives, holding the highest official stations, from all parts of our own country and from foreign lands, and, under the circumstances of the assassination of a President, whose body lay before them, the scene was solemnly grand and impressive. At noon, the President of the United States entered in company with [illegible] Secretary Seward. President Johnson approached the catafalque and took a last but brief look at his illustrious predecessor, and then retired to a position immediately on the east and in full view of the coffined remains in his front. After [illegible] Rev. Dr. Gurley, approaching the head of the catafalque, announced the order of the religious services, when Rev. Dr. Hall, Episcopalian, from the same point, read a portion of the Scriptures according to the form of that Church.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S PRAYER.

The opening prayer was made by Bishop Simpson, Methodist Episcopal, who, in the course of it, said that in the hands of God were the issues of life and death. Our sins had called for his wrath to descend upon us as individuals and as a community. For the sake of our blessed Redeemer forgive us, we had failed in many transgressions, and that all our iniquities may be washed away, while we bow under this sad bereavement, which has caused a wide-spread gloom, not only in this circle, but over the entire land. An invocation was made that we might all submit to God's holy will. Thanks were returned for the gift of such a man as our lamented [illegible] had just taken [illegible] and for the many virtues which distinguished all his transactions; for the integrity, honesty and transparency of character bestowed upon him, and for having given him counsellors to guide [illegible] the head of [illegible] sorrow. He was permitted to live to behold the breaking of the clouds which overhung our national sky, and the disintegration of the rebellion. Going up the mount he beheld the land of promise, with its beauty and happiness, and the glorious destiny reserved for us as a nation. Thanks were also returned that his arm was [illegible] and while we deeply mourn his untimely [illegible] we would not murmur at the dispensation, but [illegible] who took down the Red Sea that Israel had to [illegible] the land of promise, and who took down the Red Sea that Israel had to [illegible] the land of promise, and who took down the Red Sea that Israel had to [illegible] the land of promise, and

Poetry.

INSUFFICIENCY.

LYDIA M. REND

With a troubled gaze I am peering
Out into the troubled skies,
It is nearing the hour of midnight,
Yet sleep comes not to my eyes.

I watch the gray clouds floating
All round the clouded moon,
And think of the bright glad Summer
That is surely coming soon.

And I ask of myself the question;
Ask and repeat it o'er,
Which my heart has asked my spirit,
A thousand times before.

Why ever, and still forever,
While the earth on its axis rolls;
Insufficient, Oh! insufficient,
Is the cry of our yearning souls.

And only the mourning night-wind
Giveth answer unto me;
Answer like the troubled moaning
Of a far-off troubled sea.

Still with questioning I am peering
Out into the tranquil skies;
The clouds have passed from the moonlight,
They have passed not from my eyes.

Rochester, Pa.

LEGENDS OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

FROM THE DUTCH NURSERY LATE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The gentle babe in Mary's arms
The kindly colt was bearing,
When lo! they see a stately tree
Its laden head uprearing.

"Stay, stay, good colt, till the dates we gather,
For you and I are weary;"
The palm tree stooped, and its clusters drooped
Right down to the arms of Mary.

The dates she plucked till Joseph said—
"The day is passing o'er us;
O Mary, haste, nor more time waste;
We've forty miles before us."

They journeyed on, and the brightening sun
Them soon to Egypt brought;
A goodly land in Egypt's strand,
Where Joseph refuge sought.

Before a glittering gate they stood,
Where a rich man kept his revel;
With feast and feat he drove them out,
And wished them every evil.

At a poor man's door next Joseph begged,
When they had passed that other;
"O mistress mild, receive this child
And she his weary mother."

With welcome blithe she took them in,
From night and all its dangers,
And in the shed they sought a bed,
Those holy far-come strangers.

To's wife then said the host, as sleep
He strove in vain to cherish,
"I greatly fear that infant dear
In this keen frost will perish."

On the kitchen hearth, as up she sprang,
The flame leaped up as cheerful;
"O lady dear, thy babe bring here,
The frost this night is fearful."

Whilst o'er the fire the fragrant food
Began to sing and simmer,
With glances bright her heart's delight
Met every rosy glimmer.

"O, mirror clear! O, baby dear!"
She sang with joyful weeping;
And to her breast the babe she pressed.
Now warm, and fed, and sleeping.

And so that host and his gracious wife
Soon rose to wondrous riches,
Whilst the son of Cain for bread was fain
To delve in dykes and ditches.

So let us give what Jesus asks
Without delay or grudging,
And let us pray that Jesus may
In all our hearts find lodging.

For where He's guest there goes it best
With all within the cottage,
For if He dine the water's wine,
And angel's food the pottage.

---

* Of these early Dutch Lays and Legends the largest collection is the "Niederlandische Gesellschaft Leider des XV Jahrhunderts: aus der Hors. Bibliothek." of Hoffman von Fallersleben (Hannover, 1854). The above specimen is an abridgment, freely translated, of No. 26, apliced at the end of the German at pp. 84, 85. Of the class of picture books referred to in the text, two examples have been reproduced in admirable fac-similes by Mr Stewart of King William Street, viz. the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," and the "Necschatchenis van het heylighe Cruys."

The Family.

THE SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS.

Most educated Englishmen think it a great advantage to have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and the longest consideration will only show that they are right. When the sense of the ridiculous degenerates into the mere sense of the comic or of what is conventionally accepted as a comic, and becomes a mere aptitude for seeing things and treating them in a joeose way, and getting out of them that most dismal product, marketable fun, then it may be doubted whether the extreme pleasure which this power gives to the comic people and their friends counterbalances the tedium of the public and the degradation of the national intellect. But the power which consists in seizing on the ludicrous side of action and thought, enjoying its genuine and natural manifestations, and so acting and thinking as to avoid that which it is perceived would give a fair ground for ridicule, is a legitimate and desirable result of high cultivation. It is because in countries like England and France, a nice sense of the ridiculous has been widely diffused by a long civilization and by an accomplished society, that ridicule is an effective weapon against abuses, errors, and vanities which would otherwise be unassailable. It is no use that a man like Sydney Smith should write unless his readers can understand him. The old despotism of France was tempered by epigrams because French society appreciated the epigrams so keenly that those who managed the despotism were affected by the opinion of the society to which they themselves more or less belonged. The present Government of France has most of the epigrammatists against it, although M. About is a brilliant exception; and it has managed, apparently, to defy them. But, although the temporary position of the Empire and the personal character of the Emperor have neutralized this advantage, there is no saying how long it will last, and future emperors may be more at the mercy of future wits. The whole scheme of what is called good society, too, rests on the sense of the ridiculous which its members possess, and which suggests to them certain limitations of the extravagance and impertinence to which they are naturally inclined. Valuable, however, as the sense of the ridiculous may be, it is worth observing what great results are attained in the world by persons who are destitute of it, and who succeed simply because they have not got it. When, indeed, we contemplate how great their success is, we are at a loss to say whether it is best to have this sense or not. There is perhaps no other good thing in the world of which it may be said with equal truth that it is very advantageous to have it, and very advantageous not to have it. The German nation, for example, is without any sense of the ridiculous whatever. There are, of course, Germans unlike the rest of their countrymen; there are Germans whose habits of thought and life have been formed by the action of foreigners; there are Germans who, by genius and cultivation, are European rather than German; there are such un-German Germans as Heine; but the mass of decent, respectable, educated Germans are completely without any sense whatever of the ridiculous, and yet the Germans are a wonderful, a great, and a glorious people. When we consider how generally well they have got on with the tasks we are all set to perform, and how little what is ridiculous in human affairs contributes to really any addition to our happiness or comfort.

Nothing, according to English notions, can be more ridiculous than the life of a German professor. To mention a German professor, is to call to mind, with most of us, to laugh at him. He is a curious being. He lives in a poky flat; his wife does the cooking and washing; he is absurdly enough to like cabbage dressed after the fashion of his country, instead of eating, like a Britain, the simple vegetable as nature made it, and with the water in which it was boiled nicely preserved in its dripping leaves. He never gets on in the world, and he smokes all day and most of the night. It must be allowed that no human being, not even a Turk or an English ensign, can smoke any thing like a German professor. A really practised and hardened German professor will not only smoke during every other moment of his waking hours, but he will smoke all through his dinner, taking alternately a mouthful of food and a mouthful of smoke. Then what does he do in the life of incessant and protracted study? He very likely studies metaphysics, and modern Englishmen know how ridiculous that is. He spends years in identifying or in discriminating between Thinking and Being, or in proving that Being and Not-being are the same, or that they are not the same, and if not, why not, and otherwise. At the end of his life Being and Not-being are just where they were, and nobody knows or cares to know any more about them. People with a sense of the ridiculous have seen that metaphysics are a cobweb, a will o'-the-wisp, a dream, a silly puzzle, and so forth, and yet the poor Professor has gone on grinding at them till his last pipe has been smoked out. Then, again, if a German gets hold of a detail which interests him, he pursues it into a thousand ramifications. He does not much mind how small it is, or whether there is any particular evidence to guide his inquiries. He goes burrowing on and on, without a purpose or a hope, but with a simple sort of folly, just as people in England go down one evening party to another. Nor does he much mind if his metaphysical theories or his search after details lead him to conclusions that are rather shocking. People with a sense of the ridiculous can see how foolish it is to undermine the great fabric of society, to sap the foundations of our faith, to induce a general recklessness of mind, and so on; but he does not mind, any more than a worm that pierces a hole in a ship minds the possibility of vexing the captain and spoiling the clothes of the passengers. Or perhaps he may not be much of a philosopher, and his thoughts may be turned to poetry, to legends, or art. Then, again, how foolish he is there, how sentimental, how unreal, how nonsensical, with his longings of the soul, with his inner meanings, and his ever-near spirit-world! Moon-struck is the very mildest epithet that can be applied to him, and very few sensible Englishmen, we fear, would call him a fool without putting a strengthening epithet before the term. He has been born, he has lived, he has thought, he has written, and he has died, without any more sense of the ridiculous than a Hottentot, or Mr. Tupper, or his own inkstand. And yet to him, and to such as he is, Europe owes some of the rarest and most precious elements of modern civilization. From German metaphysicians there is drawn, or at least by their labors is greatly augmented, that stream of high thought, of ideas, of tentative hypotheses on great subjects, which raises men above mere utilitarianism, and enables one generation to guess the secrets of the future reserved for other generations to be born. To the German love of detail we owe in a great measure that habit of patient accuracy which has displayed itself so admirably in the victories of modern scholarship, and in the debasement of scientific analysis. In Germany, and in Germany alone, is there found a tolerance of truth apart from the conclusions to which the search of truth may lead. And sentimental Germany has offered a kind and loving home to all that is emotional in art and thought; it has allowed the feelings to expand without the chilling air of prosaic sense to nip them; and it has always reserved the richness of that kind of poetry which expresses and develops, even if it exaggerates, the softer and tenderer aspirations of the heart.

The Germans are equally absurd in their family life. They have no notion of concealing these feelings, or of hiding their love and their respect for each other. They do not mind, as we should mind, exhibiting themselves on sentimental occasions, and taking the world into family secrets. They are too innocent and simple-hearted to mind being stared at, and it must have been the cold of the climate that first made the nation begin to wear clothes. There is no end to the events of family life which they feel called on to celebrate. There is always a silver wedding, or a golden wedding, or a betrothal day, or a birthday, or something of the kind to make a feast about. They rush up and kiss and hug each other at railway stations. They insist, against the evidence of their senses, in seeing venerable patriarchs in their fathers, and heroines in their brothers. They calmly show strangers a series of family photographs, and explain that this uncle is a most humored man, that this aunt is a woman of irreproachable emotions; that the tall sister is universally considered loveliness itself, and the short sister has had a heart pang. They have no sense of the proportions of outer things when any of those they love is concerned. Young people who had long loved in an unrecognised way have been formally betrothed before now, because the lover has been in the Prussian army and his regiment has been ordered on the appalling service of marching into Hesse-Cassel. It seems, to persons unacquainted with Germany, perfectly unaccountable that Prussians, who consider themselves to be long to one of the great nations of Europe, should be proud of Duppel. At first their language seems if it must be meant as a joke, and then the suspicion arises that they are boasting in order to hurt the feelings of outsiders, and especially of Englishmen. But the truth is that there is neither any wish to joke or to wound. They quite mean what they say, but they speak from the side of the family affections. A battle in which a brother or a lover has been is always a great battle to girls. The home circle always exaggerates the importance of what its members do. No sister would be worth any thing if the first time their little brother went out with the hounds their hearts did not flutter with rapture to hear that "their Jemmie" got safely over the first fence; and the Prussians in the same simple natural way were honestly delighted that the Jemmies got safely over Duppel. They have no conception how any one could laugh at them for this feeling; and they would not care if they were ridiculed for it any more than a girl who was proud of her brother would mind being laughed at for it by her schoolfellows. So, too, a young German couple let all mankind see their happiness without any blushing or reserve, or nonsensical modesty. And no place is better to watch them than on board ship; because, as every body sees every body there, people must be either very shy, or not shy at all. The young Germans soon produce the conviction that they do not even know what shyness is. It never occurs to them that they can be the subject of jokes; and they will sit for hours on deck, with their hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes, before all who care to look at them. There is a complete want of the sense of the ridiculous in all this; but then it must be owned the Germans have something to set on the other side. They get much more out of family life than other people do. They are always having events of some interest occurring to them — They live in an atmosphere of serene and unvexed love. They enjoy many pleasures longer if not more profoundly, than others do. If people would find it satisfactory to sit hand-in-hand for hours in public, but refrain because they think they would look foolish, evidently they get without a pleasure which, if they had been less sensitive to the opinion of others, they might have freely enjoyed. The [illegible] affection is more diffused in Germany than else-

Child's Cabinet.

STORY OF THE ROSE

BY GRACE GLEANER

In a certain garden, on a bright summer morning, a rosebud unfolded its leaves. She obtained her mother's permission to do so the evening before. Mrs Bush, after granting her daughter's request, addressed her as follows—"Never forget to render due gratitude to the kind Creator for all his benefits, and especially for the two great qualities which distinguish our family. I refer to fragrance and beauty. We owe our honored position among the flowers to these. I would have you rightly value them both, but fragrance should be most highly esteemed. It is usually the fault of young Roses to think too highly of beauty, which, though a precious gift, is, at best, a property of short duration; while they do not sufficiently appreciate fragrance. I have known many a promising Rosebud to open into a dwarfed, misshapened flower, but I have never known fragrance, with its delightful influence, to fail any member of our family.

"As regards your behavior, remember that modesty always becomes young people. I advise you, by all means, to wear the green veil that I have prepared for you."

Having thus sought to deepen impressions which, by previous instructions, she had endeavored to make, Mrs. Bush retired. Miss Rose had no inclination to retire. She was afraid that she might oversleep herself. She was very desirous not only of appearing well, but of *coming out early*. So she set about getting her dress ready to unfold; and when the sun was up, she had only to shake herself a little, and there she was, as pretty a Rose as one could wish to see. Having caught a view of herself in a little mirror, formed by a dewdrop on a green leaf, she exclaimed—"Surely, mother did not know that I should be so beautiful, or she would not have advised me to wear this green veil!" So saying, she pushed it aside. The sun had not been up long when a lady came into the garden to collect flowers for a bouquet. She saw the rose, and taking it from its quiet, lovely home; she carefully placed it beside the splendid flowers she held in her hand. Although Miss Rose had no objections to seeing more of the world than she could view from the corner of the garden that had been her home, yet she had a certain kind of attachment to the paternal Bush that made a separation painful. However, the scissors that the lady used were sharp, and the bond of union was quickly severed. Rose had not time to speak to her mother before leaving. She could only take a farewell look at the home where she had first existed, and had lived until now. She trembled quite perceptibly for awhile, but soon recovered herself, for she found that she was not only to enjoy the company of many beautiful flowers, but was herself the centre of admiration. When she heard the exclamations—"How beautiful! how very beautiful!" and knew that *they were* meant for her, she said, "Surely mother must have been mistaken. Beauty is of more consequence than fragrance. Had mother possessed more knowledge of the world, she, no doubt, would have instructed me differently. When I hear one word spoken in praise of my fragrance, I hear twenty in praise of my beauty." And casting a glance across the room at a large mirror which reflected a perfect view of herself, she said, "I do not wonder."

For a few days she was as happy as a Rose could be. But a change came. She found one morning, to her mortification, that her pretty dress was fading, and its graceful folds were sadly disarranged. She could no longer bear to see herself; and, in vexation, she cried, "*I wish that hateful mirror was in some other place.*" The lady coming into the room soon after, said that some fresh flowers were needed. One after another the faded bouquets were removed to give place to new ones. At last she came to the one where Rose was. It was about to be thrown away, like the others, when the lady discovered that there was one very fragrant flower in that collection. "This," said she, "must not be lost." So taking Rose up gently, she laid her in a drawer which contained some of her choicest articles of dress. Rose now found herself surrounded by silks and satins and choice laces. Her beauty was gone never to be restored. But she diffused a sweet influence on every thing around her, imparting to them a degree of her own fragrance. Time passed, and soon she had heard more words spoken in her praise than she occupied so conspicuous a place in the parlor, and the probability was that her useful-ness would continue far a long while.

Having now time for reflection, the faded Rose thought how unwise it had been in her not to credit all that her mother told her. She longed to go back to see her once more and tell her just how she felt. This could not be. So she printed some words on one of her leaves and loosened it from among the others. One day when the drawer was open, she persuaded a little breeze that was passing to carry it to her mother. These were the words which were printed on the leaf:—

"DEAR MOTHER—I hope you will continue to impress on all your children the same important lessons that you tried to teach me. Had I not been so silly as not to learn of my teacher but experience, I might have saved myself many sad regrets. I fear that, if others of our family should conduct as I have, the Giver of every good gift will take fragrance from us and bestow it where it will be better appreciated. Adieu. Your penitent ROSE."

Mothers' Journal.

Translation.

THE WONDERFUL WELCOME IN THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

[Translated by the two little blind girls.]

1.

Jerusalem,
Thou city fair and high,
O would I were in thee!
My longing heart
Is sorrowful, and sick,
And e'en more with me
For over plains below—
Yea, over all it rises,
Out of this world to go.

2.

O pleasant day!
O hour, more pleasant still!
Why dost thou yet delay?
When with delight,
With laughing mouth, I will
Give this, my soul, away,
As a selected treasure,
Into God's faithful hand,
That it arrive in safety
In yonder fatherland.

3.

Then, all at once,
Directly to the skies,
It in its flight ascends,
And leaves in peace,
And in most wondrous wise,
The earthly elements,
Rides in Elijah's char-ot,
Surrounded every where
By multitudes of angels,
Who in their hands it bear.

4.

O glorious tower!
I dare salute thee now,
Do open, gate of grace,
How long a time
My only wish must thou
Kro ended were my days

[illegible]

And God me entering
Possession [illegible]

4

O what a crowd
I soon! Already there!
What radiant company!
All the elect
Who on earth ever were!
A precious crowd I see.
With them after my house,
The Lord to me did show,
When I was yet a pilgrim
Within the land of woe.

6.

The prophets great
The patriarchs solemn
And likewise other saints
Who in the world
Did bear the cruse some time
And persecutors pains.
Behold they sit in honor,
In perfect liberty
All over splendid high seats
Their sun-shines gloriously.

7

Now then, at last,
When I indeed repose
In Paradise so fair
Exceeding joys
My senses overflow
My lips in praises join
The purest Hallelujahs
In holiness we chant.
The loveliest Hosannahs,
Which never have an end

8

With cheerful shouts,
With instruments approved,
On choirs that none can count,
That by such noise
The realms of joy are moved,
And by no sweet a sound;
The leagues are hundred thousands,
The voices many and more,
As sang the host of heaven
In ages long before.

(Dr. Jo Matth. Mayfarth 1642.)

Science and Art.

REGIONS AROUND THE NORTH POLE.

On the 25th of February, a very crowded meeting of the members of the Royal Geographical Society was held at Burlington House, to hear a paper read by the Secretary, Mr. Markham, on the "Origin and Migrations of the Greenland Esquimaux," having reference to the probability of an open sea round the North Pole, and especially to hear the remarks of Captain Sherard Osborn on a lengthy paper by Dr. Petermann, advocating the dispatch of another Polar Expedition. Sir Roderick Murchison took the chair, and the room was crowded by all the chief members of the Society.

In the first paper read, the Secretary proceeded briefly, after expressing an earnest hope that the Expedition proposed by Captain Osborn would yet be carried out, to show his (Mr Markham's) reasons for believing that the unexplored regions to the north were, even up to the very Pole itself, not improbably supporting a small and scattered population. The migrations of men within the Arctic zone gave rise to questions closely connected with the geography of the undiscovered portions of the Arctic regions, and those questions could only be solved by a scientific Polar Expedition. Until the last nine centuries the great continent of Greenland was untenanted by a single human being, and there was a still more remote period when trees clothed the hill-sides of Disco, and grotos waved in a milder climate over Banksland and Melville Island, and corals and sponges flourished in the now frozen waters of Barrow's Straits. There was a later period, when the Norseman held the land against the old proprietors of the soil—the Esquimaux, who had come from the wilds of Siberia. The last glimpse of the Norseman showed them living in two districts, divided into villages; but when, after a long lapse of years, Greenland was again visited, all trace of the Norseman had disappeared, save a few Runic inscriptions extending as far north as Upernavik, some ruins, and the broken church bells of Gardar. The cradle of the Esquimaux race was in Central Asia, though even these wandering tribes had doubtless found other tribes of natives before them. There was ample geographical evidence that a large tract unexplored in the Arctic regions was occupied by land. The awful ice found on the North-Western shore of Prince Patrick's Island showed it to be the accumulation of years, and therefore in a virtually land-locked sea—locked to the north, as well as south, east and west. All the chief Arctic explorers had found remains of huts, fox-traps, and bones of animals on Baring, Byam, Martin, Melville, Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands, which enabled them to trace the route taken by these early wanderers in search of the means of sustaining life, step by step, along the whole length of the Parry group from Baring Island to Cape Warrender. It was on the coast of Greenland that they at length found a resting place. Part went south, and, driving out the Norseman, peopled Greenland; while part, he believed, wandered still further north, where the required conditions for their existence might be attainable. All their traditions spoke to there being an ice-free sea in the far north, and open water was life to Esquimaux. Such a people would be completely isolated, and on account of their habits, manners, language and mode of life would be to many one of the most valuable results of the contemplated Polar Expedition; and this was but one out of many branches of knowledge which would be enriched and advanced by future North Polar explorers.

Miscellany.

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY TO THE GOSPEL.

BY F. R.

Denis Diderot, a famous French philosopher, was born at Langres, 1713, and died at Paris 1784. He founded and edited, with other free thinkers, the famous *Encyclopédie*, (since 1751), which with the professed aim of presenting a summary of all the branches of human learning and art became the chief repository of the revolutionary and infidel ideas of the eighteenth century, and was several times suppressed by the government, but completed at last. He was all his life considered a confirmed atheist, but during his later years, to the astonishment of his friends, he made the Bible a part of the education of his daughter, who subsequently wrote his *Memoires*, and frequently received visits from a clergyman.

The late venerable Archistes Hess of Zürich, the author of a *Life of Jesus* and other good works, relates from the mouth of a personal witness, the following interesting anecdote which we will give in a literal translation from the French.

"In one of those evening parties of Baron d'Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the century used to assemble, the conversation turned freely, and in the most licensing manner, on the supposed absurdities, stupidities and all kind of inconsistencies of the sacred Scriptures. The philosopher Diderot, who had taken a small part in the conversation, brought it suddenly to a close by the following remark:

"'For a wonder, gentlemen, for a wonder, I know nobody, either in France or any where else, who could write and speak with more wit and talent. Notwithstanding all the bad which we have said, and no doubt with good reason, of this devil of a book, (*de ce diable de livre,*) I defy you all, as many as are here, to prepare a *tale* so simple, but at the same time so sublime and so touching, as the tale of the passion and death of Jesus Christ, which produces the same effect, which makes a sensation as strong and as generally felt, and whose influence will be the same after many centuries.'

This unexpected speech astonished all the hearers and [illegible] by a [illegible] silence.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS J. BOWERS

At 651 Lombard Street above Sixth Phila.

has constantly on hand the best

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,

At the Lowest Market Price

Coal and hauling will always on hand by small measure

[illegible]

Orders [illegible]

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER RAGS, &c

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[*No. 32 South Sixth Street.*]

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,

Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,

BALTIMORE

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds This is an Old Stand. I have spared no pains in refitting it up. [illegible]

DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,

News and Periodical DEPOT,

20 *Commercial Place, and 85 Baronne St.,*

NEW ORLEANS.

A large assortment of School Books, French Books, Blank Books, Pharmacological Journals, Slates, Pencils, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c

COLORED DOMESTICS

As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.

can find good situations, free of charge, at the *Freedmen's Employment Bureau*, No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon, Opposite the City Hall, BROOKLYN

Basement on Joralemon Street

No. [illegible]

DR. J. W. CREEK,

Thomsonian and Botanic

MEDICINE DEPOT,

N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of

FAMILY AND DRUG MEDICINES,

And all Herbs and Pure of the Very Best Quality, and disposed of with care and accuracy.

☞ A GOOD SELECTION OF PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

DR. J. W. CREEK will be in attendance at his Office, N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets, Baltimore, Md., for consultation with patients laboring under the various diseases, as Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Scrofula, together with those symptoms of Disease usually called Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Debility Rheumatism, Head-Ache, Dizziness, Worrasness, Impurities of the Blood, or any other chronic or long standing complaints on reasonable terms. Directions are adhered to them. Can be cured invariably, give an unbiassed opinion as to the probability of a cure.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of "a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure! Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope! Well, Doctors answer! Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and also courage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured! The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which he fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial, all which having failed, he tries as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions! Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These protestations to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity and honorable titles must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and exactly ascertained truths the result of actual chemical analysis. The knowledge of no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Those, and not [illegible] with time experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to [illegible]

[illegible] knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that to see what effect it will have. We know where we exist, we the nature of the morbid matter with which [illegible] and constituents of accumulations, which must exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys &c. hence we are [illegible] remedy [illegible] as the case may require. 1y

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY

Miss JANE JONES wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sandy Hook Bay, convenient to both Rail and Frank RAILS. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continued liberal patronage from the public. tf

TRIMMINGS

AND

Fancy Goods.

631 FINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under shirts, Collars and Neckties.

A general assortment of Stationery.

[illegible]

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,...
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,...
Fifty Years among the Baptists,...
The China Mission,...
Oriental Acquaintances,...
Pictorial Essays,...
Letters from Switzerland,...
Mabel, or Heart Histories,...
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty, In and Around Stamboul,...
Trifleton Papers,...
A Life Struggle,...
Two Eras of France, by Auber,...
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,...
St. Paul to St. Sophia,...
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,...
Fresh Gleanings,...
The Exile of Florida,...
Salmata,...
Summer Pictures,...
Anticipation of the Future,...
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,...
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,...
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,...
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Freedly's Practical Treatise on Business,...
Soloman Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,...
Lovell's Young Speaker,...
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,...
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,...
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,...
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,...
Jefferson's Manual,...
Lady of the Lake,...
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,...
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,...
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,...
Webster's Common School Dictionary,...
Pronouncing Bible,...
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,...
History of Methodism, 3 vols.,...
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,
Burns's Introduction to the Bible,...
Positive Theology,...
The Poet Preacher,...
Saints' Rest,...
Pilgrim's Progress,...
Defenses of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,...
Life of Wesley,...
Cavel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.
Cole's Commentaries,...
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,...
Our Friends in Heaven,...
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,...
Missionary among the Cannibals,...
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,...
The Missionary to Many Lands,...
Rudiments of Public Speaking,...
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,...
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,...
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,...
Memoir of Carvosso,...
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,...

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,...
" " without Clasp,...
The Tunes of Hymn Books,...
" " ...
Sheep skin, " ...

New Discipline,...
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,...
Clark on the Promises,...
Theological Compend,...
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,...
Local Exhorters' License, " ...
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,...
Harry Budd,...
Village Blacksmith,...
Infant Teachers' Manual,...
Claude's Essay,...
Gerald and his Friend Philip,...
Daisy Downs,...
Girls at School,...
What Norman Saw in the West,...
Jessa Atherton's Year at School,...
Little Tiger Lily,...
Sweet Cora Bell,...
Hannah Lee,...
Dairyman's Daughter,...
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,...
Christian's Philosophy,...
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,...
Light in the Valley,...
Holy Angels,...
Sophia Austin,...
Resurrection of the Dead,...
Bible Pictures for Children,...
Margaret Maxham. A book for Young Ladies,
Scenes in Verse,...
Home Pictures,...
Minnie Wingfield,...
Young Gold Seeker,...
Self-reliant Susie,...
Life of Whitefield,...
Fletcher's Perfection,...
Christian's Pattern,...
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,
Gold in Dollar,...
Heaty,...
Hard Lessons,...
Jacob,...
My Missionary Book,...
Our Father in Heaven,...
John Bliss,...
Stories in Rhyme,...
Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,...
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,...
" No. 2, " ...
" No. 3, " ...
Questions on the Old Testament,...
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,...
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,...
" " Mark,...
" " Luke,...
" " John,...
Sabbath School Almanacs, etc. Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

[illegible] and Rhetoric,
First Lessons in English Composition,
Weld's Latin Reader, per dozen,
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,
Bercel's U. S. History, per dozen,
[illegible] History, per dozen,
Smith's Grammar,
[illegible] Etymological School Book,
Alsop's Algebra,
&c. &c. &c.
Also Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Pen Holders, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament,
[illegible] on the New Testament,
Notes on the XXXIX Articles,
Schmucker's Popular Theology,
[illegible] Pastor Theology,
[illegible] Commentary,
The Memoirs of Sheddard,
" " Cone,

SABBATH SCHOOL PAPERS.

Allen Morris Stories,
Sunset Library of Old,
Henry's Birthday,
A Mother's Gift,
Sunday's Pictures,
Willie Rocks,
Father's Presents,
Meadowside Stories,
Jessie Books,
Lives of Eminent Men,
Alden Series,
Youth's Library.

We hope, that brethren of our connection and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash for such works as they themselves might to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No. 1116 Pine Street, Philada.

[illegible] Machine, [illegible] Knitting [illegible] Sept 14 6m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other book Sabbath School books of various kinds: Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens Pens, Envelopes and Blank Books.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,

SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 1136 Rodman Street,

Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.

Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.

Nov. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE

General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public

Handy made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S

NEW AND SECOND HAND

CLOTHING STORE,

No. 12 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn,

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or dyed, at short notice.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE. 6—1y

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

DRY GOODS

AND

Trimmings.

718 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADA.

MRS C. E. HARDING,

Having taken the Old Stand, 718 Lombard Street, has just opened a full assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, HOSIERY & TRIMMINGS.

ALSO,

Ladies' Ready-made Under-clothing,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

☞ Before purchasing elsewhere, call and examine our stock. *Philadelphia, Oct., 1864.*

Oct18—6 mos

AVERY COLLEGE,

Allegheny City,

PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this Institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored people are the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition for term in the several departments, embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Alleghe

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 29, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 17.—New Series. Whole No. 226.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern or subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2075, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in case city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2075, Philadelphia.

TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance, or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper instituted; or, eight dollars prepaid, the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper to each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia "	" A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	" L. PATTERSON.
New England "	" W. W. GRIMES
Ohio "	" SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	" JESSE McINTOSH.
Missouri "	" M. M. CLARK.
California "	" P. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

NATIONAL SORROW.

BY SAMUEL R. WILLIAMS.

To-day! The Nation mourns to-day;
For grief has seized on every heart.
The murderer has had his way!
To-day the Nation feels the smart.

'Twas but a few short days ago,
When fields were won on every side,
The Union armies drove the foe,
And banners floated far and wide.

How soon our transient joy is changed!
We now sit mourning in the dust;
The country now we see deranged,
And gladness from our hearts is thrust.

But yet the just, Almighty God
Will work for us, if we but pray.
We now must feel the chastening rod,
But God will wipe our tears away.

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES

Respectfully Dedicated to the Memory of our Much Beloved and Martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

BY ANGELINE R. DEMBY.

We mourn, to learn that we are struck
With such appalling woe;
We bow beneath the mighty stroke;
'Twas God who willed it so.

A martyr to sweet Freedom's laws,
A patriot true and brave,
With noble brow and form erect,
Is stricken to the grave.

The grave shall not environ him;
But spirit is with God;
It took its flight at early morn,
When Jesus spoke the word.

"Come unto me, beloved Son,
You filled your place of trust;
I call you hence, come unto me;
I'll raise you from the dust."

The nation mourns a patriot slain!
Lord, heal the broken heart
We cannot bear this stunning pain,
Unless thou heal the smart.

Thy balm apply to bleeding hearts;
Our comfort Thou shalt be.
It was thy will that we should part
With him who made us free.

In bondage dark, oppressed with shame,
We long were made to stand,
Till Abraham Lincoln did proclaim
Freedom throughout the land.

God bless the true Republican!
His name shall ever live,
Till God shall unto every man
Perpetual freedom give.

Though we still weep, we will not stand,
With folded hands and mourn—
But, with all friends of Abraham,
We'll trample treason down.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE 27th U. S. C. T.

Faison's Station, N. Carolina,
April 3d, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—*Sir:*—After reading your valuable sheet for some time, I have come to the conclusion, if acceptable, to send you a short epistle concerning the 27th U. S. Colored Infantry. The reason why I do this is, I do not see any communications in any of your issues from the 27th, and thinking that there was not any one in the regiment who felt interest enough to represent this regiment in your paper, I have taken it upon myself to send a short communication so as your readers will know that there is such a regiment in existence as the 27th U. S. Colored Infantry.

This regiment was organized in the State of Ohio last winter, and just at the beginning of Gen. Grant's campaign of last year it was ordered to Virginia to take part in the campaign, and this regiment, together with the rest of the division, was ready at any moment to be brought into action during Gen. Grant's battles of clored days in the Wilderness. But they were never called upon until the 30th of July, 1864, at Petersburg, and when they went into action, they went in cheerfully, and with a wild cry, "Remember Fort Pillow." But, unfortunately for us, we were outnumbered and driven back, and that was the first place that some of the men learned this lesson, viz: that none but competent officers should be allowed to command troops, especially in action.

Well, after the battle of Petersburg, we were put into the rifle pits, where we stayed for eighteen days, all the time under fire, and a man could scarcely put his head out of the pits, but what he was perceived by the quick-sighted rebel sharpshooters, and shot down; such was our situation. After we were relieved from this almost untenable position, we encamped in a swamp, joining the fifth corps for some time, where, every night, at about eleven o'clock, we would be called out to the works by the rebels making feint attacks upon our picket lines, but would soon retire discomfited

After awhile we received marching orders Every body was speculating on our destination But after we started nearly every body knew where we were going But when we stopped, it was very dark, and we could hardly understand our exact situation; however, those that were not detailed to fell trees and build works, wrapped their blankets around them, something after old Indian warrior style, and threw themselves upon the cold earth to rest for the night; so when the dawn of day commenced to show itself through the smoked pines, and when the brilliant sun commenced to make its appearance, which it was every heart's desire to see, and in a little while all soon knew where they were—we were near the South Side R. R. We occupied this position for a short time when we participated with Gen. Grant's first movement on that Road. It was only termed a reconnoisance by that General, but it terminated in some pretty hard fighting, with considerable loss to our regiment and division. We lost our Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel in the early part of the day; both wounded within five minutes: our colonel first and lieutenant colonel immediately afterwards. Then the command of the regiment devolved upon the senior captain, who is a very able officer, and very much of a gentleman. After lying in the woods under fire continually until night came upon us, the firing ceased, and the rebels thought that we had fallen back; so, to find out for certain, they raised up from behind their works, to which we had kept them confined all day, and gave a loud yell, and poured a volley of musketry into us. But to their surprise we were still there, and returned the compliment without reluctance, which silenced them for the balance of the night. So we commenced to build works, the rain pouring down in torrents, and the night was very dark; we did the best we could, and the next morning, when we could see, we found out that we had put up pretty good works—strong enough to defy any rebel force.

About nine o'clock an order came for us to withdraw, which we did, and returned to our old camp. Shortly after that we were separated from the ninth corps entirely, and sent to the north side of the James' River to report to Gen. Butler. Stopping upon that side of the river about one month, we received orders to march with one blanket, haversack, canteen, and five days' rations. Every body, even officers in high positions, were at a loss concerning our destination; but it was soon conjectured that we were off for North Carolina, which proved to be true.

We arrived off Fort Fisher Jan. 12th, disembarked, witnessed the bombardment of Ft. Fisher, which was an imposing scene, and had the pleasure or displeasure of lying under the bursting shells of our gunboats for some time, losing a few of our men. The 27th was the only colored regiment that was ordered up to assist in the charge, but we did not get a chance to make any charge before the garrison surrendered to the white troops. We were then ordered up to charge Battery Buchanan; but when we arrived there the Johnnies readily surrendered, so we missed the fun of shooting them. We are now at Faison's Station, and guarding the Railroad.

Mr. Editor: If this little communication finds itself acceptable, I will endeavor to send you another, further enlightening your readers of the career of the 27th U. S. Colored Infantry.

Yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE
27th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

Plaquemine, Louisiana,
March 14th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—*Dear Sir:*—Having a few leisure moments this afternoon, I seat myself to write you a few lines concerning the 11th U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery. We are at the same place doing garrison duty.

Sir, our soldiers are in remarkably good health at present. The battery last summer, became dosed to a low state of health, and we lost by sickness about seventy-five men, including those who were discharged. We are now in good cheer, and were paid off on the 5th of January, receiving $16 a-month, and we are not suffering for any thing, only wishing for the paymaster to come again, and pay us more greenbacks

We are doing a little picket duty, and are drilling when the weather is dry enough; but we have not been in any battles. We had some of our pickets captured, and taken away and brutally killed. We do not get many papers to inform us of the transaction, but we sometimes receive some of the valuable papers which inform us of the battles that are won on our side, and when we can be successful enough to receive them it is with great happiness

At times we have most glorious meetings, and it is a sight to see the large congregation of soldiers that take a part in the worship of God, and I am furthermore happy to tell you about the Sabbath school that we have established in Plaquemine, and also the day-school. It is progressing very rapidly, and you can see the little children are taking a good interest in it

I am unable to state to you how many there are in Plaquemine that are partakers of the school, but they are a pretty large number and the soldiers take great pains in trying to cultivate their minds as much as possible; so you see Mr. Editor, the 2nd Batt. is doing something for the benefit of our race

We have had marching orders for the last five months, but they are countermanded, as there is a possibility of our staying here until the expiration of our time They say we are too wide awake for them. We have about three hundred cavalry with us, and have one and sometimes two pieces standing ready to fire at a moment's notice

We have had the colored U. S Engineer Corps with us, and they have been called away, though we have enough remaining to hold the town

Sir, I have nothing more at present to inform you. Will you please leave a vacant place in your valuable paper for these lines, so that the people may see what the 2d Battalion is doing for its race? Your obed't. servant,

Private FRANKLIN TAYLOR,
Co. E 2d Batt. 11th U. S. H. A

I have a Father—to me he has given
A hope for eternity, precious and true;
And soon will my spirit be with him in heaven,
But oh! that He'd let me bring you with me too!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Crown—and I'll wear it forever,
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
But oh! could I know one was purchased for you
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM OUR INDIANA CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Since my last correspondence many and strange are the events that have transpired. The nation mourns the loss of her Chief Magistrate, and the hope of our people is again stricken down. Many and heartfelt were the exclamations of sorrow uttered by our people at the loss of so good and great a man. But it is not my purpose to attempt a eulogy on the worth and greatness of the illustrious dead. Many and abler hands and tongues will perform that sad duty, and your paper will doubtless teem with pæans of praise for the Nation's Patriot.

I have something to tell you concerning the late celebration in our city over the surrender of General Lee and his forces, and over, as was thought, the near approach of peace. Last Friday, the 14th inst., was the day fixed upon for the occasion, and the evening paper called earnestly and eloquently upon the citizens to lay aside their usual avocations, and join in the great demonstration, ending a flaming editorial with the following words, "*All are invited.*" Friday came, and a beautiful day it was. The early morning air was filled with strains of martial music. Guns, large and small, sent forth their startling notes, while hundreds of citizens in their holiday attire were to be seen winding their way to the public square to witness the formation of the grand procession. I could refrain no longer, and catching the inspiration of the masses, I seized my hat, and at the risk, as some thought, of a broken head, I was about to start out to see the sight, thinking, however, that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' and knowing that a gentleman is not half so apt to be insulted in a crowd if he has a respectable lady with him, I prevailed upon my land-lady to accompany me, so away we went. By this time the procession was moving. The streets were a living mass of people, all joyful and happy. What was our surprise on beholding the procession, to see in it, the dusky forms of nearly one hundred colored soldiers with their guns and bayonets gleaming in the sun, and one of their number carrying the American Flag! And all this in Albany.—The white soldiers in front seeming from their looks to think it all right. Next the colored soldiers, then the various secret and benevolent societies, in their rich and splendid regalias, the Sabbath schools and a large crowd of citizens. Some looked upon it as rather a "dark transaction," and it is said that Colonel Fry had some hard things said about him for making the arrangement, but thank God he is one of the gallant few, who believe that the soldier who fights for his country should be allowed to participate in the glorious results. Long live Colonel Fry, I say, and may he still enjoy the love and respect of the friends of freedom every where. I must confess I was surprised myself, and for awhile I could hardly realize I was in the same city, where only a few months ago, the colored people were mobbed and persecuted indiscriminately, and even now are insulted at every opportunity. I am informed the colored people were invited to join the procession in Cincinnati and Chicago, and I understand they were not molested. It was not so in Columbus, Ohio. The committee, on the part of the whites, met the committee appointed by the colored people, or rather the colored people's committee waited upon the white committee to know if they might participate with them, and were refused.

Thus it is, Mr. Editor, the world does move, sometimes in a right, sometimes in a wrong direction. When will it move right?

Yours, M.

New Albany, Ind., April 17th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE TIMES.

When we sit down for a few moments and think of the change that has taken place inside of five years, we can hardly realize it. Oh! what a change! O, how happy I feel when I think that God in his mercy has heard the prayers of his servants and has come down to deliver them; and while thinking about these things, I will ask, Shall colored people ever have the same right of suffrage as all others have? will they be respected as all others are? And, while writing, my mind rests on the sixth verse of the first chapter of the Song of Solomon.

"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me: they made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Although Solomon was singing or speaking of the Church at that time, we can apply it to our condition It is true we have had a great deal less to contend with in the North than they in the South We have not been obliged to suffer the pain inflicted with the whip by the cruel slave driver, nor to toil hard from sunrise to sunset with fear, lest if trying to get free we should be pursued with ferocious blood-hounds, which would bring a man to the earth, and there hold him till released by the master, only to suffer with excruciating pain worse than death. How often has this been the case!—And we hear white men say, and very frequently too, that negroes are better off as slaves. We would say to these persons, taste and see. There is nothing that God has created and that has life that loves any thing more than freedom, even the smallest ant. Some persons say that we have too much prejudice to enjoy equal rights. I deny it, and if we have so much prejudice to originated in slavery and was almost ground in the hearts of the slaves by their cruel masters, and, although, there is too much of it among us as a people, yet there is not so much that it cannot be wiped away by knowledge and understanding, and if those who know better will only take the mote out of their own eye, then they can clearly see how to take it out of their brother's eye.

And we rejoice that the day of Christianity is dawning, yea, now we see the glorious sun of knowledge and understanding rising with healing in her wings, and the dark clouds of ignorance and prejudice are passing away, and the bright clouds of wisdom and understanding shall take their places.

Solomon, in speaking of understanding, says "a wise man will hear and increase in learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels. (Pro. 1: 5.) And again, in the 3d chapter and 14th verse; "For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Let us compare the difference between the present day and that of a few years ago. Then southern laws prohibited colored people from learning. They were not allowed to have a book, and if one who had a better chance to learn any thing in a book, learned it, he was compelled to conceal the truth. Ah! see how different it is now. There are teachers who have been praying for this day to come, instructing the ignorant, giving eyes to the blind, as it were, and healing the sick by God's assistance. And let me ask if this be not a step or two on the stairs of equal rights. Yes, I think the day will come, and that soon, when we, as a people, shall have our rights respected, and shall serve God under our own vine and fig tree. A.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE 32D U. S. C. T.

North Edisto Island, S. C., April 1st, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, if you please, a small space in your very valuable paper to say something in regard to the 32d U. S. C. T. A part of our regiment is at the present time doing duty in the city of Charleston, and the other part, which is only two companies, A and E, is on this island doing the duties required.

Our regiment left Camp William Penn about one year ago, on the 23d of April. We shipped on board the steamer Continental at Vine Street Wharf. Never shall I forget that day. Many a brave heart was melted to tears, on leaving his dearest friends behind, perhaps never more to see them

After four days' sailing we landed at Hilton Head, S. C., and in this department we are still doing the duties of soldiers When we first came to this department our regiment was styled the *conscript*, but our fighting qualities had not been tested. After being here 5 months we were called into action, where the 32d proved as brave as any other regiment in the brigade.—Our first fight was at Honey Hill, our second at Devoe's neck, where many a brave man fell, nevermore to rise. Here the Cos. A and D suffered; their ranks were thinned by the enemy's fire.

And here we learned to endure cold and hunger on the battle-fields of South Carolina. But, notwithstanding all hardships, Providence has spared a goodly number of us to live.

Since that time we have been on James Island, where our regiment made a charge on a battery, and was successful in the undertaking. We have been on several islands of some note, more or less.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given you a small sketch of our soldiering and fighting since we left Camp Penn

I cannot tell how soon we may have to go in another engagement to sustain the old flag. I hope the day may soon come when the Stars and Stripes may wave over our once peaceful country, giving freedom to all mankind, of every clime and kindred.

I must close by saying that the 32d still lives and moves, and has its place among the other numbers. The health of the men, generally speaking, is good. The work is still progressing I add no more

Yours, respectfully,

T. B. C., Corporal,
Co. E, 32d U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE OHIO CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Through the mercies of our common Father, we have been permitted to meet our itinerating Brethren, composing the Ohio Conference. This is the thirty-fifth session of Ohio Annual Conference, and there is only one brother who was in the organization that now composes this Conference, and that is brother Lewis Woodson, who is truly a strong man. He is one of the old men that keep up with the age. What pleasant emotions arise in the bosom of the ministers, at the end of the Conference year, when he can cordially take each brother by the hand. It is here we speak of our efforts on our various fields that we have labored in the last year. We love to inquire after our brethren and sisters, whom we have not seen for many years, how it cheers one to know that brother B. and sister L. are still fighting the battles of the Lord. It has only been eighteen years since we came to the West and cast our lot among these brethren. In looking over the Conference, I find that I am the oldest minister (except E. Davis) who has consecutively been found at his post. When the roll had been called, we had some twenty-six members composing this Conference, and nearly all have joined the itineracy in the last fifteen years. The question may be asked, where are our old ministers? Many of them are dead, or are gone to reap their reward. Several have been transferred, or are not in active service, among which are the Rev. A. R Green, Father Peter Coleman, and Jeremiah Thomas We must conclude, from the ages of those who now compose the Conference, that few, if any, will be alive in the next 18 years, and how soon will that time come. How impressive is the thought! God grant we may be found faithfully discharging our duties.

The Ohio Conference is certainly on the advance. We have more than five thousand members. Many precious souls have been added this year, The work is still going on gloriously. All the ministers seem to be well cared for. Few of the stations and circuits are paying their ministers less than five or six hundred dollars, some eight hundred. The people are determined, in this district, that the ministry shall be sustained. I have had a small charge in Cleveland, only one hundred and fifteen members, and they have paid nearly six hundred dollars, and also given their pastor a donation of one hundred and fifty dollars.

I cannot describe the scene that followed the announcement of our President's death. It beggars all description, men weeping like children. We had not recovered before it was announced that Wilberforce was in ashes, then came the painful intelligence that brother Tibbs had a paralytic stroke, one of our most efficient ministers. It was truly a sad time. There never was such an hour in the history of our Church. God grant we may never see the like again.

JOHN A. WARREN.

THE tongue and the heart are only a span apart.

For the Christian Recorder

LETTERS FROM BEAUFORT, S. C.

No 2

MR. EDITOR:—Sweet Spring has come at last Vegetation is looking charming. Flowers are in great abundance here. The small shrubbery with the large live oak trees decks nature with beauty, grandeur and sublimity. Many hearts here are buoyant with hope for the future. The aspirations of rice and cotton-growers run high

I promised you in my last, that when I wrote again, I would speak more particularly respecting the moral, social and religious condition of the freedmen. I will, for the information of your readers, or those of them who would like to know, say, that the suffering of this people is greatly mitigated. The atmosphere of spring is more congenial to the life, vigor, health and comfort of the indigent, and especially to those of whom I am about to speak. Many of them, as you are aware, come here bare-headed and bare-footed, and otherwise clothed only with rags and tattered garments. I cannot, however, speak of them as possessing a whole garment; one fourth of the number which come here, may here. They are compelled by military force, because of their overwhelming number, to be dispersed upon the different islands adjacent to this, but the majority of them go to Edisto; a beautiful and fertile little island, about sixty miles from this place, and well adapted to the raising of rice and cotton: this island is given wholly to the freedmen. This appropriation was made by the General Government, through the exertion of General Saxton's military influence General Saxton has, in time past, shown himself a true friend to this race, and we hope therefore, that this appropriation was made with a view to the best interests of this people. The fame of the General is high in the estimation of the colored people, as one on whom they can firmly rely.

Large numbers continue to come here from the mainland of South Carolina, but they are not so destitute as those who come from Georgia Our schools are not doing very well; they have not yet fully recovered from the check they met with at the time of the passing of Sherman's army

The busy season of the year has come, when every judicious man must, and will, prepare for the future. Hence, every thing now is astir to accomplish that important end Nevertheless, they are anxious for learning, children and adults both seem to be famishing for knowledge. The children go to school, and many of the adults take lessons to their homes and learn them whenever they get an opportunity Their success in acquiring the common rudiments of education, depends upon the fidelity and faithfulness of teachers. If the necessary attention be paid, the result will be in almost every case a rapid improvement. Since those islands have been in the possession of the Union army, hundreds and perhaps thousands have learned to read; a privilege which they nor their ancestors never enjoyed before, they also have the privilege of sitting under a more faithful ministry than formerly; and hearing from the sacred pages those noble and sublime truths expounded, which make us wise, virtuous and happy. The sabbath school, too, is open to them, from which they can draw an incalculable amount of useful knowledge. These are golden privileges, and are inevitably working a glorious change upon their minds and manners. The influences with which they are at present surrounded wake up their sensibilities, and cause them to think, and to act, so that they may raise themselves to a standard of higher excellency. Some of their old habits in which they used to indulge without the least hesitation, are now considered highly culpable, and in many cases meet a stern rebuke. Matrimony is now looked upon as a matter of great importance. The sacredness of this institution is, to a considerable extent, regarded with respect. To make life honorable therefore, they now get married. Thus we see them coming slowly but surely, into what is virtuous, honorable and noble. This strong moral tendency wherever it is found gives brilliancy and efficacy to religion. By adhering to the first principles, they are better able to understand the obligations of the latter. In addition to these moral and religious influences, they have also here in Beaufort, two Associations, both of which have a social bearing in the community. One of these associations is composed of a number of soldiers, who in order to save their means, put them into a general fund With this capital, they have already commenced, in a small way, a mercantile business: things are now in active operation. By assiduity and with the attention necessary to that branch of business, no doubt this association will rise in time to very great importance. Brother Long, who is a public speaker in the Methodist Church, and a man of great merit, is the President: he is now corporal is one of the regiments in the Union Army. Brother Wm. Steward, a local preacher, and a man of great merit, is the Secretary. Brother Steward also acts as clerk in the store. I called in the store the other day, and found him comfortably seated behind the desk, with pen and book in hand. How different, thought I to myself, is this to your former state of slavery. The place, inside and out, I am glad to say, has quite a business like appearance. Mr. Steward is a young man, possessed with a mind susceptible of high literary attainments, and will doubtless in a few years make a favorable mark in the world He is happily possessed with proper moral and religious sentiments: he also has clear perceptive powers, apprehensive, quick, general habits good and virtuous. With these qualities he goes to work to earn a livelihood, and thus establish himself as a Christian and a freeman

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr Lynch for his indefatigable labors in the southern mission, not stopping to listen to the encouragements of men, as he is looked upon with respect. He has had a strict eye to the extension of connection, and also to the welfare of the colored people. It is not worth while for me to illustrate his integrity, as he tells his own story We trust therefore that his works will "praise him in the gates."

Sunday, the second of April, we were a little startled early in the morning, to hear that Bro. Weaver was then in Beaufort, and would be at Bro. Steward's in a few minutes. So accordingly, in a few minutes we saw him. Arrangements were made for him to preach, so we with many others had the pleasure of hearing him twice that day At the Baptist Church in the afternoon, and in the evening at the Methodist Church, each congregation seemed to be greatly built up, and encouraged to persevere in well doing. On Monday we were no less surprised to hear that Major Delany had arrived, thus we had two distinguished northerners in this place at the same time. Major Delany spoke to a large audience on Friday evening, and gave great satisfaction to his hearers

Respectfully yours,

Beaufort, April 12th, 1865 MARY STILL.

For the Christian Recorder

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS

CHAPTER X.

Richard in New Orleans.

Soon after Richard's arrival in New Orleans he wended his way home. It was late in the afternoon Colonel Tracy was seated on the veranda, reading, when Richard came up. "Good afternoon, father," he said, cheerfully, extending his hand at the same time.

Colonel Tracy took no notice of the proffered hand, but exclaimed, angrily, "So sir, you have come to insult me with your presence! But follow me to the library, I wish not to quarrel with you here!"

Richard followed the choleric old gentleman, as requested, into the library. Colonel Tracy closed and locked the door, to secure them from intrusion; then confronting his son, with threatening mien, said: "Now, sir, give an account of your proceedings; I want no evasion whatever, but a clear and concise statement of facts."

Richard related all that had transpired, from his first acquaintance with Lina to the present time. His betrothal on the Alhambra—the scene at the dinner table, after Colonel Tracy's return from the plantation. Manville's purchase of the slave girl Lina, which was only a ruse, as Manville merely acted for his friend. The departure of the trio for the north, the quiet bridal at the little New England parsonage, Alfred Hays' departure, the purchase of Rose Cottage, and subsequent experiences for the Colonel's benefit, in his usual characteristic manner

The Colonel's rage was without bounds, and he wrathfully exclaimed, "Oh! that a son of mine should thus disgrace himself and family, as to marry a negress—a slave—the illegitimate offspring of a spendthrift, a drunkard, and a libertine; a being sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to be unworthy the name of a man. It's awful! 'tis abominable! Fool, that you are, to allow yourself to be thus entrapped by a pretty face; and, no doubt, by this time you have wearied of your toy. If you have, it will be well, for as you are under age, your marriage is illegal, and, with the assistance of a trusty lawyer, its validity may be annulled. You can visit Europe a year or two, until the memory of this disgraceful affair has died out. I will settle an annuity on your ——" he could not add the word *wife*, it would have choked him, so he corrected himself by saying, "on the girl, which will be sufficient to support her decently; and that is much better than she deserves, the artful wench, to palm herself off for a lady. Our society is getting into a pretty state, when the sons of the best families stoop to marry their fathers' slaves You have imbibed the pernicious sentiments of northern demagogues until they have enconpassed your ruin. What is to become of our institution, if we take our slaves upon an equality with ourselves? What slave on the plantation would properly respect you as their master, while they knew your wife was a negro slave—yes, worse than a slave? But to return to the point in question, will you renounce that girl? The way is perfectly clear, and the desired result may be arrived at with little difficulty. Of course it will cause some commotion in the 'upper circles,' and give your name an unpleasant notoriety for a season, but in the course of time that will wear away. As I said before, visit Europe a year or two, and when you return there is not a genteel lady in New Orleans that would not accept your hand and fortune"

Colonel Tracy stopped abruptly, and turned to his son, who sat erect, with livid face and flashing eyes, and with an air of such resolute determination, that he felt very uncertain as to the impression produced by his reasoning, and he imperatively asked: "Well, sir, what is your decision?"

Richard possessed extraordinary power of self control, and replied, in those calm, measured tones, which always give such an advantage in an exciting discussion, and voluntarily win the respect of an opponent, "Father, as much as I love and respect you, I cannot accede to a proposal that would so deeply involve my honor and integrity. I cannot forsake my wife. I did not win Lina's affections to basely deceive her, nor did I marry her to cruelly desert her. I would submit to any fate rather than become a party to such a degrading proceeding. I see no honorable avenue of escape, if I desired one; and I earnestly assure you I do not Those pernicious sentiments, as you are pleased to term them, which I have imbibed at the north only teach me to respect the rights of my fellow-citizens. Lina is not responsible for her unfortunate birth and surroundings. She is pure, refined and good, has been educated far from the contaminating influence which southern society exerts over its followers. All else I can well overlook. I would not own a slave if I possessed the wealth of a Crœsus. The institution of slavery is of itself accursed, and will yet prove the fatal Nemesis of the South, for do not think that a just God will allow any people so deeply wronged to go unavenged."

Colonel Tracy sat speechless with rage and astonishment, while Richard was speaking, and when he had finished he rose from his chair and confronting his son said: "Richard, if you persist in carrying out this unexampled piece of folly, I shall disinherit you. Not a penny of mine shall go to you or yours, and my doors shall ever be closed against you. Your mother and brother shall never acknowledge you as son and brother, and your name shall be as that of one who has slept a century in his tomb, unmourned for and forgotten; so you can make your choice: you know the conditions."

"I cannot forsake my wife," was the firm unfaltering reply "Your judgment is severe and—perhaps it is just, but I will abide by it without murmuring"

"You dare to defy me!" yelled the Colonel, his face black with rage. "But I will conquer you yet! For I will see you die at my feet before you shall return to the arms of that accursed wife! Yes, I will kill you, and suffer hanging for it!" and drawing a pistol from his pocket took deliberate aim and fired

Richard, having risen from his chair, exclaimed: "Father, would you murder your own son!" and fell heavily to the floor, writhing in his own blood, the ball having entered his right side.

Hurrying feet were heard traversing the wide halls—the door was burst open, and Mrs. Tracy rushed into the library, closely followed by Manville, who had just returned, and hearing of Richard's arrival, had come direct to Colonel Tracy's, while groups of frightened negroes crowded the door and thronged the hall, presenting a weird scene, as the twilight shadows were now gathering.

Nellie Tracy gazed from the insensible form of her son to her husband, exclaiming, "Frank, O! Frank! may God forgive you! You have killed my child!" and then sunk fainting to the floor.

Colonel Tracy stood gazing upon the forms of his wife and son, with wild, glaring eyes. Manville alone possessed some presence of mind. He directed the negroes to take charge of their mistress, while he turned his attention to Colonel Tracy. "Come, my friend," he said, attempting to lead him from the library.

"Manville, I am perfectly sane; I know what I have done Take that boy away, any where, out of my sight and hearing, for I care not whether he lives or dies."

Manville knew that the Colonel was in earnest, so he hailed a passing hack, and, with the assistance of the driver and several of the slaves, the wounded man was carefully placed in it, and driven slowly to a quiet private boarding-house, in a retired part of the city, while others were dispatched in quest of medical aid.

It would be impossible to attempt a description of Colonel Tracy's feelings. Indignation against Richard, and apprehension for his delicate wife, were the predominant workings of his soul. Mrs. Tracy was indeed in a critical state, and well might her passionate husband tremble for her safety. Through the long watches of the night great was the anxiety of that wretched man, for the life of his loved one hung, as it were, by a thread.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW WILL THE NEGRO VOTE?

He will vote as he has fought.

At the time when the question of arming the colored men was first agitated, the enemies of our race said that the black soldier would not fight; and some of the indifferent lookers on, and even some from among the Union friends, predicted that the freedmen would not dare to use his musket against his former master.

The opinions on both sides of the question were wrong, and the man who took, at that time, a more sensible view of the question, displayed more logic and less arguments. Not only self-preservation, but self-promotion also, are the natural instincts of our nature. We are seeking the best result through the best means. And although we do not always discover at once all the bright prospects of the future, we instinctively feel a repulsion for present wrongs and oppression

There was, therefore, not the slightest apprehension entertained as to how the colored soldier would fight. And now there is not the slightest doubt how the Confederate colored volunteer will use his musket. The rebels will have to put under a strong guard their black regiments, or they will never be able to march them against their brethren. They will have to send them to some lonesome point, far from the real scene of war, unless they consent furnishing new recruits, equipped, armed and drilled by Confederate efforts for the Federal army, and to fight the battle of Liberty and Union

There is no mistake that the colored man *did* fight. Had the first experiment of this kind been a failure, we would not witness to-day over one hundred and fifty regiments of color, marching on toward Richmond and displaying their dark columns on the several battle-fields. The colored man has fought; he has faced his former master; and in more than one instance he has defeated the Southern "Chevaliers," and has brought them crest fallen and hand-cuffed to the rear, to be sent North as prisoners. In Florida, in South Carolina, and elsewhere, the contempt which the rebels felt at first for the black regiments, is now changed into a sense of dread and respect

But still, some persons seem to be afraid that the colored man will not handle the ballot as well as he handles the gun. They affect to fear that the colored masses are a blind instrument, to be thrown into the hands of their former masters. They go so far as to prophesy that the "negro vote," as they call it, will be essentially disloyal, and rebel in its tendencies.

To that misconceived assumption, the whole history of the war most victoriously answers. Has any population been more steadfast, more constant and firmer in their policy, than the colored masses of the South? The Union cause having been welded to the cause of Freedom, the slaves and the oppressed had no different option to make. They were unionists out of necessity; they were and still are loyal to the Republic, because the life of the Republic is the very thing wherein their liberties, their welfare and their hopes are at stake. They all understand it, and they all act upon it.

Suppose, then, that they be armed with the ballot. This is only another weapon put in their hands to fight the same battle—in fact their own battle, the fight for individual freedom and social progress. Can we admit that the same masses are, at one and the same time, two different ways? No; if they use the musket against traitors, they will not, at the same moment, use the ballot against their own friends. The black regiments will never cast their votes for a rebel sympathiser; the freedmen of the plantations will never choose, to rule over them, a cruel master or a brutal overseer. Even at the close of the war, a colored soldier, returned to agricultural pursuits and still fresh from the battle-field, will not write upon his ballot the name of a pardoned Confederate leader.

Let us, therefore, dismiss this inconsiderate objection. And let us answer the question as we did at the head of this article: the colored man will vote as he has fought.—*N. O. Tribune.*

Lord Jesus, who, our souls to save,
Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
And here to live as seems Thee best.

Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That thou hast put based with thy death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face

O Lamb of God, who once wast slain,
We thank thee for that bitter pain.
Let us partake thy death, that we
May enter into Life with thee

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 29, 1865.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Continuation of a Notable Incidents connected with the Editor's Visit to the South

Our readers will remember that we allowed our ink to dry, last week, at Zion Church, Charleston, South Carolina. So, without unnecessary preliminaries, we shall now take up the thread of our narrative.

Monday, the 28th of March, still found us in Charleston. The Bishop, Brother Lynch and ourself called upon Rev T W Lewis, a missionary, sent to the South by the M. E. Church. We had a long interview with this gentleman in relation to things and matters in general. Mr. Lewis seems to think that Brother Lynch, who was delegated as a missionary of the A. M. E. Church, should not interfere with any of the colored people whom he had succeeded in getting into the M. E. Church. Brother Lynch did not see the force of the argument. He claimed that his course was perfectly justifiable, as he had the welfare of his colored brethren in view. Brother Lewis thinks that the colored Methodists should all belong to one church and congregation, in common with the whites, and no distinction as to color made. We think so too, provided the M. E. Church is willing to place our colored ministers on a level with her own. That is, in other words and more general terms, to admit our clergymen to her Annual and General Conferences, and allow them to preach in their churches and pulpits, and to receive appointments at the hands of the same Bishop, at one and the same time. In a spirit of good-will and friendship, we would say to Brother Lewis that we do not think the M. E. Church, as a body, is at all prepared for such an order of things. If we are mistaken, they will please announce the fact to us. We will not stand in their way.

Not for a moment would we be so ungenerous as to doubt that Brother Lewis and the noble State from which he hails (Massachusetts) is ready to enter into full fellowship with all their Methodist brethren. But it must also be remembered that it will take a long time for the entire Methodist churches to become like those of the unswervingly loyal Old Bay State. Hence we claim that the A. M. E. Church should have all colored Methodists, in order that she could give them an opportunity of learning some kind of business tact and education, both in Church and State.

We think that Brother Lewis is a good man, and means just what he says, and would gladly have all things done right, were it in his power. But he must also acknowledge, from the state of things at present, that he has the white Methodist to meet in one church, and the colored one in another.

At night there was a public meeting held in the Zion Church, in behalf of the Recorder, which was well attended, and resulted in much good. The Bishop, Brother Lewis, Bro. Lynch and ourself were all present upon the said occasion.

We made a few remarks to the assembled audience. When we had concluded our harangue in reference to the paper, many came forward and subscribed. When the meeting closed, we felt that the good people of Zion were not backward at the call of duty.

We regret to announce to our readers that, as we have been attending the Ohio Conference, we can find time to give but a very short account of our travels this week.

(To be continued.)

THE OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The 33d Annual Conference met on Saturday, April 15, 1865, at 9 o'clock, in Delaware, Ohio, Bishop Quinn presiding. The Bishop opened the Conference by singing, prayer, and reading a portion of the word of God

By motion, Rev Samuel Watts was elected Secretary of Conference. The roll of members was then called.

By motion, the hour of meeting was fixed at 9 o'clock, A. M., and adjournment at 12 o'clock M.; afternoon session, to meet at 2 and adjourn at 4 o'clock, P. M Some other little matters were attended to

By motion, the Bishop appointed the following committees:

Three on Orders, three on Finance, three on Missions, three on Petitions and Memorials, etc., etc.

About one o'clock the sad intelligence fell like a pall upon the Conference that the President of the United States had been assassinated by one of the Southern "chivalry,"—one of those miserable poltroons who possess not real courage enough to OPENLY attack a cat.

The direful news threw a deep shadow of gloom and sorrow over the entire Conference. Scarcely had the first shock subsided, ere the intelligence reached us that Wilberforce University had been fired by some wicked and heartless scoundrel, and reduced to ashes.

Such an overwhelming tide of misfortune, as a matter of course, nearly paralyzed the members of Conference—so much so, that Rev Jas. A. Warren offered the following resolution for their approval.

"Resolved, That in view of the great calamity which has befallen the nation, we, the members of this Conference, adjourn."

The resolution was adopted.

The Conference, in view of the loss of Wilberforce, appointed a committee to look after its effects, or what remained of them. Revs. J. Shorter and Edward D. Davis composed the said committee.

Conference then adjourned, to meet on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock.

We arrived in Delaware on Saturday night, at 9 o'clock. We were conveyed by the omnibus to the house of Mr. and Mrs Merritt, where we found Bishop Quinn and Brother Graham, the pastor in charge. There is a sort of fraternal feeling extant in Delaware that we do not always find manifested among our white brethren generally. Such men as Professor Merritt, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and Rev. Mr. Shafer, formerly a presiding elder, do honor to the place. These Christian people, in many instances, were eager to accommodate our brethren. On Sabbath the white churches were principally thrown open for our ministers to preach therein The world moves!

Delaware is a small place, but it sustains the Conference nobly.

Monday Morning, Ap. 17.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the chair.

The Conference was opened with singing and prayer, and reading by E. Weaver. It then proceeded to the hearing of financial reports, and other matters.

Conference, then adjourned, to meet at two o'clock, P. M.

2 o'clock, P. M.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp Quinn in the chair.

After attending to the unfinished business, the Bishop proceeded to the examination of the brethren, most of whom passed with an unblemished character. Financial matters were next disposed of.

The hour of adjournment having now arrived, Conference was dismissed, with singing and the benediction.

Tuesday Morning, Ap. 18

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the chair Conference was opened with singing and prayer, and reading a portion of Scripture.

The Minutes were read and approved. The Bishop then suggested that Brothers Shorter and Davis, who had been appointed as a committee to go to Wilberforce, should report to the Conference.

Brother Davis then arose and gave a very lucid statement of the unfortunate affair. The building was discovered on fire: alarm was given, and every effort made to quell the flames, but in vain. Every available article was then removed, the people in the vicinity doing a noble part. Thus the valuable Library was saved entire; and Brothers Shorter and Davis made arrangements for the school for the present We hope that the friends of literature will send in contributions to aid in the rebuilding of our cherished University.

The report was very satisfactory

A complaint was made against one of the brethren for having admitted a person who had been expelled from our Church by the elder in charge before his appointment This person had been reinstated without making sufficient reparation, and without humiliation, and while he or she was yet at variance with the brethren, and not having settled the matter previously in a proper manner

Conference at once decided that no expelled member could be again admitted into communion until he or she had made full and satisfactory reparation to the Church

Professor Merrit, of Wesleyan University, sent in an invitation for the members of Conference to visit the said Institution, which was accepted, and thanks tendered in return. Thursday was set apart as the day for visiting the Library.

Rev. J. J. Underwood offered a resolution to establish a missionary society, and that the Bp appoint a minister for the same

The hour of adjournment having arrived, the question was laid over for to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock.

Wednesday Morning, Ap. 19.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the chair The Minutes were read and approved. The Conference proceeded to unfinished business.

The missionary resolution was discussed at some length, when we called attention to the parent society, located at Baltimore, Md., reference to which is made in our Book of Discipline, which turned the counsel of our brethren, and they resolved to organize an auxiliary, &c., for that purpose.

It was now half-past 11 o'clock. The Conference had received an invitation to meet at that hour with the ministers and citizens of Delaware in a Hall, where divine services were held The invitation was accepted, and we all marched in solid phalanx to the Hall, and took part in the melancholy duty of mourning the loss of our President

At 2 o'clock Conference met, and proceeded to the regular business. We also made a report of the operations of the Book Concern, which was received very cordially.

The evening was set apart for us to preach and lay the claims of the Book Concern before the people, which resulted in our getting some subscribers: and the Conference and congregation presented us with $25, to aid in sending the Recorder to the colored troops

After the services, we bid them farewell as we expected to start at 5 o'clock on Thursday, to meet the Baltimore Conference, which we finally did

THE BLACK LAWS.

The following are the resolutions spoken of in our last. They were crowded out for want of space. They should have appeared with the "Cairo Correspondence"

THE BLACK LAWS

A meeting of the colored citizens of Cairo, was held at their church, on Thursday evening, March 23d, 1865, to consider their interests in reference to one of the results of the "repeal" of the "Black Laws" of Illinois

The meeting was organized by appointing John J Bird Chairman, and H. O Wagoner, Secretary. The object of the meeting was stated by the Chairman and Secretary, and after a general interchange of ideas and sentiments, Mr J R. Thompson moved that a committee of three be appointed to have the proceedings of the meeting published in the Cairo papers. H. O Wagoner, Geo Williams, and Wm. Price, were appointed said committee. The committee reported as follows.

WHEREAS, In consequence of the refusal to admit the oath of a colored man to sue out a warrant against a white man, we have been led to inquire into the matter, to ascertain whether, in the repeal of the "Black Laws" of Illinois, colored men have been allowed to testify, under oath, in cases where the white man is a party or parties; and

WHEREAS, O. H. Wagoner took it upon himself to write to the Secretary of State, to ascertain the facts in the case; and having received an affirmative answer; we therefore

Resolve, That this meeting authorize the committee to have the letter of the Secretary of State published, with the proceedings of this meeting, for the information and benefit of all parties concerned

The following is the letter referred to in the resolution.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
SPRINGFIELD, March 20, 1865.

To H. O Wagoner, Esq., Cairo.

DEAR SIR:—Your inquiry concerning the act abolishing "Black Laws" is before me. The act is short, and, in my judgment gives the negro the right to testify under oath.

It simply repeals section 10, division 3, chapter 30, the whole of chapter 74, and section 23 chapter 40, revised statutes; also, repeals all laws concerning the immigration of negroes

Very respectfully, your obedient servant
SHARON TYNDALE
Secretary of State

THE tongue is the heart's interpreter

A CORRECTION

In our report of the dedication of the A M E Church, at Plymouth, we notice an error of the types The church cost six hundred dollars, and not six thousand, as we were made to say.

THE NEW ENGLAND MISSIONARY.

We learn from Rev. Wm Johnson, of Portland, that the grand festival lately held in that city, in aid of the above named paper, realized the sum of $95 40, which was immediately paid over to the proper authorities. The committee in charge of the festival was composed of the most prominent Christian ladies in the city, among whom we may mention Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bush, Mrs Butler, Mrs Benjamin, and others.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Jacksonville, Ill., Rev. E. C. Joiner, for books, $4 10; Dorstown, N. J., Rev. R. Barney, for Leah A. Spenter, 2 50; Yorktown, N. J., Rev. R. Barney, for H. Johnson and E. Williams, each 2.50; Indianapolis, Ind., Rev. Dr. Revels, for books, 27.70; for Mrs. Campbell 32; for E. Hinton 2 50; Huntington, N Y., Mr Van Horne, for J. Smith, 1.25; do. do., G. A. Mills, for Miss F. J. Stokely, 1 50; Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. S H Thompson, for self, 6 40, for Eliza Kelly, 3; Newport, R. I., Rev. E. T. Williams, for Mrs D. E. Hawkins, 2 50, for Mrs. Palmer, 1.25; Harrisburg, Pa., Mrs. J. Spence, 2.50; Goldsboro', N. C., Chaplain Hunter, for W. Burnett and A. Finch, each 2.50; Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. E. J. Taylor, for Miss M. L. Waring, 2 50; Bloomington, Ill., Rev. W. S. Lankford, for A. Army and S. Willets, each 2.50.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

Most of our readers are probably aware of of the sad blow suffered by the A M E Church in the destruction, by fire, of the Wilberforce University. After great exertion arrangements had been made to liquidate the only remaining debt against the Institution, but, the destroyer has laid in ruins the pride and hope of the A. M E Church, just as its benefits and usefulness were beginning to be fairly felt. We shall say more on this subject in another issue.

HOW A MINISTER IS TREATED IN BOSTON.

In our paper of April 15th, there appeared an article under the above caption. Since its publication we have received several communications, from different sources, denouncing the the article and its writer in the loudest terms After a second perusal of said article, and carefully reading the statements of two or three of those who have sent us replies thereto, and which appear quite logical, we decline publishing any thing more on the subject just at present. We never meant to encourage strife or contention among our already separated people, and cannot consent to do it now. Brother Rue has, so far, kept quiet on the question at issue, but we shall probably hear from him soon, when we hope all be satisfied as to "how they treat a minister in Boston."

THE MISSIONARY MESSENGER.

We have received the first number of the above named paper, which promises to be a successful journal It is edited by Rev Josephus O'Banyoun, and, as we learn from its prospectus, is published in accordance with a resolution passed at the last session of the General Conference of the B. M. E Church. We have no doubt but that the Messenger will supply a want long felt in Canada West. It will be issued monthly; the price, 75 cents per annum, places it within the reach of every one. We shall always welcome its appearance on our table

PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

We hope all the brethren belonging to the Philadelphia Annual Conference will carefully observe the notice of Bishop Wayman, which appears in this week's paper. The Conference is announced to convene on the 13th of May.

BISHOP CAMPBELL'S LETTER.

A letter from Bishop Campbell will be found in this number of the Recorder. It will be read with a great deal of satisfaction by his friends We are pleased to learn that he is recovering from the injuries which he received by falling from his sleigh, while crossing the mountains.

For the Christian Recorder

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Glorious news! Richmond has been taken! That city, which we have been striving for so long, and which has been the cause of so much toil, and anguish, and bloodshed, has at last fallen! That city, of which it was the proud boast of the Confederates that it could not be taken; whose fortifications had been pronounced impregnable by their most accomplished engineers; the defences of which, it did seem almost impossible to overcome, has at last been forced to succumb to Yankee authority, by the superior military tactics and masterly genius of our noble, persevering commander, General Grant!

The first notice we had of the evacuation of Richmond, was on Sunday night, April 2d. Early on Monday morning, we were startled by the heavy explosion of what was, apparently, a magazine; but which, afterwards, proved to be their gunboat, that had been floated down the river and destroyed. There was, also, a great light seen, in the direction of the city of Richmond, which led us to suppose there was something more than usual going on. Presently, we heard a succession of heavy reports, which was ascertained to be the exploding of shells in the city

Our brigade was marched out of their works early on Monday morning, and proceeded, uninterruptedly, onwards, until they arrived in the city when they were met by crowds of women and children who looked with wonder and amazement at the vast number of Yankees in their midst: not, as they had been accustomed to seeing them, as prisoners of war, but as conquerors marching to conquest. The retreating rebels had set fire to a large portion of the lower part of the city, along the river, which was still burning when we came in. Large tobacco warehouses, manufactories and stores were completely consumed.

From the appearance of the population, it did not seem that many of the inhabitants had left and almost every individual met with claimed to have been loyal to the government of the United States. The delight of the colored population, in welcoming our troops, can neither be expressed nor described Old men and women, tottering on their canes, would make their way to a Union soldier, catch him by the hand, and exclaim "Thank God! honey that I have lived to see this day! I have been looking, and longing, and praying for you to come; and, thank God, He has heard our prayers, and preserved our lives to see this salvation!" The young people and children manifested their delight in every possible way.

Our regiment is now encamped near Manchester, a small town, on the other side of the river, opposite Richmond. We are doing provost and guard duty. What a commentary this is on the capture of Richmond! It has been the object we have been trying to obtain through four long years of war. During this four years' struggle, what trials, what doubts, what fears, have been passing through the minds of many! How many thousands have been wounded and slain, in striving to obtain this prize! For it, how many wives have been made widows! How many mothers have mourned the loss of favorite sons! How many orphans have wept the loss of beloved fathers! many of whom now lie buried between the banks of the Potomac and the James rivers.

But, have we not cause to rejoice that this proud city, which has been the cause of all this sorrow, anguish, pain and bloodshed, has fallen; and, with her fall, the wicked cause which she represented. When the history of this ungodly rebellion shall be written, nothing will shine brighter on the pages of the historian, than the heroic firmness, endurance and fortitude, of the gallant armies which struggled over the hills and plains of Virginia for the possession of Richmond. Dry up your tears, ye daughters of Columbia, for the end of this unrighteous rebellion draweth nigh!

JOHN C BROCK,
Quarter-Master-Serg. 43d U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAMP WILLIAM PENN.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my first communication appeared in the Recorder, I have been solicited by numerous friends, in and about the camp, and by letters from the army of the Potomac, to continue my notes about Camp Penn, if not intruding too much on your columns, I will do so as opportunity offers.

Sunday, April 9th, was quite an interesting day, being the day of Thanksgiving for our recent victories "Our services were commenced at the usual hour, and after our Chaplain, the Rev. Henry Amstier, had read to the soldiers and congregation the Proclamation issued by Governor Curtin the choir sang, "My country, 'tis of thee," after which, the minister continued his discourse on the atonement, which was listened to with much interest. In the evening, the Rev. B. Fawcett gave us a short but interesting sermon from Hebrews 12: 1, 2; and, after the services, we all retired to rest About midnight, the cry was heard in the camp, that Lee and his whole army had surrendered. You can judge of the feelings among the soldiers, when the distant sound of booming cannon was heard, and the ringing of bells throughout town and country.

Sunday, April 16th, being Easter Sunday, we had an extraordinary sermon by the Rev. Dr. Parvin, from the 28th chapter of Matthew, on the Resurrection, which was delivered in an impressive manner In the course of which, the Doctor compared the death of our Saviour, to the martyrdom of our noble President, and while he was eulogizing the life and death of our beloved President, there seemed to be the greatest sorrow throughout the entire congregation, many eyes being wet with tears, among officers and soldiers.

But, Mr Editor, the most solemn occasion we have witnessed for years, was on Wednesday morning, April 19th. At about half past ten o'clock, the drums beat for the soldiers to fall into ranks, and, after the regiment was drawn up in front of head quarters, Col Wagner, whose heart is in the right place, had the orders of the War Department read to the 24th regiment U. S. colored troops, in reference to the obsequies of our lamented Chief. These were read by Adjutant Mulliken, and listened to with profound respect; after which, the regiment was drawn up in close order, according to military rule. Dr. Parvin, who is an exemplary Christian minister whose works speak for him, then delivered a most heartfelt, impressive, and soul-touching sermon, on the life, sufferings and death, of Abraham Lincoln: he spoke of the many private moments he had spent in the President's society, and how often he had disclosed to him his deep concern for the welfare of his country in this war. He also spoke of one interview, in particular, in which the President wept like a child. "But," said the Doctor, "soldiers, he has gone! You must endeavor to do your duty! God, for some wise purpose, has allowed him to be slain! But, the day is not far distant when there will be, a Moses raised up to conduct you through the sea of sorrow which now surrounds you" He said, also, that the time had now come, when soldiers, white and black, were known only as soldiers, without any distinction, as he had seen it throughout the army. After the sermon, the Doctor concluded with a very solemn prayer to Almighty God, by which every officer and soldier seemed much affected.

There are other interesting incidents occurring just now, about camp Penn, but prudence dictates that this is enough. Yours, &c.,

A. B.
Chelton Hill, Pa.

April 21st, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM OUR WILBERFORCE CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR:—You will have heard, no doubt before this reaches you, of our recent calamity

On Friday last, all was joy. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon and the shouts of the people, all celebrated the downfall of the rebellion. There being a celebration at Xenia, all excepting Miss Matthie, four young ladies, two young men and the cook, attended. Before this, however, I should state, that, at ten o'clock, on that day, the neighbors and students assembled in our chapel, and listened to addresses from Bro. T. H. Jackson, Bro. McGill Pierce, and your freshman, for we have only one, and engaged in singing and prayer to commemorate the recent victories.

By order of our Governor, it was a general holiday throughout the State. After dinner, we left for Xenia. We enjoyed the celebration very much until five o'clock, when the news reached us that our immigrium was on fire. Our joy ceased, and, in its stead was anguish. We hastened home only to see our beautiful building in burning flames. You can better imagine our feelings than we can describe them. The fire was the work of an incendiary. God grant that the person may be found

The library was all the furniture, and many coats of our large chapel, together with doors, blinds and ashes, were saved.

All of the students sustained some loss. Some lost all excepting what they had on some about one half of their property, and others only a few things. The students are now comfortably situated in the cottages The boarding department is again in operation, and matters have been so arranged that our school is in operation, and will continue till commencement.

All, but two of the students, have promised to stand by Wilberforce in this its hour of need. The sacrificing spirit is great, and should arouse our people to action, immediate, earnest action. Under the auspices of the executive committee, agents are already in the field. This is my business in this city. Prepare for us; we are coming; our institution must be immediately rebuilt. Aid us by your donations. Show your manhood, your appreciation of education, your love for the prosperity of the cause of God, by contributing thereto. Amiss us, that, are the ashes be cold, we may begin to lay the foundation of a new building. "the glory of which shall exceed the former house." Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

FRED. R. WAUGH,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

April 20th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR CANADA LETTER.

MR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines to let your numerous readers know how things moved along here in Hamilton, Canada Hamilton is quite a city, and beautifully located on the Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario

There are a large number of colored citizens residing here, who appear to be doing well They have two churches—Methodist and Baptist,—and both seem to be prospering. The B. M. E. Church, situated on Rebecca street, is a fine brick building, and the services there are largely attended. On Sabbath evenings the church is filled to its utmost capacity with both white and colored. The Rev. R. R. Disney, the pastor, is the right man in the right place. I attended their quarterly meeting on last Sabbath, and truly it was good to be there. The Rev. Disney preached the Sacramental discourse from Exodus 12: 9. "Eat not of it raw." To say the least of this gentleman, he is at home in the pulpit. The Methodist connection is in quite a flourishing condition. There has been a general revival throughout all the churches during the past winter. The out-pouring of the Spirit of God has been greatly manifested, and hundreds have been added to the church,—thanks be to the good Lord. May this good work continue

The annual conference of the B. M. E. Church will hold its ninth annual session in St. Catherine's, Ca., commencing on the first Saturday in April, 1865, of which the Right Rev. Willis Nazrey, is Bishop. He is truly qualified for his office. His ability being so well known, nothing more need be said of him in this letter

The weather is very pleasant,—ice and snow have disappeared, the storms have blown over, the trees are putting forth their buds, and the grass shows verdancy. Truly "the winter is past, and the rain is over and gone, the flowers do now appear on the earth, and the time for the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

There has been great rejoicing here over the recent union victories won by the Federal armies, the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, and the surrender of Lee's army. Our prayers to God are for the success of the Federal armies, the abolition of slavery, and the suppression of the rebellion. There are many of our brave boys from Canada, on the battle field, who, by their brave acts, have spoken well for Canada There have been over 44,000 Canadians enlisted in the American armies since the war commenced. We are identified with you in putting down the rebellion Your troubles are ours, your people are our people, your God is our God, and where you are buried, there we want to be buried. So we are one in the great work. Our people here seem to be quite earnestly engaged, and anxious to bring about that great principle called union, that is so much needed among us. There are several societies here, such as the Good Samaritans, Daughters of Samaria, Odd Fellows, Brotherly Union, Sisterly Union, Masonic Order, &c They seem to be doing well

Mr. Editor, as I am a new beginner, and not accustomed to writing for a newspaper, you will please be kind enough to correct all mistakes

More anon,
A CANADIAN

For the Christian Recorder.

MEETING IN FRANKFORD.

Frankford,
April 10, 1865.

DEAR RECORDER:—In compliance with the order issued by the Secretary of State, our church was open for the sympathising friends of the late Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The United Daughters of America, No 2, the United Benevolent Daughters of Davis, and the Equal Rights League of the first district of Philadelphia formed in procession, and proceeded to the church, where they were addressed by several gentlemen. The Rev. Henderson Davis opened the exercises with singing and prayer, after which he proceeded to speak most beautifully upon the solemn occasion. Mr. Henderson Davis, Jr., the next speaker, arose and spoke most eminently of the great loss the nation has experienced by the death of our sainted President, Abraham Lincoln. Mr Jos. Trusty, Esq., the third speaker, in a few brief remarks, expressed his sincere regret of the nation's bereavement, occasioned by the hand of an unscrupulous assassin. In conclusion, the Rev Samuel Murray said, inasmuch as God had taken from us our best friend, and that as He placed Joshua in Moses' stead, even so would He place Andrew Johnson in Abraham Lincoln's stead. For God, said he, never began a work unless He sealed it. He then continued to make other appropriate remarks in reference to the solemnities of the occasion, after which he concluded his remarks by giving out an appropriate Psalm.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev Henderson Davis.

Yours most respectfully,
LEWIS N BENJAMIN,
H DAVIS JR.,
J. C. TRUSTY,
WM. M WALKER

For the Christian Recorder

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

The following remarks are extracted from the letter of an esteemed Christian sister, who has devoted time and thought to the subject of which it treats.—ED.

I trust a brighter day has dawned upon my native land after a night of darkness and gloom of an ordained minister. I preached with acceptance to them twice on the Sabbath, and the Lord was with us, in a manner to be felt and understood.

On Monday, February 27th, I went to Nevada City. Here the members, with the assistance of our friends and well-wishers, built for us a good house of worship, but a storm came and blew it down, before I had an opportunity to dedicate it to the service of Almighty God. But Rev. D. A. Dryden, pastor of the M. E. Church, very kindly opened his house for us, and we met in that church, and the good Lord greatly blessed our meeting with his presence.

Tuesday evening I attended an exhibition in Grass Valley, given by the children of that and other places, for the benefit of the A. M. E. Church, under the direction of Brother I. Sanks. This was an intellectual treat, and a very pleasant affair

On Wednesday evening, I preached in the M. E. Church, in Grass Valley,—Rev. H. H. Hartwell, pastor. This city has been a rabid secession stronghold, but the tables are turning, and it is now becoming unsafe for a man to oppose the war, the administration, the President, and the present policy of the government relative to the negro question. Brother Hartwell, like the Methodist ministers generally, is a strong anti-slavery man, from the heart of New England. We had a good meeting at this point. Leaving Grass Valley on Thursday, I went to Marysville, where I spent a week. At this point we have a new house of worship, and a pastor, in the person of Brother P. Green. Here I found a few living members of the Church of Christ. I held a quarterly meeting for them, as it is my custom to do, at every appointment in the District. The Lord poured out his Spirit upon us, and we had a time of refreshing from His presence. Monday evening we had a heavenly love-feast, and on Tuesday evening, I preached in the M. E. Church

Rev. J B. Hill, pastor of the M. E. Church in the city of Marysville, is another of those wholesouled anti-slavery men, who, like Brothers Peck, Briggs, Dryden, Hartwell, and others, is not ashamed to own a common brotherhood with men of African descent. May God Almighty bless, preserve and prosper the host of faithful and true Methodist Episcopal ministers upon this coast. They show very much respect for me, in the position which I have been called to occupy But what is more than this, because of its greater importance, is the fact that they supply the pulpits of the A. M. E. Churches, as far as they can, to those places where we have churches or societies, with no pastors. In every place they are our helpers, in both spiritual and temporal things. In a word, without their aid in this country, where the number of our people is very small, we could not well succeed in the establishment of our societies.

At Marysville, Yuba county, California, I took the names of three yearly subscribers for the *Christian Recorder*, and, herewith, send you their names, with the amount of their annual subscriptions:—Isaac Watkins, J. L. Williams, Miss M. Foreman, $2.50 each. I have appointed Brother Isaac Watkins, one of the stewards of the A. M. E. Church in Marysville, a freeholder, and a very responsible man, the agent for your paper, in this city and its vicinity. I want the newspaper organ of our Church circulated in every city on the Pacific Coast, and I shall use not a little exertion for that purpose, if you will second the motion. We have need of an agent in every circuit and station, besides the pastor, who is continually liable to removal. Travelling preachers, who have charge of circuits and stations, and who are continual subjects of removal, at least once a year, are not the most appropriate class of persons in the world, for agents of the paper. I had, in that city, six subscribers, but the pastor neglected to collect the money in time for me to receive it before leaving the city. I shall urge the claims of the *Christian Recorder* upon the coming Conference, if the Lord will permit me to live so long

On March 9th, I left Marysville, and went to Sacramento City, where, on Friday evening, the 10th inst., I delivered a lecture on "The war and its issues," in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, before a respectable audience. I spent the Sabbath in that city, preaching twice, and on Monday returned to this city, almost worn out, after a tour of nearly two months, in which time, I have been constantly travelling, preaching, delivering lectures to both white and colored congregations, day and night, and doing everything else in my power, pertaining to the work of a minister of Christ. I have travelled day and night, through cold rains and snow-storms, frost and severe cold. I have lived to see snow upon a level, twenty feet deep, and snow-drifts fifty feet deep

I was thrown out of a sleigh, upon the edge of a precipice within four feet of a ravine, fifteen hundred feet deep. I have had my left ankle and the wrist of my right hand, badly sprained, by being thrown out of a sleigh, near a deep ravine, upon the Sierra Nevada mountains, near the summit, upon the Dutch Flat Pass. At first, I was unable to walk any distance, and I am yet somewhat lame from the effects of that fall, but thanks be given to God, I am yet alive, and I have hope in His mercy. I have had one sleigh-ride of forty miles, and another of eighty miles, taking a day and a night to travel over the last named number of miles, with horses beautifully covered with white frost, arising from the perspiration of their bodies, coming in contact with the extremely cold atmosphere. In this journey over the Sierra Nevadas, I passed over the spot, where, a few days before, nine men had been buried alive, under an avalanche from the summit of the mountain, six acres in extent. With this brief notice I must close, for want of room to continue my story

I am yours in Christ,
J. P CAMPBELL.

For the Christian Recorder.

FLORIDA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Having a few leisure moments, I will employ them in writing a few lines to your most valuable paper, the Christian Recorder. I have no doubt but some of our friends home would like to hear from the 3d regiment of U S. Colored troops I am happy to say that the men of the 3d have been blessed with very good health ever since they have been in active service

A detachment of fifteen men, from our regiment, made a very successful raid into the interior of the State, on the 20th of March last. They destroyed some three hundred barrels of sugar, laid waste several large plantations, captured thirty head of horses, mules, wagons, &c., brought in thirty contrabands, and engaged the enemy in a severe fight, which lasted nearly two hours. The enemy had two men to our one. We lost one of the best sergeants we had, Sergeant Joel Ben. Israel Hall, guide, was taken prisoner; John M. Brown, son of Rev. John M. Brown, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, was wounded in the hand; he was also a guide. On the 6th of the present month, Sergeant Thomas be Rockhold, of Company D., left Yellow Bluff with a party of men for the purpose of raiding among the secesh, who are pretty plenty hereabouts. They had not gone far before they came across a party of rebels, who after a small skirmish, skedaddled. Sergeant Rockhold was wounded and Samuel Brown killed.

A few words more and I am done. I am proud to say that Sergeant Joel Ben fought hard and faithfully for the Stars and Stripes, and when he received his death wound he was endeavoring to shield a helpless woman and her child from the hands of those God-forsaken traitors. Peace to his ashes.

Our thanks to the ladies of the Sanitary Commission. May the time soon come when peace shall again reign throughout the land Hoping you will excuse mistakes, I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM B. D JOHNSON,
Clerk Co. A, 3d U. S. C T.

April 7th, 1865

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BISHOP CAMPBELL.

San Francisco, Cal.,
March 15, 1865

BROTHER WEAVER:—Thanks be given to God, I have returned to California, from my journey across the Sierra Nevada mountains, with my life preserved, though I have suffered many things, which are beyond description. Upon three distinct occasions within the last two months, the Lord being witness, there has been but a step between me and death. But the Lord's name be praised, I have escaped death, with no bones broken, though I have received severe injuries, and I am now lame in consequence of them.

On the 23d of February I left Virginia City, in the new State of Nevada, for Grass Valley, in the State of California, where I arrived on the 24th of the same month. In this city I remained over the Sabbath Here I found a beautiful little house of worship, owned by the members of the A M E Church They have a small society and a pastor—Brother P Kellogg worth

I found some discomfort of opposing a good religious state of feeling. There are those who are upon the court excepting Methodists, they are a real adherent to the word

of an ordained minister. I preached with acceptance to them twice on the Sabbath, and the Lord was with us, in a manner to be felt and understood.

On Monday, February 27th, I went to Nevada City. Here the members, with the assistance of our friends and well-wishers, built for us a good house of worship, but a storm came and blew it down, before I had an opportunity to dedicate it to the service of Almighty God. But Rev. D. A. Dryden, pastor of the M. E. Church, very kindly opened his house for us, and we met in that church, and the good Lord greatly blessed our meeting with his presence.

Tuesday evening I attended an exhibition in Grass Valley, given by the children of that and other places, for the benefit of the A. M. E. Church, under the direction of Brother I. Sanks. This was an intellectual treat, and a very pleasant affair

On Wednesday evening, I preached in the M. E. Church, in Grass Valley,—Rev. H. H. Hartwell, pastor. This city has been a rabid secession stronghold, but the tables are turning, and it is now becoming unsafe for a man to oppose the war, the administration, the President, and the present policy of the government relative to the negro question. Brother Hartwell, like the Methodist ministers generally, is a strong anti-slavery man, from the heart of New England. We had a good meeting at this point. Leaving Grass Valley on Thursday, I went to Marysville, where I spent a week. At this point we have a new house of worship, and a pastor, in the person of Brother P. Green. Here I found a few living members of the Church of Christ. I held a quarterly meeting for them, as it is my custom to do, at every appointment in the District. The Lord poured out his Spirit upon us, and we had a time of refreshing from His presence. Monday evening we had a heavenly love-feast, and on Tuesday evening, I preached in the M. E. Church

Rev. J B. Hill, pastor of the M. E. Church in the city of Marysville, is another of those wholesouled anti-slavery men, who, like Brothers Peck, Briggs, Dryden, Hartwell, and others, is not ashamed to own a common brotherhood with men of African descent. May God Almighty bless, preserve and prosper the host of faithful and true Methodist Episcopal ministers upon this coast. They show very much respect for me, in the position which I have been called to occupy But what is more than this, because of its greater importance, is the fact that they supply the pulpits of the A. M. E. Churches, as far as they can, to those places where we have churches or societies, with no pastors. In every place they are our helpers, in both spiritual and temporal things. In a word, without their aid in this country, where the number of our people is very small, we could not well succeed in the establishment of our societies.

At Marysville, Yuba county, California, I took the names of three yearly subscribers for the *Christian Recorder*, and, herewith, send you their names, with the amount of their annual subscriptions:—Isaac Watkins, J. L. Williams, Miss M. Foreman, $2.50 each. I have appointed Brother Isaac Watkins, one of the stewards of the A. M. E. Church in Marysville, a freeholder, and a very responsible man, the agent for your paper, in this city and its vicinity. I want the newspaper organ of our Church circulated in every city on the Pacific Coast, and I shall use not a little exertion for that purpose, if you will second the motion. We have need of an agent in every circuit and station, besides the pastor, who is continually liable to removal. Travelling preachers, who have charge of circuits and stations, and who are continual subjects of removal, at least once a year, are not the most appropriate class of persons in the world, for agents of the paper. I had, in that city, six subscribers, but the pastor neglected to collect the money in time for me to receive it before leaving the city. I shall urge the claims of the *Christian Recorder* upon the coming Conference, if the Lord will permit me to live so long

On March 9th, I left Marysville, and went to Sacramento City, where, on Friday evening, the 10th inst., I delivered a lecture on "The war and its issues," in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, before a respectable audience. I spent the Sabbath in that city, preaching twice, and on Monday returned to this city, almost worn out, after a tour of nearly two months, in which time, I have been constantly travelling, preaching, delivering lectures to both white and colored congregations, day and night, and doing everything else in my power, pertaining to the work of a minister of Christ. I have travelled day and night, through cold rains and snow-storms, frost and severe cold. I have lived to see snow upon a level, twenty feet deep, and snow-drifts fifty feet deep

I was thrown out of a sleigh, upon the edge of a precipice within four feet of a ravine, fifteen hundred feet deep. I have had my left ankle and the wrist of my right hand, badly sprained, by being thrown out of a sleigh, near a deep ravine, upon the Sierra Nevada mountains, near the summit, upon the Dutch Flat Pass. At first, I was unable to walk any distance, and I am yet somewhat lame from the effects of that fall, but thanks be given to God, I am yet alive, and I have hope in His mercy. I have had one sleigh-ride of forty miles, and another of eighty miles, taking a day and a night to travel over the last named number of miles, with horses beautifully covered with white frost, arising from the perspiration of their bodies, coming in contact with the extremely cold atmosphere. In this journey over the Sierra Nevadas, I passed over the spot, where, a few days before, nine men had been buried alive, under an avalanche from the summit of the mountain, six acres in extent. With this brief notice I must close, for want of room to continue my story

I am yours in Christ,
J. P CAMPBELL.

For the Christian Recorder.

XENIA STATION, OHIO

MR EDITOR:—We live in an age of improvement and progress, and to keep up with the times we must mark the events as they occur. Therefore, having taken pastoral charge of Xenia station some two years ago, I marked every change, and now that I am about winding up the labors of my second, and, probably my last year at this station, I feel happy in being able to report favorably as to the temporal and spiritual progress of my charge.

One event has transpired since my last communication which reflects great credit on my congregation, together with a number of the members of the Baptist Church, (I am in favor of the union,) who surprised me and my family, by pouring into my neighbor's house, (to which we had been invited,) with laden baskets, bundles of various sizes and kinds, together with period cake, &c., just like working bees pouring

into the hive. The room was soon filled, and the good things designed for the comfort of my cold and hungry, were deposited upon a table, while in an adjoining room another table fairly groaned under the weight of luxuries provided for the entertainment of the guests.

The Chairman of the Committee then presented me with an overcoat, worth about $40 and over $7 in cash. I estimate the donation at about $50. I tell you what Mr Editor I was completely surprised, I smiled all over my face, and I confess that I was at a loss to find language to express my deep feeling of gratitude for such an unexpected act of kindness. May God spare the lives of these dear friends that they may live long to do good. E. D. DAVIS

Xenia, April 7, 1865

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BLOOMINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—After a long silence, I seat myself to redeem a promise made you some weeks since. During the past four days, our city has presented quite a sad and gloomy aspect, being draped in deep mourning. When the wires brought the sad intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, the streets were thronged with people, regardless of age or sex, who seemed to be in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

Hoary-headed fathers, with streaming eyes, were seen to meet and extend the friendly grip, but being speechless, passed on without uttering a single sentence. Sunday afternoon, 16th inst., over 6000 persons met at the square, where speeches were made, and appropriate resolutions adopted. On Tuesday evening, 18th inst., according to previous arrangement, a mass meeting of the colored citizens of Bloomington and vicinity, met at the African M E church, to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of their hearts in relation to the death of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States. Speeches were made by Messrs John P Sampson, W. J. Lankford, and others. Permit me here to remark, that Mr Sampson, (Editor of "Colored Citizen") made quite an able effort, and his remarks were listened to with deep and profound interest. We bespeak for him abundant success in his efforts to diffuse light and truth in the dark corners of the earth. He is truly "*a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.*" A perfect and full determination was manifested on the part of our people to support the government. The following preamble and resolutions, offered by W. S. Lankford, were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, With feelings of profound grief, we have learned of the death of his excellency, Abraham Lincoln, chief executive of the United States of America, by *a fiend in human form, a vile and bloody desperado*. Therefore,

Resolved, That we, the colored citizens of Bloomington, State of Illinois, do hereby express our grief, and mingle our tears with the great *loyal* and *liberty-loving* masses of the American people.

Resolved, That while in the death of President Lincoln, the nation has sustained great and irreparable loss, we, as colored American citizens have lost a *tried friend*—A GREAT DELIVERER—A REAL BENEFACTOR.

Resolved, That we do hereby give thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for the great things done for us during the administration of this great martyr of human liberty and justice, Abraham Lincoln, and that we hold ourselves in readiness to aid the government *by every possible means* in the destruction of the monster slavery, looking forward to, and praying for the day when the jubilee of freedom shall be proclaimed throughout the land, and the American flag shall cease to wave o'er slaves!

For the Christian Recorder.

MEETING IN RICHMOND, VA.

At a meeting of the colored people of Richmond, assembled at the Third Street Methodist Episcopal church, on Tuesday, April 18th, 1865, to rejoice over their deliverance from bondage, and to give thanks to Almighty God for the triumph of freedom in our land; Mr. Field Cook was called to the chair, and Peter Woolfolk appointed secretary. The meeting was opened with religious exercises, by Bishop Brooks, of Philadelphia.

Mr George L. Ruffin, of Boston, one of the speakers for the occasion, then addressed the meeting: He thought that, in view of the great calamity that had befallen the nation, in the death of President Lincoln, he expressed the feeling of the audience when he said the character of the meeting should be changed to one of condolence and sympathy. ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S name, no matter what might be said by exoited partisans, would go down to posterity as one of the wisest rulers and most sagacious statesmen, that this, or any other age has produced.

Mr Ruffin thought it peculiarly fortunate that he had been selected to carry this country through this ordeal of fire and blood. And now as peace is about dawning on our torn and distracted country, the Chief Magistrate of the United States—the Great Emancipator!—is stricken down by the hand of an assassin. Brothers, mourn! Sisters, weep! For our best friend has passed away!

A committee was then appointed, to prepare suitable resolutions. The committee retired. On their return they presented the following:

Resolved, That in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, we have lost our best friend and warmest advocate. That the dastardly act of the murderer fills us with inexpressible horror and indignation, and that we can give no utterance to the feelings of sorrow and sadness which fill our hearts at this present moment.

Resolved, That this meeting, convened in this house of God, sends forth to the family of our beloved President, now deceased, our heartfelt condolence and sympathy, in this the hour of their deep affliction.

The Bishop made an eloquent and appropriate speech, in support of the resolutions, followed by Messrs P N Judah, O M Steward and others. The resolutions were then adopted by a unanimous vote: pending which, a motion was made and carried, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Richmond Whig, Christian Recorder, Philadelphia, and the Anglo-African, New York.

The doxology was then sung, and the meeting adjourned.

FIELD COOK, Chairman
PETER H WOOLFOLK,
Secretary

IF SATAN hold possession of the heart he will also govern the tongue.

For the Christian Recorder

Delaware, }
April 19 '65. }

Dear Brethren of the Trustee Board of the Wilberforce University:—

We are under the painful necessity of announcing the fact that Wilberforce University has been reduced to ashes, and our Institution, therefore, has been thrown into great confusion. It occurred on the 14th inst., and a telegraphic dispatch reached the Ohio Annual Conference on the 15th. Two of the Trustees were immediately dispatched to Wilberforce, to ascertain the true nature of the case. While there, we called a few of the Trustees together, to make some temporary arrangements for the continuance of the school. Therefore, in view of the present emergency the Board of Trustees is urgently requested to meet at Wilberforce, on the 3d of May next, at 9 o'clock, A. M., to legislate for the better existence of the institution. Please meet, dear brethren, without fail.

Yours for the cause of education,
E. D. DAVIS,
Chairman of Trustee Board.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Bethel Church, Baltimore, Md., S. L. Hammonds; Ebenezer, do. do., Wm. D. W. Schureman, Union, Bethel, and Waters' Chapel, T. W. Watkins; Israel Church, Washington, D. C., D. W. Moore; Union Bethel, do. do., J. D. S. Hall; Georgetown, D. C., J. J. Herbert; Norfolk, Va., J. M. Brown; Portsmouth, Va., I. R. V. Thomas; Cumberland, Md., R. A. Hall; Frederick, Md., B. T. Tanner; Hagerstown, Md., W. H. Waters; Annapolis, Md., J. Nicholson.

Circuits—Clearspring, D. Draper, Elliott's Mills, to be supplied, Long Green, R. F. Wayman, Port Deposit, W. H. Hopkins, Chesapeake City, Isaac J. Pendell, Havre de Grace, D. Riddout; Easton, J. R. Henry; Hollidaysburg, J. H. Sprigg; Chambersburg, G. M. Witten; Lewistown, Benjamin Darke, Harrisburg, to be supplied.

Missions—Mount Pleasant, J. H. Hughes; Baltimore City Mission, J. A. Nelson, Portsmouth do., Amos Wilson; E. Street do., J. F. Lane; Alexandria, M. F. Sluby; Norfolk Mission, Jas. Lines; Zion Mission, Va., A. Woodhouse; Taylor Farm, Va., R. H. Parker.

H. M. Turner and Wm. H. Hunter, Chaplains in the U. S. army.

James Lynch, James A. Handy, and James H. A. Johnson, transferred to South Carolina Conference. Nelson A. Turpin and George E. Boyer, transferred to Philadelphia Conference.

Some reports of the proceedings of the Baltimore Conferences will appear in our next issue.

For the Christian Recorder.

GERMANTOWN CIRCUIT.

BROTHER EDITOR:—I desire to let you know, that during the present Conference year, at each appointment, the Lord has been very propitious. Grace has descended upon us in copious showers.

At a meeting lately held in the Germantown church, eighteen professed to have found the pearl of great price, and twenty-three joined on probation. Truly the Lord has been kind unto us, and unto Him let us return our thanks for His precious blessings. In the four appointments altogether, seventy-six have professed to pass from darkness into light, and sixty-four have joined the circuit. PETER GARDINER.

April 19, 1865.

NOTICE.

LITTLE BETHEL CHURCH, }
CHICAGO STATION, April 10, 1865. }

W. H. H. Johnson and W. H. Hughes have been chosen by the above Church, as agents, to travel through the country for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a suitable house for worship. They have been out on their tour nearly two months, and during that time have visited Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Bloomington, Springfield, and St Louis, and have met with very good success. The Elders in the above places have done all in their power to further the cause. apr29-tf

NOTICE.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A M E Church will meet in the Union Church, Coates street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, May 13th, 1865. Candidates for admission and orders will do well to meet the Committee for Examination the day before the Conference convenes. A W WAYMAN

Baltimore, April 19, 1865 apr29-2t

NOTICE.

An Inquiry.—Will Bishop Quinn please inform us when the New England Conference will meet? REV. E. T. WILLIAMS,
Newport, Rhode Island

NOTICE.

"*We mourn our Chief has fallen.*"

On account of our great national calamity the Fair of the Ladies' Union Association will be postponed until the 15th of May. The tickets already issued will be good for that time. The Fair will continue two weeks. By order of the President, S. LIZZIE BROWN, Sec'y.

P. S.—The above named Association return their thanks to the Ladies of Lancaster, Harrisburg, for their donation of $24; also to Miss Amelia Williams for $100 collected in Harrisburg. MISS E. MARIE, President.
S. L. BROWN, Secretary.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one tell the whereabouts of Mrs. Eby Allen, Moses or Alex Allen, who formerly lived in Norfolk, Virginia? We have been separated for some forty years. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received by me.

THOMAS ALLEN,
Savannah, Georgia.

apr29-1t

NOTICE.

Information is wanted of Mr. Cajah Burnett, formerly of Goldsboro' North Carolina. When last heard from he was in Brooklyn, New York. Also, of John Sermons, formerly of Newbern, North Carolina. Any information of either, or both of these gentlemen, will be thankfully received by WILLIAM BENNETT,
Goldsboro, North Carolina.

NOTICE.

The Literary Association of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church are requested to meet in the basement of Bethel Church on Wednesday morning May 10th at 9 o'clock. By order of the President.

PETER GARDINER,
Rev. H. W. WINKLER, Secy. apr29-2t

NOTICE.

Information wanted.—Upon what day does the Indiana Annual Conference meet? Will somebody that knows please answer as the minutes don't give the desired information.

apr29-1t WM. C. TREVAN.

MINUTES OF THE GREAT NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Full proceedings of the Great National Convention held in Syracuse, last October, including the Bill of Wrongs and Rights, the Address to the American People, and the official copy of the Constitution of the National Equal Rights League, have been published in a neat pamphlet of sixty-two pages. Price, single copy, 25 cents; three copies, $1.00; ten copies, $3.00; and to State or Local Leagues, $25.00 per hundred.

Orders enclosing the money, may be sent by mail, to John S. Rock, No. 6, Tremont street, Boston; or to Geo. L. Ruffin, No. 28, Staniford street, Boston.

April 15 -3t.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

DEAR RECORDER:—I am about to inform your many readers of the very sad loss of our beloved and faithful friend and superintendent, B. F. Brown. Dear friends, you are all aware, that God is a God of justice and of judgment, and that He doeth His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and there is none can stay his hand.

And we are satisfied already, that God is just in the death of all mankind, for He, in His love and tender mercy did give His only begotten Son to die an ignominious death, that all men, through his death and sufferings might be saved from the second death. Therefore, God is just and right in removing our friend and brother from our midst, and we do not intend to complain.

But we would have the world know that a great man has fallen, and that in the Macedonia Sabbath School a link of chain has been broken that cannot easily be mended with the same kind of material, and that the Sabbath School army has lost its general who, for the last six years had so faithfully led it through the wilderness of sorrow and gloom, and pointed it to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

Brother Brown was a shining light in Zion, for saith the Scriptures, "Out of Zion God shineth, the perfection of beauty." And we sincerely believe that God chose out of the man, for saith Nicodemus, "No man can do the marvels that thou doest, except God be with him." Jesus says: "By this all men shall know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And we are assured that these were the examples our worthy brother presented to us in the pursuits of his life. Sabbath after Sabbath he stood in our midst, telling us of the great necessity of preparing to meet God, for the time would shortly come when we should have to quit the turmoils of earth, and on the last Sabbath of his meeting with us, he prayed fervently to God, in due season to bring us to Christ, but little did we think it was his last. But God thought fit to call him from labor to reward. Brother Brown has fallen, and by his fall, like Samson, he has done more in his death than in all life, for, in his death, he conquered the enemy. Here are a host of children, not as Rachel, weeping for her children, but children weeping for their superintendent, and will not be comforted.

Lovers and well wishers of Macedonia Sabbath School, pray for us, for we are shepherdless. Pray that God may send us a shepherd, who may walk before us as did the one who has fallen.

Brother Brown leaves a dear wife and a number of relatives, as well as a host of friends, to mourn his loss. But our loss is his eternal gain. He, like Paul, has fought the good fight of faith, and has been offered up, and we believe to-day he sings with the angels in the mansions of bliss, waiting our arrival. His battle is fought, and his victory is won, and now he is gone to wear his starry crown.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched! for him the past
Is sealed. He may fall, he may not last.
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our beloved and blest!
Leave the sleeper with his God to rest.

P'ARNELL.

Camden, N. J., }
April 19th, 1865. }

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Died at Washington, D. C., March 9th 1865, ANNIE BURK only daughter of Hillary H. and Louisa Burk, after a protracted illness of five months of consumption, which she bore with humble submission, aged 20 years, 9 months and 22 days.

Low and afflicted were her days of pilgrimage, sweet and precious was the closing scene of life. Gentle, kind and affectionate to friends devoted and dutiful to a letter to parents she strictly observed the moral trainings of early days.

She sought mercy and found pardon in the atonements of her Redeemer, and had the most blessed evidence of her room in the promised and new heavenly inheritance.

A true believer in the divine reality of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, she became much impressed with the necessity of her acquaintance with God to prepare her for the joys of the pious in another world.

For some months, when conversed with on the subject of salvation, she would exclaim, "I feel confident that Jesus died for me, and I shall share the blessings of His atonement." Her pious parents faithful to the trust urged her to the work as they saw the unseen hand of death laying his claims on her feeble constitution—it was not till the night previous to her demise that she felt her way clear.

On that evening the burden of her wounded heart overpowered her physical power, and she sank as though life was extinguished, but, on recovery, she burst forth in exclamation of joyful strains of thanksgiving, and said,

O what a vision is right! I have had! I have seen far into heaven and saw my two sisters standing there in white, and I saw them there too! And I will soon be there. Let my mind and thoughts be on heaven and on the things of heaven and not on earth.

Her expressions, both, and those around [illegible]

"Then will I tell to sinners around,
I am bound for the land of Canaan."

Her voice rose higher and higher till it was distinctly heard above all. She closed her eyes in death in great peace in about five hours.

A. R. G.

Washington, April 7th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

At a meeting of the Official Board of Israel A M E Church held on Monday evening April 17th, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were submitted by Bro. Enoch G. Bell, and adopted unanimously.

WHEREAS, It is with heart felt sorrow that we admit the fact that our beloved and honored President, Abraham Lincoln has been smitten to death by the hand of a base and vile *rebel*. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we drape the church in deep mourning for the space of six months.

Resolved, That we pray for solace and comfort to our much beloved and bereaved country.

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the loss, we fervently pray to God that his successor, Mr Andrew Johnson may be endowed with wisdom to guide the state of affairs aright, so as to soon bring about a restoration of peace, justice, liberty, and happiness, to our much distracted country.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be read in our church next Sabbath and a copy be transmitted to the *Christian Recorder* for publication.

REV. CHARLES HICKS, *Chairman*
WILLIAM H. MYERS, *Secty.*

Washington, D. C., April 18th, 1865.

At a meeting held in the A M E Zion Church, Bridgeport, Conn., April 17, 1865, by the Colored Union League Club, for the purpose of expressing our feelings on the loss of a friend and Father of this country, Abraham Lincoln, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our late President, Abraham Lincoln, has fallen by the hand of an assassin, traitor, and coward, and by this sad calamity in the midst of our triumphs and victory. Therefore,

Resolved, That we, a people raised on the ladder of elevation through his instrumentality, must express the anguish and grief which fill our hearts for the death of one, through whose great deeds the cause of freedom was extended throughout the United States.

Resolved, That in the death of Abraham Lincoln, the country has lost a great and good leader, whose name will never be blotted out from the memory of every colored man, woman, or child, to the latest generation.

Resolved, That we devoutly pray to the Almighty disposer of all events not to let the cowardly assassin rest unpunished; may the nation say amen to it.

Resolved, That we look on the dastardly outrage that has fallen so unexpectedly upon this nation with the utmost abhorrence.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the bereaved family as well as with the whole country.

Resolved, That the Colored Union League Club of Bridgeport, Conn., wear a badge of mourning for sixty days, as emblematic of the sorrow which has been brought upon us by a coward.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and also a copy be inserted in the Bridgeport *Standard*, *Christian Recorder*, and *Anglo African*.

By order of the President of the Colored Union League Club

JOSEPH WILSON, *Pres.*
PROF. GEO. BARCLAY, *Sec.*

Died, at Frankford, on Saturday April 1st 1865 Mr HENRY JEFFERS in the 76th year of his age. His funeral sermon will be preached on Sunday, May 7th, at the A. M. E. Bethel Church, Frankford.

Died, at the residence of her mother, at Fair Haven, N. J., EMELINE JAMISON. She was a member of A. M. E. Bethel Church, and after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, she gave entire satisfaction of her blessed acceptance with the Lord, and in the full triumph of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who has chosen her for his own. She leaves a large community of friends to mourn her loss. On the 15th of April her happy spirit took its flight to God who gave it.

Advertisements.

1865 1865

"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Red Bugs, Flies, Moths, Insects, Worms, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, &c.

"15 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.

Beware of all worthless imitations.

See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask before you buy.

HENRY R. COSTAR,
Principal Depot 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers throughout Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.

HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use Costar's Exterminator. We have used it. We have tried patents, but they effected nothing. But Costar's articles do the work out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs quicker than we can write it. Having great demand all over the country.—*Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.

FARMER AND HOUSEKEEPER—should recollect that hundreds of dollars worth of grain, Peaches or Apples are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Ants, and other insects and vermin—all of which can be prevented by a few dollars' worth of Costar's Rat, Roach, Ant, &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely.

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers throughout Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers. Ap 29 6ms

Sterling's Ambrosia.

"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."

And STERLING'S fragrant AMBROSIA will render strong, wiry hair, soft, silken, and glossy, and eradicate dandruff. apr29 1ms

MATLACK'S

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 904 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large stock of

MENS' AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

now on hand, READY MADE, embracing every variety of style and material suitable for the season.

We have also on hand a full assortment of

SPRING GOODS,

adapted to MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, and would invite your early attention thereto. Those goods have been purchased for CASH, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention paid to all orders, so as to insure satisfaction to the purchaser.

E. MATLACK, Agt.
apr29 3mo 904 Market Street.

COAL! COAL!!

Coal delivered to any part of the city, by large or small measure by

T. J. BOWERS,
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot,
No. 644 Lombard Street.

April 15—tf

Private Boarding

AT 613 PINE STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber having FITTED UP HIS HOUSE with care (after a residence of some years in Europe) and especially for boarding, he is prepared to accommodate those who may favor him with their patronage.

Warm and Cold BATHS.

R. H. GLEAVES, Proprietor.

April 22—6ms

ICH DIEN

GLOBE HOTEL.

WILLIAM P. POWELL,
Proprietor.

No. 2 Dover Street, near Franklin Square,
NEW YORK.

The House is well fitted up with new furniture, beds and bedding. Located conveniently to the business part of the city, and but a few minutes walk from the East and North River Steamboats.

April 1—6m

TAKE NOTICE.

HELP WANTED

AT

Madame Tilmon's Agency for Employment,

No. 70 East Thirteenth Street,

(One door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

The best of Servants required for all first class places, for private families and stores, and good wages for private families and Restaurants.

First class Cooks, $8 to $10 and $12.
Plain Cooks, Waiters and Ironers, $7 to $8 and $9.
Good General House workers, $7 to $8.
First class Laundresses, $7 to $8; $7 and $10.
First class Chambermaids and Waiting Maids, $7 and $8.
Nurses, Chambermaids, and Ladies' Maids, $6, $7 and $8.
Waiters for private families, $14, $16, $18, up to $20.
Waiters, Cooks, and Stewards for steamers, $7 to $8.
First class Restaurant Waiters, $7 and $10.
Porters for Stores, $6 to $8.
Porters for Steamboats, $6 to $8.
Colored Boys for Stores, $3 to $4.

Particular attention paid to the Watering Season.

N. B. Ladies or Gentlemen leaving the city can have their orders promptly executed.

Applicants must be accompanied by the cash.

Mrs. L. TILMON, Proprietress.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

SHROUDING

AND

LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.

MRS. MARIA HIGHGATE

Most respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia and vicinity, that she has opened a new establishment for the above purpose at

No. 1020 Richey street,

(1 door below 11th, & 1 door above Pine St.)

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTEENTH and MARKET Sts., instead of Seventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.

The second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and South Penn, Lombard and Fourteenth, Thirteenth, and Fifteenth Passenger Railways, connect with the Market Street cars, which run from the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train and allow about 30 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7.45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.7. P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mason's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No. 31 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates upon application as below.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS

LEAVE.

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10.00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.15 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	9.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "

ARRIVE.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	6.35 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.20 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.50 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.50 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.— "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.11 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	5.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves New Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily (except Saturday All the Trains daily, except Sunday.)

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For further information as to fare and accommodations apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan '65 137 Penn Street.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan 16, 1865, trains will leave Depot, corner Broad Street and Washington Avenue, as follows:

EXPRESS TRAIN at 3.30, A. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore stopping at Chester, Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's and Magnolia.

WAY MAIL TRAIN at 8.30, A. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore stopping at all stations on the Delaware Railroad and Wilmington for Milford, Seaford, and intermediate places.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 12.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Wilmington, Elkton, Perryville and Havre de Grace.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 3.30 P. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's and Magnolia.

NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Wilmington, for Baltimore and Washington passengers; Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, Northeast, Perryman's and Havre de Grace.

Passengers for Fortress Monroe will take the 8.15, A. M., train.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS,

Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington.

Leave Philadelphia at 11, A. M., 2, 3.30, 5.10 and 10, P. M. The 3.30, P. M. train connects with Delaware Railroad for Milford and intermediate stations.

Leave Wilmington at 6.45, 8 and 8.30, A. M., 2.30 and 6.30, P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM BALTIMORE

Leave Wilmington at 12, M., 6.24, 6.53, and 6.54 P. M.

CHESTER FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Chester at 7.45, 8.42, 10.14, A. M., 12.36, 3.15, 4.54, 7.20, and 9.05, P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Express Train at 4.00, A. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

Night Express at 11.15 P. M. for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, for Baltimore and Washington passengers. Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville and Havre de Grace.

Accommodation Train at 10 P. M., for Wilmington and Way Stations.

BALTIMORE FOR PHILADELPHIA

Leave Baltimore at 9.20, P. M., stopping at Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Wilmington. Also stops at Elkton and Newark, to take passengers for Philadelphia, and leave passengers from Washington or Baltimore, and Chester, to leave passengers from Baltimore or Washington.

Leave Wilmington for Philadelphia at 6.10, P. M.

FROM BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA

Leave Baltimore at 8.25, A. M., Way Mail, 11, P. M., Express mail, 3 P. M., Way Train, 5.35 P. M., Express, 9.2, P. M., Express.

FOR TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE

Leave Chester at 8.47, A. M., 12.15 and 11.20 P. M.
" Wilmington at 9.11, 9.40, A. M. 2.2, 4.02, and 12.3 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAIN with passenger car attached will leave Wilmington for Perryville and all stations thereon at 7.30, P. M.

H. F. HENSEL,
Baltimore. Engineer and Superintendent.

DRY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS

SELLING AT

REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Shrouding flannel, cambrics etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOPSKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Round about and Waiters Aprons always on hand. Ladies ready made clothing.

N. B. A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand.

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*

to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,

PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

Now in 1 year

ONE PRICE CLOTHING

JONES'

OLD ESTABLISHED

One Price CLOTHING HOUSE,

604 Market Street,

(Above Sixth.)

JONES'
604 *Market Street,*
One Price Store.

OLIVE BRANCH

BOARDING HOUSE,

No. 814 Lombard Street, Phila.

Mrs. H. M. Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class

BOARDING HOUSE,

for their special accommodation, it is central to business of churches, part of town as above named where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M. BENNETT.

HERB DOCTRESS,

NO. 400 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Diseases, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic, Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swellings, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to collect subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as true-worthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) KLISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH H. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS,

HAIR JEWELLERS,

AND

LADIES' HEAD DRESSERS,

No 403 South Sixth Street,

Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED

Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.,
BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—cleansing Mildewing, Softening, Choortising, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair removing dandruff preventing premature baldness, restoring soiled garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains. Try her, &c.

HAIR BOUGHT.

Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale. sep 24 tf

W. R. DECORDOVER'S

PERIODICAL DEPOT,

419 South Seventh Street, Philada.

Daily and Weekly papers always on hand.

New York Ledger, Anglo-African, Harper's Weekly etc., for sale.

ALSO, STATIONERY.

No. 2—tf

JAMES C. CLARK, M. D.

(Eclectic.)

No. 618 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylv'a.

OFFICE HOURS

From 7 to 9 P. M.
From 12 to 2 P. M. } PHILADELPHIA.
From 6 to 9 P. M.

Also, particular attention directed to all classes of Ulcers, recent or chronic. Treatment and cure, without the use of Mercury, or any other injurious drug warranted.

January 7—No. 7—1yr

NOTICE.

LEBANON CEMETERY.

All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds will please call on Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, as he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full satisfaction will be given in the whole matter.

jan 5mo (Signed) J. ASHER.

Agents, come and Examine

AN INVENTION

Urgently needed by every family, or samples sent free by mail for 30 cents, which retail for $5 readily, by

R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Feb 11 3yr

Cupping, Leeching & BLEEDING

ATTENDED TO BY

NATHANIEL L. DURHAM,

204 CHRISTIAN STREET,

Also Solicitor for "Security Life Insurance Company."

Jan 7—No. 1—1y

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST."

REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

NO. 624 NORTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

Where you will find skilful hands, who use superior instruments and have the advantage of a well arranged light.

☞ Pictures are made size 4x5 inches from a Carte de Visite for a dollar, or in oil colors which can guarantee good likeness, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody. Pictures are made life size from small daguerreotypes or Daguerreotypes.

1y

Poetry.

CROCUS BLOSSOMS

LYDIA M. ADAMS

Pale crocus blooms, sweet gold of Spring
Brought to me by a loving hand
When land and wood the wan March wind
Swept in deep dirge over the land
Awaking echoes in my soul
We felt, but could not understand

Dear crocus blooms, the first I've seen,
I kiss ye with a loving zeal
Long absent, yet how near, beside,
What tender memories ye bear
Of olden days, and sunny spots
And faces that are other where!

Ye bring the thrilling breath of Spring
Over me—and I fling to go
Out to the free pine woods again
Where the arbutus blossoms blow—
Where, 'neath the wild anemone
Unfolds its tiny cup of snow.

Oh, magic mirror! crocus blooms!
I gaze till lulled by weary pain,
And 'mid a laughing, loving band,
I am a little child again;
And fairy fingers softly fall
Cool o'er my brow as summer rain.

I stray across the sunny hills
Where goldenly the summer bright
Sleeps on the bosom of the rills—
Oh, tiny messenger of light,
I kiss, and bless ye, for my dreams,
God's crocus blooms 'good night!' good night!

Rochester, Pa.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass
Then fastened the meadow bars again

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace.
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go!
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his burrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when his work was done—
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crippling blair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb—
And, under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Family.

THEY ALL TAKE AFTER THEIR MOTHER.

In the providence of God, the first seven years of my ministry were spent in a new and enterprising section of our State. It was my lot to break the bread of life to the little churches in a large district where there was no other minister of our order. It so happened, when I was on one of my missionary excursions, about eight years since, after having preached to a little church, one Sabbath, an aged man, venerable and respectable in his appearance, invited me to go to his house, about one mile and a half distant, to see his wife, who was very sick, and was expected to survive but a short time. I accompanied him, and, upon inquiry, found that he was a member of the Church, but his wife was a Universalist. The old gentleman felt very tenderly for his aged companion, and said he was afraid she would die in her present belief. We arrived at the house, and I was convinced, at first sight, she had but very few days to linger on earth. I entered into religious conversation with her, and found that, at all hazards, she was resolved to die a Universalist. She was evidently a woman who had read, thought, and reflected much upon the subject of her creed, and was confident that she was right. All I could say seemed not to affect her in the least. Before I left, her husband wished me to pray. I did so, and, to my astonishment, when we rose from our knees, she flew into a paroxysm of anger, in view of the sentiments of the prayer. This, you must know, was very disagreeable, especially when you consider that a tender spirit was evinced, and kind but earnest language only used. I left the house with gloomy feelings, and, ere I passed that way again, she had gone into the world of spirits.

Her bereaved husband passed through the town of my residence, and called upon me. I condoled with him in his affliction. Among other inquiries, I asked how many children he had.

"Eight," was the reply. "All settled in life."

"Are any of them pious?"

"Oh, no!" said he, "they all take after their mother."

The old gentleman, as he uttered this expression, stood trembling, both hands resting on the top of his staff, his white locks waving upon his shoulders, the tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, and his features became too deep for utterance.

He soon left my house, but the whole appearance still remained vivid before me, and the solemn, shocking accents of his voice rang in my ear.

"Oh no! they all take after their mother."

My mind was deeply impressed with the force of this short expression.

TAKE MY HAND, PAPA

In the dead of the night I am frequently awaked by a little hand creeping out from the cradle by my side, with the pleading cry, "I want to take my hand papa!"

Instantly the child's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls peacefully asleep again.

We commend our heavenly Father's tender watch and care to the fearless confidence that we feel in our children's love. Such faith your children have in you, and you may be in the deepest darkness and alone, and fear and care not, if you only know that your father is near. Let us learn from this beautiful trust to cast all our cares upon our heavenly Father, and grow in the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once—night may still enfold you in—but the day-dawn is sure to come, and the deepest gloom will surely flee away, and in the sunlight of the eternal land, where Christ is the light, and you will rest securely, in the knowledge that the storm is over.

THREE HOME RULES

It appears to me that three simple rules could easily be carried out in the very practice of every household, which would greatly add to the happiness of home. First—to encourage children to speak freely to their parents of any thing which interests them, because they are apt to speak out their desires, and even to withhold proper things on which they manifest a right spirit. Second—always to gratify every reasonable desire when a child is present in its request that your children may see that you love to make them happy. Third—never to become impatient and fretful yourself. I hope I may not disappoint you exactly in the silence. If parents become angry and speak loudly and harshly upon every slight failure of love there may be a final adieu to domestic enjoyment. Let us, then, be careful to cultivate the sweet spirit of Christ, and endeavor to possess such a controlling power over ourselves that we may be enabled to govern our children wisely, and thus secure to them the best blessings.

Certainly it would be unwise to excite young children, by too much conversation with them, just before putting them to bed. Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children, will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured: that the last words at night are of great importance—even to the babes of the flock. The very tones of the voice they last listened to, make an impression on their sensitive organization.

Mother, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl—do not neglect to teach it how to pray, and to pray for it in simple and earnest language, which it can understand.

Soothe and quiet its little heart, after the experience of the day. It has had its disappointments and trials as well as its play and pleasures. It is ready to throw its arms around your neck, and take its "good-night" kiss.—*Mother's Magazine.*

Child's Cabinet.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE BIG DRUM

A little boy by the name of Ballard lived in Trenton, N. J. During the military excitement of 1861, he became intensely anxious to possess a drum. He did not want a toy, but a large one, similar to those used in the regular service. He had no money, and his father, if willing, had not the means to apply to such a purpose. What should he do? His eldest sister, Hattie, to whom he is accustomed to reveal all his pains and troubles, was applied to. He earnestly requested her to suggest something by which he could obtain his heart's desire. She thought a little, and then said: "Mr. W., in Street is a gentleman of wealth, and much interested in military matters; perhaps, if you would go to see him and state your case, he might be induced to give you a drum."

The suggestion pleased him, and he promptly asked his sister to comb his hair and arrange his clothing, and he would set out upon his mission at once. While the preparations were going on, Ballard seemed to be engaged in deep thought. Suddenly, and with more than ordinary vehemence, he said: "Hattie, will it be begging?"

"It will be very much like it," she replied.

"Well, then," said Ballard, "I won't go."

So Hattie and Ballard [illegible]

After a little thought Ballard exclaimed: "O, Hattie, I'll tell you what I'll do. Mr. B., who is a member of our church, has [illegible] drums to sell; I'll go and tell him, if he will let me have one on trust, as soon as I get enough to work, I will earn money and pay him for it." This plan seemed plausible, and he became [illegible]

[illegible] Hattie, I pray for you [illegible] to have one, he ran to [illegible] his face [illegible] told the Lord all about it. [illegible] what I want to do with it, and how I want to have it, and I want you to help me to get it. Will you?"

"Why, no! I don't [illegible] what you had [illegible] weeks and he has [illegible] thought I [illegible] much like [illegible] I want me to have." He then gave up [illegible]

Popular Natural History.

WINTER IN PATAGONIA.

The harbor of Port Famine, even in winter weather is one of the loveliest spots that I ever saw. One singular fact, unnoticed so far as I have seen in any description of the country is the absence of any deciduous tree in Patagonia, even in midwinter. Not that the ordinary evergreens of the North form the mass of the forests. On the contrary, a great variety of all sorts of trees, among which are duplicates of the maple and oak of our own country, outnumber the spruces, pines, and cedars, common in the higher latitudes all over the world. Grass grows fresh and green beneath the snow, and I gathered butter-cups in a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, in the old cemetery on the bluff above the harbor mouth at this point.

With sunshine and fair weather we went ashore. Port Famine has a historical fame.—Centuries ago a colony from Spain perished wretchedly here for want of food. Some twenty years since a Chilinean settlement for convicts met its death by a revolt of the prisoners—who rose on their guards, murdered men, women and children, captured a trading schooner at anchor in the harbor, massacred its crew, and sailed away. It is pleasant to know that these convict pirates punished. At Ancud, in Chiloe Island, the place is shown where they were pulled in pieces by horses, in the same style in which a certain King of France put the supposed assassin Damiens to death. Ruins of frame-houses crown the high-land on the northern side of the harbor. A square enclosure, surrounded by a half-decayed fence of wooden pickets, shows the plan of the convict-village, afterward the burial ground of the victims of the massacre. A wooden cross stood in its centre a few years ago. Visitors to the place, though very few in number, have hacked this away till a stump, a yard in height, is all that remains of it. Graves are scattered thickly around. An old earth-work, with two or three corroding guns, overlooks the cemetery and the ruins. The story of the misfortunes of Port Famine was told to me by Governor Schuts, while I sat in his comfortable library at Sandy Point. The view from the window took in the broad expanse of the Straits, with the snow-covered mountains of Terra del Fuego on the southern side. A scene of desolations. A region without house or hut in sight beyond the fifty or sixty that made the Governor's village. Sitting there at ease, in a room whose appointments were the same as those of any similar room at home, it was hard to realize that only two mails a year were possible for the Governor, or any other removed is his house from the outer world.

More than a hundred mountain peaks are within range of vision from the plateau where the ruins of Port Famine stand. A vast inland lake terminates thirty miles in the southward in the entrance to Magdalen Sound—a passage to the southern Pacific, cut through the mountains of Terra del Fuego. Narrow, twisted, walled in by high cliffs a channel whose waters I never [illegible] and over which the break of day [illegible]. The natives [illegible] very truly that it resembles revenge to another and a worse world.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Science and Art.

[illegible]

BY PROFESSOR W. H. CUMMINS.

[illegible] long [illegible] to the King. His own [illegible] the declaration [illegible] The wealth of [illegible] amounted to revenue in 1850 of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 18.—New Series. Whole No. 227.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 819 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or the paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2075, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to R. Weaver, No 819 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2075, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper to each one furnished.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference,		REV. B. T. TANNER.	
Philadelphia	"	"	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	"	"	J. PATTERSON
New England	"	"	W. W GRIMES
Ohio	"	"	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana	"	"	ENOS McINTOSH
Missouri	"	"	M. M CLARK
California	"	"	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

NATIONAL ODE.

O God, in this our country's day
Of trouble, hear us when we pray!
Hear, for fair Freedom's bleeding cause!
Hear, for her violated laws!

Where can we go, but unto Thee,
In this, our dire extremity?
If Thou forsake us we must die!
Oh, listen to our earnest cry!

Deliverance send from Thy right hand,
And bless and save our stricken land!
Great God, protect us by Thy might,
And make us choose and love the right!

And now, our noble Leader's dead,
Raise up a Joshua in his stead,
To guide our brave, victorious band,
In safety to the Promised Land!

W. M. F.

April, 24, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM REV. J. G. GIBBS.

Wilmington, N. C., April 15, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—I arrived safely in Newbern on the eighth day after my departure from Philadelphia, being detained in New York four days waiting for a steamer. Newbern is on the Neuse River, about 90 miles from Hatteras Inlet. The city contains now about 75,000 persons—in time of peace not more than 20,000. Soldiers and refugees make up the balance of the present population. Here is also a camp of 20,000 refugees.

REFUGEES—THEIR CONDITION.

This people have followed Sherman's army from various points upon its march to Goldsboro, from Savannah. The destitution and suffering of this people exceeded my wildest dream; old men and women bending to the ground, heads white with the frosts and hardships of many winters, as well as the innocent babe of a few weeks, contribute to make up this scene of misery. The able-bodied men are taken for soldiers and laborers, while women and children, and the sick and feeble men are in camps. Government provides them with food, and they live in huts, of small and miserable proportions. Many abuses exist in regard to the pay of the freedmen, by reason of the dishonesty of government agents, and many are cheated out of their hard-earned pittance after months of labor.

I saw one man who told me he had worked for nine months, and during that time had received his rations and one pair of shoes as his entire pay. Another had worked for a year and got $10. By patching them off, and delaying to pay them, their clothing is worn out, and they are fast becoming quite miserable; and what is worse, they generally receive the same kind of treatment from every quartermaster who may be placed over them.

I am sorry to say that some of the white teachers who are sent to the freedmen are unfit for this work and had better be kept at home. They have not the spirit of true missionaries, but are full of their pro-slavery notions, and have taken these positions as a stepping stone to other objects. True, there are honorable exceptions, but if half the rumors and tales told of them be true, some of them had better go over to the rebels at once. I know of various acts of oppression, done by provost marshals and some of these teachers sent from the North, that are in direct conflict with the instructions of the government as well as of the institutions that sent them. The Provost Marshal at Fort Fisher is sending the colored people back to their masters, telling them that they are not free.

The National Freedmen's Association, American Missionary Society, and Boston Educational Society should look sharply after some of their teachers down in Dixie. I am personally acquainted with all these teachers, and also with the societies that sent them, and our intercourse has always been of the most friendly character, but there are some acts that I will talk loudly about, if there is not a change, and I will give the names of the parties likewise, and hold myself responsible for whatever statements I may make

SCHOOLS—THEIR CONDITION.

I have visited seven colored schools in Newbern; the children are doing well as could be expected, and some much better than I had anticipated; still much is done, seemingly, for the sake of present impression, rather than for the solid interests of the children. When I remember that in a few years these black children will control largely the future destiny of this southern country, and will make it either a hell upon earth or a paradise, I tremble for the responsible trust which has been placed in the hands of these improper persons. This people must be educated above the fear of their servile condition, or they will never be free.

LEAGUES—THEIR CONDITION.

The leagues in Newbern and vicinity are doing a great and important work; they are reorganizing social life, by holding up a standard of virtue and morality, and spreading the truth like a flaming sword among the people, as well as infusing among them true political doctrines. I have never loved the leagues so ardently nor had such faith in their fitness for the duties assigned them, as since I have been among the people. They hold their meetings weekly, which are always well attended.

Permit me to relate an incident bearing upon social life. At a meeting of one of the leagues, some time since, one of the speakers said, that the days of concubinage between white men and black women were now over, for all were alike free, and the black woman who now lives with a white man, as his mistress, has not the least shadow of an excuse for her conduct, and although she be wrapped in silks and decked with diamonds, she was not fit to associate with a virtuous black woman, whether maid or matron, though she be as poor as not to have but a single garment to her back. The next day this man was sent for by one of these unfortunate women, who asked him if it was the intention of the leagues to discountenance that manner of living among them; he answered yes, that they were pledged to foster and encourage all things which tended toward morality and virtue, and to condemn and denounce every thing derogatory to well-regulated and virtuous society. The woman burst into tears, and said, "My mother placed me in this condition!" A man standing along side of her remarked that she spoke the truth. Her own mother had forced her into this relation with this white man, and thus she has lived for years. I will draw the veil over this painful but truthful picture; yet while this woman doubtless felt the degredation of her condition, there are thousands, who from inclination or stupidity, are following the same course. An old man, who has raised a large family, said to me, with tears in his eyes, "You may raise your daughters ever so tenderly, strive ever so hard to protect them, but by the time they have arrived to years of maturity, some white scoundrel has polluted them. I understood him; he was telling his own family history.

It is in the power of the leagues to correct many of these abuses, by teaching these people their rights, and explaining to them the immoral tendency of their present habits. Many of them read and write well; let papers and books be sent to them explaining their rights and exhorting them to awake and be on the alert. Much property may be had for churches and schools, and other charitable purposes, by applying to the tax commissioners for property that has been confiscated. Under a recent act of Congress provision has been made for withdrawing from confiscated rebel property, on the day of sale, such portions as may be needed for public purposes. I applied in a certain place for a rebel's property, worth $15,000, and I have the promise that when the sale takes place I can have it. I call attention to this fact, so that good sites may be obtained for schools and other purposes.

The leagues should seize upon all these chances as quickly as possible. Now is the golden moment. Colored men and women must come out here and do this work: it will not be done by the whites, and we have no right to expect it.

CHURCHES—THEIR CONDITION.

There is a Methodist church in Newbern that the military authorities have handed over to the colored people for present use; they likewise showed us the same kindness at Wilmington, but the final possession of all these churches must be settled by the civil courts. The colored people of this place claim a valuable Church property, in the city, worth about $70,000, and of which they now have possession, the white members having nearly all gone into rebeldom. For years the colored people used the gallery while the whites occupied the main floor. On the front of the building are the words "African Church," with the name of the founder, and, like many others through the south, have always been called the African Church, though the majority of the members were white. This explains why Jeff Davis held the public meetings in Richmond in the African Church, which had been a puzzle to many of us north.

The white Methodists say the blacks have seceded, and have lost all right in the Church property, by joining the African M. E. Church. The blacks say the whites are the seceders, for they seceded from the Methodist E. Church of the United States and set up a rebel church, and finally ran off with the rebel army, while the blacks stood by and held possession of the property, and that rebels have no rights that loyal men are bound to respect.

It has been decided by the courts in New York, lately, that the party that secede from a church lose all rights in that corporation, and that the original purpose of the founders must be steadily kept in mind. According to this it seems that blacks can hold the field, if they have fair play. The original idea of the founder was to plant an African Church, not a white Church, of the M. E. order, but one of the A. M. E order; hence in joining the A. M. E. Church, the blacks claim that they are simply carrying out the original idea of the founder. The founder was himself a Methodist preacher, and his purpose may be inferred from this outline.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—ITS CONDITION.

There are two O. S. Presbyterian Churches in Wilmington, in which, also, the blacks worshiped in the gallery and the whites upon the ground floor. Whether this custom had its origin in the well known fact that the servants are down in the kitchen, while the master is up in the parlor, or the more charitable view that the whites wished to get the blacks, once a week, as near heaven as possible, I will leave others to judge, as I do not wish to be uncharitable.

I have charge of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, whose pastor and congregation have run away for fear of Uncle Abe's long switch, which he has been vigorously laying upon the hides of the rebels in this portion of rebeldom. I have gathered a congregation of three or four hundred persons, both black and white, with a Sabbath school of about fifty children. The Church building is very neat, its only fault being that it is not large enough to accommodate the people. I have been very kindly treated by my people, and have wanted for nothing. I shall remain here until I get help, and then I will start for Charleston, South Carolina or some other desirable point.

IMPRESSIONS.

The poor whites of the South are the most miserable specimens of humanity I have ever seen among whites any where. They have long lean short bodies long necks bullet heads, scrawny backs, flat breasts, and big bellies, long scrawny arms, pendulous paws, and a countenance in which ignorance and low cunning seems to struggle by turns for the mastery.

These poor whites are, in many respects, as much the victims of slavery as the blacks, and are fit tools to carry out the views of the slave holders; they are no more conscious of their degradation than many of the black field hands. Their language, manners, and general appearance is any thing but inviting; the women chew snuff, and the men drink whisky and chew tobacco.

The better class of whites are not to be seen, as they left with the rebel army. The colored people here are more intelligent than is generally thought at the north.

It is a singular fact, in connection with the Methodist Church of this city, that upon its front is this inscription, though a majority of the members are white, and some of them the richest slave-holders in this place.

In Memory
of the
Rev. William Meredith,
Founder of the African Church,
in Wilmington, N. C.
He died
in the latter part of 1790,
leaving this memory embalmed,
in the hearts of the poor, for
whom in life he labored
HIS RECORD IS WITH GOD
This marble
is erected to his memory
by the ministers of the
S. C. Conference,
1845

This inscription is suggestive of many thoughts, and is a sure witness against the perfidy of the whites. Marsland Campbel gave the lot on which the church and parsonage now stand, to the colored people for an African Church. In the early history of Methodism in this place, as elsewhere, it was despised, and none but the poor and wretched were numbered among its adherents. The Rev. Wm. Meredith began preaching a gospel of joy and hope to the slaves. They heard him gladly, and in a short time he, by the aid of these slaves, put up a rough church building in which they worshiped some time, when the whites burned it to the ground. They put up a second edifice and it shared the same fate. On the following Sabbath Wm. Meredith and his slave congregation met upon the spot where their church had stood, and over its ashes he prayed God to judge speedily between them and their persecutors, and to award them as the work of their hands demanded. The moral grudeur and force of this little handful of corn, cast, as it were, upon the top of the mountain, and which was destined to shake and wave as the Cedars of Lebanon, was not lost, for Marsland Campbel, a rich slaveholder, came to the rescue, and gave them the ground (upon which their present church building is erected) for an African Church.

They built a third time, and the whites began to notice and respect the claims of Methodism. Rich men began to patronize it, and it became fashionable. Then came a change; the blacks were crowded from one part of the Church to another; they were kicked, cuffed, and otherwise abused, to such an extent that they tried for a separation, which, also, the whites opposed, fearing that the blacks might become insurrectionary. As a matter of course black preachers sprung up, but they were "squelched" with an iron hand, as they were the most likely to keep alive that love of liberty and desire for justice which the southern chivalry so much dreaded.

The great slave-holders rebellion came on this Church, as it did on a majority of the southern Churches of all denominations, and found them with rebel ministers, the most inveterate enemies of God and man that the present century has looked upon. A rebel portion of this congregation ran away, but their rebel preacher remains, much to the disgust of a large portion of his black sheep.

Yours for the war,

JONATHAN C. GIBBS.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WORD AFRICAN IS OUR DENOMINATIONAL TITLE.

BY JAMES LYNCH.

Twenty days after the appearance of brother Stanford's article, "Church and State," I saw it for the first time. Flattering myself that it was partially occasioned by my views in regard to erasure of the word "African" from our denominational title, I am pleased with the expression of opposite opinion, which should always be welcomed by honest conviction.

Brother S. leaves us a little in doubt as to the line of duty between church and State. But the copious dash of language with which the article commences, can safely be attributed to an overflowing of sacred patriotism, which, like the overleaping flood, causes us to stand and wonder whither is its course?

Brother S. seems to reason thus: evils in the State are blows struck at the church, but ordinarily these blows do not endanger her, extraordinary ones, however, there will be sometimes. Then, oh! Church, put on thy strength. Walk the plains of Elah, and challenge forth and strike dead thy Philistine.

Now, just here, our brother arrays himself against all the teachings and experiences of the moral and physical world. Would you avert the terrific malady, the fatal ill? In health make *circumstances* healthful. Let the first symptom of disease arouse vigilance and its earliest footing be contested with remedy.

If it be the duty of the church to wake up to a duty of the state when there is an agitating storm that affects her, what is her duty when a calamitous atmosphere poisons all among her, and the morally dead lie across her path way?

In our brother's first paragraph he stamps himself by making the "man of straw" and afterwards pitching into it. A sentence the next page as follows: "It is true there are but few occasions which will justify the church in leaving the important topics peculiar to her, and discuss political events which happen around her."

Now to that question, "Is the church [illegible] influence the State?" Not a jot of it. Let the church look out for the principles which underlie men and events and insist that they should conform to a gospel made standard which will not be a spasmodic or unusual work, but a continuous one.

You with our dear brother in my appreciation and love of the African M. E. Church, believing that it was the first protest against American prejudice ever registered by colored men; that its existence, success, and usefulness, stand as our highest monument demonstrating our capacity, and evidencing our favor of the Lord. For her cause I have suffered in the South, and at this moment suffer, continuing the opportunity glorious. To infer that, one thinks less of the A. M. E. church, because desiring a change in the name, is certainly doing injustice. While arguments in favor of erasure, either weak or potent, have drawn out a number of columns in reply, I have yet to see any that have been urged against such erasure, and with increased boldness [illegible] by honest conviction reassert all that I have said on the subject.

To say that the word African does not mean color, for it was originally applied to persons of a light hue as well as black, is equivalent to saying that a crape on the door of a house does not signify the death of an inmate because crape have been hung on doors where death had not entered.

"Is it true that the word African designates a different kind of blood peculiar to a certain race of men?" Asks brother S. Well, the word African in connection with a race is a conventional term. Indeed the idea of races of men, I have always held to be conventional signification that those words were made use of.

My remark that the word African in our denominational title is continually suggestive of a separate nationality, draws forth from our brother a quotation from a prohibitory enactment in the Constitution in regard to the establishment of religion, not being able to perceive its relevancy to the point at issue, I respectfully refer it to the readers for solution as an intellectual exercise.

I claim that our status in this nation is not yet fixed. And with trembling suspense are we waiting to see that citizenship given us to make us liable to the draft, will ripen into that which will give us the ballot box and make us liable to the legislative seat or Gubernatorial chair.

I claim further that the wiping out, as far as in our power lies, any thing that suggests the undesirability of political identity is our sacred duty.

I cannot see how discussion of this subject can be productive of evil, for the majority must rule, and the minority obey or take the consequences of their disobedience. The General Conference can make the change, and it only; and we would do nothing more than ask, for reasons urged now, and before, a union of voices in prayer to that body to strike out the word African, not because we *do not* love Africa, but because we *do* love her.

Charleston, S. C., April 21, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Head Quarters 1st U. S. C. T., Raleigh, N. C., April 17th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—I must be content to sketch out a short synopsis, of our rout from Warsaw to this place. Sunday morning, the 9th inst., orders to march came early in the morning, every thing being in a bustle to be ready at the shortest time possible. The news spread with inconceivable rapidity among the inhabitants of the place. The whites were evidently glad on the reception of such intelligence, while the colored were sorrowful, chagrined and despondent. Men, women and children, had come for miles from the adjacent country, to find freedom and patriotism under our flag. Six or seven hundred of these, at least, were women and children in a state of nudity, and without any means of support. To this class especially, I had issued government rations, supplied them with house room, and protected in the best manner possible. Not they were not the only recipients of this favor. Several white ladies and slave oligarchs were glad to enter my office in the same humiliating custom which they formerly would have expected from me, and ask for a permit to draw from the government, whining under a pretended vengeance they would like to inflict upon their southern degraders. I know that was all fudge, but it satisfied me to see them crouching before me, and I a negro. But I am leaving the subject.

The news having spread that we were going to leave, the colored people became wonderfully excited. There were hundreds of children who could not walk, women in the same fix, and vast numbers thought it impracticable to attempt to follow us into the middle of the State, and to [illegible] there was thought to be death, for the scouts of the rebel Wheeler, were expected in [illegible] who would kill and destroy them without mercy. To describe the scene produced by our departure would be too solemn, if time and space permitted. Suffice it to say, many were the tears shed, many sorrowful hearts bled. Vast numbers followed us at every risk, and others started for Wilmington, where they all are. God alone knows, I was compelled to evade their sight as much as possible, to be relieved of such words as these, "Chaplain, what shall I do? where can we go? will you come back?" &c. But amid it all we marched off about 9 o'clock, followed by an immense concourse of colored and white. And thus we continued, resting at intervals, till we arrived at Faison's Depot, ten miles up the railroad. Here we joined our brigade, and in rejoining that, joined our Corps which was rendezvousing from its scattered fragments preparatory to our move upon the place.

Early Monday morning 10th inst. the drums beat, trumpets were blown, tents struck, horses saddled and geared, and soon the long lines of soldiers marching to the cheering music of the bands told Kinston Depot farewell. But Goldsboro [illegible] Raleigh [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 6, 1865.

A CONTINUATION

Of Notable Incidents connected with the Editor's Visit to the South

Our readers will remember that we left off last week, at Zion church, in Charleston, S C We said that Bishop Wayman called for a vote, when he and Rev. Lewis had got through: Bp. Wayman showing why the colored Methodist ought to belong to the A. M. E. Church, and Brother Lewis trying to show why they should belong to the M. E. Church. The vote was taken, and Bishop Wayman claimed a large majority in favor of the A. M. E. Church. This was all done in good faith. The meeting then adjourned, and we all went to our places of temporary abode.

Tuesday, March 28. Fine morning; thought it rather warm, yet pleasant. The Bishop and myself went to see if any boat would leave for Hilton Head, so that we might be able to catch a boat for New York; but we were told that none would leave on that day. But we were not the only ones who were disappointed at this intelligence.

Well, here we met with the glorious old 54th Massachusetts, on their way to Georgetown, S C. They had been ordered there from Savannah, Georgia, to put down the "Seceah" in George town.

We visited the tomb of John C. Calhoun, whose name is prominent in connection with the present troubles in this country. His Southern proclivities are well known to our readers. We took a good view of his tomb; and on the east end of it we beheld traced the name of Rev Henry Ward Beecher. How it came there, we could not tell; for we had no knowledge of his having been there, up to the time we left, since the capture of Charleston. A colored gentleman who accompanied us to the tomb, remarked—"Here lies the cause of all this nation's troubles." We got a piece of his tomb-stone, and brought it home with us. The broad top-stone had been broken by some one, and hence we all were enabled to secure a fragment. We have some of it now.

Wednesday, March 29th. Here we are, still in Charleston, S. C, and don't know when we will get off, the boats are so irregular. Well, we put the time in as well as we could. All this day is gone, and we are not off yet. Thursday morning finds us still in Charleston. We spent the entire day here, and on Friday morning we at last left for Hilton Head, and arrived in good time. We spent the remainder of the day in Hilton Head.

THE PEOPLE IN CHARLESTON.—We have never met with a more friendly class of people than we did among the colored folks of Charleston. They greatly appreciate men of high standing They are free-hearted, and love to have you visit their lovely homesteads. They are generally very open and frank, and speak what they think and feel. We said they love to have you visit them—yes, and especially persons of high standing. One would imagine that they had been acquainted for years. They aspire to, and have a high appreciation of literature. The Christian Recorder was highly prised; and while there were many who subscribed for it, there were many others who wished to do so, but had not the means on hand just then. If we could have remained over another Sabbath, we think we could have got over a hundred subscribers. We hope that the good Lord may prosper and bless the dear and generous-hearted people of Charleston, S. C.

We left for Hilton Head on Friday, and arrived in the evening. We spent the night there. Saturday morning, April 1st. Well, April is here, and we are still down South. Bro. Lynch and myself concluded to go to Beaufort, S. C. Bishop Wayman did not feel like stemming the caressing waves of the proud Atlantic until we were finally ready to leave for home. Therefore, he concluded to remain at Hilton Head, and preach there on the Sabbath, while Bro. Lynch and myself would spend the Sabbath at Beaufort So we left, and arrived in Beaufort at about 12 o'clock at night, and at about 5 o'clock in the morning we stepped on shore, and wended our way up to the house, where Brother Lynch has a room. He went out shortly, and had breakfast prepared for us at the house of Bros Long and Steward. Miss Mary Still resides but a short distance from here You may imagine how glad we were to see her. She was also lifted up, and at once made arrangements for Brother Lynch and ourself to take dinner, after meeting.

We now went to the church, which we had possession of when Rev. J. S. Hall was one of the missionaries, but it seems that it has slipped out of our hands, and Rev. Mr. Lewis has it under his control. However, we went, and heard a pretty good discourse from the post-chaplain, on the death of a teacher of the department, who was from the North. Brother Lynch made an arrangement for us to preach at the Baptist church, at 8 o'clock, which we did. At the same time we presented the Recorder, at the request of the preacher in charge, and they responded nicely, and we had a good time. Bro. Lynch gave a very effective exhortation, when we had concluded our remarks It was then announced that at night we would preach in the Methodist church.

As the appointed time we went to the church, and it was crowded with white and colored officers and soldiers of all ranks We had a good time. Several chaplains were there also, and, more than that, there were several rebels present, who looked on with amazement to see a colored man stand up in the pulpit and talk as we did.

Brother Lynch followed, and clinched all that we had said. The people thought that it was the best meeting they had ever seen in the church. We also presented the Recorder here, and got some subscribers, and thus had a nice time The Lord be praised for his goodness to us poor mortals below!

In our next we shall finish up Beaufort, which will will close the narrative of our visit down South.

[*To be continued next week*]

GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE A. M E ZION MISSION SABBATH SCHOOL

To be given on next Wednesday Evening, the 10th instant, at the Zion Church, in Seventh street, below Dickerson

We hope that our citizens will encourage and sustain Rev. Brother Winder, the pastor over the school, in his praiseworthy efforts. Let the house be filled on the evening in question Go friends, and encourage the enterprise with your presence.

THE BALTIMORE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

Friday Evening, April 23, 1865

We have just arrived in Baltimore at the Conference which assembled here on Thursday the 13th. We found Bishops Payne and Wayman at the house of Rev. S. L. Hamman. Bp. Payne was getting ready to return home, to see about Wilberforce and the students, as himself and the Conference had received the sad intelligence of the total destruction of that building. After we arrived, it removed a portion of their sadness of heart. The Bishop concluded that we had imparted to him the facts given by Revs Shorter and Davis in as minute a manner as was then possible

At night the Conference met in session. Bp Wayman presided. We met several of the brethren, and Bishop Wayman then introduced us to the Conference.

After they had gone through with the major part of the business on hand, the Bishop called on us to inform the Conference and audience of the facts gathered in relation to the burning of Wilberforce University. We complied with the request.

Conference then adjourned, to meet on Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Saturday Morning

Conference met per adjournment Bp Payne in the chair, assisted by Bp Wayman.

The Conference was opened with the usual exercises.

We met here a number of the Philadelphia brethren and friends The Conference was principally engaged in hearing reports from brethren in relation to the Wilberforce University Some had taken up a collection on the day set apart, and some had not

Conference adjourned

Monday Morning, Ap. 24.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp Payne in the chair, assisted by Bp. Wayman. After the Conference was fully organized, instituted, and approved, Conference resolved itself into the Missionary Society.

Of the gentleman appointed to speak, Rev John M. Brown was the first to address the audience. Brother Brown commenced by saying that he had been connected with the mission about thirty years, &c., and then referred to his labors in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Virginia.

He asked the brethren if they had failed to carry out the missionary cause He believed that the congregation, by their presence, meant to encourage the cause; but the brethren had evidently failed to make the people see and feel properly in the great work of missions. It should also be one of the first duties of brethren to see to this.

He also went on to show how he had succeeded in his circuit.

He would bring before his congregation Sunday School papers, the Christian Recorder, &c; and that it was the duty of every minister to lay, and to continue to lay, these things before the people.

Brother Brown made a very fair speech. He spoke for nearly an hour, and urged upon the people to be benevolent, and aid the cause of missions.

The choir gave us some of their best efforts in singing.

The next speaker introduced was Col. Bowman, who, upon stepping on the platform, said it was a strange place for him; it was a missionary meeting. He had been anxious to speak to them of the brave colored men of Maryland, from the fact that they (the colored troops) were among the best, if not the best, soldiers in our army; "and however much they were appreciated," said he, "when I first came to Baltimore, I told you that I never expected to leave it until every slave were set free." This had come to pass much sooner than he had anticipated; but, thank God, they were now free, and would be enslaved no more; for no people could ever be enslaved who have had muskets put into their hands

He said that formerly colored people could not go to the Custom House to procure even a permit to row a boat; but indeed it was not so now. He urged upon our people to build ships and houses, and engines. The Colonel said a great many good things. He is a noble man, and a good and ever striving friend to the people of color

Bishop Payne then arose and called upon the audience to come forward and contribute liberally to the cause of missions, and they raised nearly $100.

Bishop Payne also read the appeal of the heroic General HANCOCK to the colored people in regard to the arresting of *Booth*, the cowardly assassin of President Lincoln

The meeting then adjourned, to meet at the call of the chairman

Tuesday Morning

Conference met per adjournment Bp. Payne in the chair, assisted by Bishop Wayman. Conference was opened with the usual exercises The Minutes were read and approved, and other matters attended to

Having attended to some unfinished business, the ordination of two elders and one deacon took place

The sermon preached on the occasion was delivered by Bishop Wayman, in a very able and happy manner It was greatly to the point, and reflected much credit on the learned and eloquent speaker

After the very impressive discourse was over, Bishop Payne proceeded to the ordination, when the committee presented Richard H. Parker for a deacon, and James A. Handy and Jno. F. Lane for elders

The ceremony of ordination having been gone through with, the Conference proceeded to other business.

There was a case brought before the Conference in relation to a brother, who, it was said, expressed joy at the destruction of Wilberforce College

After considerable discussion on the subject, it was finally laid over until Wednesday, when the brother who charged that a brother local preacher had made use of such an expression, would give the particulars and name of the person so offending

Wednesday Morning

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Payne in the chair, assisted by Bishop Wayman The Conference was opened with the usual exercises and ceremony

Conference had two sessions a day,—one in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon; but we found that we could not remain until the Conference adjourned

This Conference is a working machine in the missionary cause

The appointments were in our last week's paper

SLAVERY AND PREJUDICE NOT ALWAYS PREDOMINANT

A Committee of the Common Councils of the city of New York voted to exclude our loyal colored citizens from participating in the funeral procession of our late President and Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln But it seems that Mr. Acton, President of the Police Commissioners, assigned them a place in the procession And, in addition to the prompt action of Mr. Acton, our unwavering friend and noble Secretary of War Hon Edwin M Stanton, despatched to General Dix, that stern Wellington of to-day, orders to see that none were excluded on account of color 'Tis needless to say that this injunction was carried out to the very letter. Thus again is right triumphant.

LAST QUARTERLY MEETING IN BETHEL CHURCH.

Last Sabbath was the occasion for the last Quarterly Meeting for Bethel church, (for this year,) of which Rev. William Moore is now the pastor

Brother Moore has had quite a revival during the last month or so, in his church, and a good number have professed a hope in Christ Jesus the Lord.

On last Friday night the General Class met, and on Monday night the sacred ordinance of Love Feast was observed. There was much Christian spirit and feeling manifested on this occasion, and all hearts were turned to God on high The brethren had a good time There was quite a number of white friends present, of different denominations—Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists. The hopes manifested by many for a final enjoyment of the Christian's rest in the promised land beyond the grave, were great. May the beneficent Creator continue these revivals through the winter, spring and fall!

OUR CORRESPONDENCE SOMEWHAT INTERESTING.

We refer our readers to Rev H. M. Turner's letter, chaplain in the U. S. Army, from our old home, or near it, Raleigh, N. C. Bro. Turner has followed up the army, and is doing a great deal of good

Our readers will see, from Brother Turner's very interesting and able letter, that he has gone into Raleigh, N. C., hoisted the flag of the A M E Church, and taken in some four or five hundred members. That is right, Bro Turner! May the good Lord continue to crown your efforts with success.

We have some relations living in and about Raleigh, and up in old Orange County, by the name of Weaver and Revels, the many of whom are about Fayetteville, N. C. We hope we shall yet have the pleasure of seeing these dear ones again.

We hope that Brother Turner will not forget to extend the circulation of the worthy organ of our Church, the Christian Recorder. Do not forget us.

We have also received a very interesting letter from Rev. J. C. Gibbs, of the Seventh street Presbyterian church, (colored,) of this city. We refer our readers to his letter on the first page of our paper. Both his letter and Bro. Turner's may be found there. May the good Lord bless Brother Gibbs in his efforts to do good for our race. Long may he be spared in his work of mercy!

THE MISSIONARY MESSENGER.

We have received No 1 of the first volume of a new paper started in Dresden, Canada West, by Rev. Josephus O'Banyoun, General Book Steward and Editor of the British M. E. Church It is to be published monthly, at the rate of 75c. per year

It is a very neat little sheet, and we hope that Brother O'Banyoun will meet with abundant encouragement from an appreciating public. His spirit of industry and enterprise deserves a most cordial support. We shall be happy to place the Messenger on our exchange list.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

There are few weekly papers published which are in greater demand than the Christian Recorder. Our friends should remember this and send in their orders early. They should also club together, and devise some means to supply our soldiers with the Recorder, as they are very urgent in their demands for it, and, as a general thing have not the means to subscribe for it. Will not brother Brook and brother Strother, of Louisville, Ky., and our brethren every where make a note of this, and hasten themselves accordingly, so that the Recorder may soon be placed within the reach of every member of the A. M. E. Church?

CONFERENCES.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church, will meet in this city on the 13th of this month.

Charleston, S. C.—This Conference will be re-organized by Bishop Payne, assisted by other ministers of A. M. E. Church, as soon as practicable. It is the Bishop's intention to convene the new Conference on the 13th of the present month, if they can get to their destination in sufficient time for so doing. May the good Lord bless and crown the undertaking with success.

The New York Conference will meet on the 9th of June. The New England Conference will also meet on the same day. This is rather bad, and we cannot see why our good Bishops appointed the same day. There are many who fully intended to attend at both places, that will now have to forego the pleasure of visiting one or the other

DR. J. W. CREEK.

In another column of our paper will be found the card of Dr. Creek, of Baltimore Dr. Creek keeps a first class drug store, and he and Dr. Burmingham, of Boston, are the only two practising colored physicians in the country who have large apothecaries

They are enterprising and zealous in their profession, and deserve great credit and a liberal patronage for it. Dr Creek is a very pleasant man and is very attentive to his business. He is prepared to forward medicines to any point either by express or through the mail. His place of business is at the corner of North and Pleasant streets, Baltimore, Maryland

PERSONAL.

We were honored last week with a visit from Dr. Burmingham, of Boston, Massachusetts, and we were very glad to see him. The Doctor looks exceedingly well, considering the labor he has to perform in attending a practice, which, we are assured, is one of the largest in that State We wish him all success

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are so crowded and over run with matter, that our contributing friends will have to exercise a little patience with us.

THE WORLD MOVES—WHAT NEXT.

We have received the first number of a new weekly paper, published in New Orleans, called "The Black Republican." The publication office is at No 6 Carondelet street, near Canal, and is published under the auspices of the Black Republican Newspaper Association. Its principal editor is Dr S. W Rogers, assisted by C. C. Antoine, associate editor, and J. B. Noble, publisher. Terms, $5 per annum.

It is quite a neat sheet, and we hope it may live long to do strong battle in the cause of universal freedom and equal rights. We have no doubt, that if properly supported, it will aid much in forming public opinion in that section of this great country. We shall be happy to exchange with the Black Republican, and hope that people will patronize it liberally

INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH.

The thirteenth Annual Commencement of the above named Institute took place on last Thursday, and continued till Friday night. This is one of the best schools in the city, and Professor Bassett and his corps of teachers deserve great credit for the proficiency to which they have, through great exertion, brought it.

THE SAVANNAH REPUBLICAN

We have just received a copy of the above named paper, of which Mr. J F. Hayes is the editor and proprietor. For want of proper paper in those parts, it comes to us on brown paper Mr. Hayes is a gentleman and a true friend of the oppressed He publishes a spirited paper, and should be, at all hazards, properly supported. We see by the number in our possession that the colored people of Savannah held a grand mass meeting on the 19th of April, at which the Hon W. L. Garrison, and Rev Geo. Thompson, of England, were present.

For the Christian Recorder

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY CHAPLAIN TURNER

Warsaw, N. C., April 5th, 1865

MR EDITOR:—At the close of my last letter, I had just commenced treating on the attack we sustained from the rebels on the 24th ultimo As I was saying, having fortified ourselves north of the Neuse river so as to protect the pontoon bridges from any rebel interruption, we sent out foraging parties daily, who acted as scouts, and also helped to keep our men and animals supplied.

The first day a few white soldiers went out in a rather straggling manner, and were captured by the rebels, on the road leading to Smithfield. On the following day the Division Battalion of sharpshooters encountered the enemy on the same road, in larger force. But the next day, (the 24th,) the rebels prepared to meet this party of Yankees, who walked so recklessly about upon their sacred soil. About ten o'clock, a company or two went out again, but had not proceeded far before the rebels halted them, and soon the roar of the cannon, in deafening reverberations, told us they meant fight. After exchanging several musket shots our men came back within our works, yet no one seemed in the least alarmed, as our men had made them fall back before leaving. Our camps were still full of life, and every thing went on as usual. About three o'clock, the rebels, expecting our return, came down the road, concealing a large force under cover of the woods, and began to annoy our pickets. Consequently, a few detachments were sent out to support them. They had not gone further than three hundred yards from our works, before they met the rebel force. Our pickets by this time, however, had considerably aroused our attention, by an increased musket fire, and, joining the detachments sent to their support, resolved to question the rebel's authority for visiting our quarters, which they seemed to have in contemplation

A few volleys from our men, which were promptly responded to by the rebels, prepared every body in our lines for the war gauntlet. Our works teemed with *smoked* Yankees, (as the rebels call us,) while before them stood our pickets and detachment, contending with the rebel advance. I am sorry to say, a few volleys soon made the men of a certain regiment, leave our detachment in front, and fall behind their works, which only left one of our companies, and a few men of the 6th United States Colored Troops, to skirmish with a force quadrupling their number. However, the brave boys of the 1st Regiment, who have never given way in any skirmish, nor in nine battles, nor have ever failed to take any works they charged, and who have the confidence of every General in our corps, were there, and they stood firm, while the rebels poured the most galling fire into them, that I ever saw poured into so few men in my life, and it is well known, I have seen war wonders. And there they continued to stand until the rebels began to fire grape into their ranks, when orders were sent them to come in, so as get out of the way of our artillery, and allow us the same chance, to fire grape at them.

The conduct of our boys on that occasion elicited the praise of thousands. But the bravery of my regiment has long since ceased to be a question, therefore, it is needless to rehearse it And while the boys would rather die than lose their reputation, they are well aware that their good name has cost them severely. For they will be picked out of 20,000 colored troops to assume a risk, when others will lie around in camp

Returning to the subject, our detachment, as I stated above, only came in, to give room to our artillery. By this time the rebel artillery was in such position, as to shell our camps very easily and awful were the whizzing bombs which they for awhile hurled into our midst. They cut men in half, and pieces from caplone shells, killed and wounded several. My tent happened to be in direct range of their artillery, and three or four bombs passed through and over my quarters. In a terrible state I was in at I passed up to ascertain if they were ready to surrender At the moment here came another. I then hastily gained with my feet and how to carry my body away from that place, which they did in a hurry. The soldiers can be running through the darkness in search of safer quarters, and instead of looking out for the bursting shells as they came, I ran to caught the chaplain. But the chaplain, preferring a good run to a bad stand, charged out of range at his soldiers generally charge in, which enabled him to bury the Adj. with divine service, instead of being buried with it himself. The rebels, however, dared not approach our works, though they had many invitations, for our men were constantly saying, Come on! Come on! But the rebels thought the colored Yankees were too willing, so they stayed away for spite, and well they did. Had they attempted to enter our lines, such a slaughter would have never been witnessed. Even as it was, we would have killed three to their one, had it not been for their shelling us, not because the rebels exhibited signs of cowardice at all, but because they overshot our men. The rebels numbered twelve hundred at least, while our detachment numbered less than one hundred. However, our artillery soon silenced theirs, and thus ended the engagement.

Shortly after, orders came to pack up, and march, which we did, camping a few miles south of the Neuse river, which place we also left next morning, and marched for Faison Station, on the Wilmington and Goldsboro Rail Road en route to this point We had to march again through a portion of country trodden a week before by Sherman's army. Here every thing wore the garb of desolation, portraying evidences of adversity's most awful sweep, raging in exterminating fury, and shrouding every thing in the habiliments of utter waste

Finally, reaching Faison Station, we went into camp with the understanding that we were to rest for several weeks. Upon this information we all commenced to prepare quarters for a long rest, but by the time we got our quarters done, and all things arranged for a few weeks' respite, our regiment was ordered to break camp, and proceed to Warsaw, to guard that post, which we did with great glee, as we all thought it indicated some local duty. Arriving here about two o'clock at night, we made our beds on the ground, and went to sleep Next morning opened up to our vision a little village The news of black Yankees being here soon spread through the adjacent country, which has been ever since bringing in hundreds of contrabands to this place.

On Sabbath I had the large Baptist church opened, which holds about eight hundred persons, and preached at 11 o'clock, and my inestimable armor bearer, Rev John Hames at three, and myself again at night A description of the day's proceedings would consume more time than I have now to spare At all our services, however, the church has been far too small to hold the people. But owing to my heavy responsibilities, and incessant labors, I am compelled to transfer the most of the preaching to Brother Hames and Rev Edgar Stephenson, both of whom are known as non-commissioned chaplains, by virtue of their being, (by my own appointment,) my assistants. Brother Hames is a member of the A. M. E. Church, lives in Washington city, is a splendid preacher, mighty in prayer, excellent at singing, obedient to orders, always at work, and wields a moral influence throughout the regiment, that will tell for good in years to come. Besides, wherever he goes he establishes prayer meeting and preaching places so rapidly and successfully, that I am often surprised. Had Brother Hames a better education, he would be one of earth's great men. Brother Stephenson lives in Alexandria, Va., is a member of the A. M. E. Church, a good man, good character, ordinary, preacher, charming in prayer, sings well, but not very feelingly, reads well, writes some, obedient to orders, thinks nothing impossible for the people of God, and is an assiduous laborer in and out of the regiment. No one can imagine the pleasure it often gives me, while engaged in my labors, to have Hames on one side and Stephenson on the other, for each one knows his side.

Every thing has gone off finely, except a little misunderstanding, which created some excitement yesterday among our soldiers, growing out of some adjustment of contraband affairs, by some of our officers. But as these people have been placed in my charge, every thing is as smooth as oil

Will not some of the friends of humanity collect at least 1,000 copies of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and forward to my address. Send also any Congressional enactments bearing upon the freedom of the slaves I want no abolition speeches, but legal documents I only wish I had 5,000 copies. If some of our Tract Societies would circulate that Proclamation through the South, it would accomplish far more good than some of their tracts, which are too often looked at and thrown aside

I know it has become quite popular for soldiers and young ladies to correspond on the subject of marriage, yet strangers to each other But those three young ladies who have been writing to me, complimenting my letters to the *Recorder*, and desiring to correspond on the subject of matrimony, will allow me to inform them, that I am a married man; besides, if they could see me, they would not want me, for I am as ugly as Old Harry, have a woolly head, face scarred with small pox, big feet, bowed shanks, and I can't walk, but have to hobble, (my horse threw me the other day.) And if I were not married, and over so attractive, I have no time to waste upon such trashy matters now. I am not able to answer one third of the letters received relating to important business. Before me now lies nineteen letters, which ought to be replied to I have six sheets of paper, four envelopes, and two postage stamps, and those I begged from my soldiers

The news has just arrived that five of our soldiers, who were on guard at Faison's Mill, have been killed by the rebel cavalry, who dashed in and took them by surprise

Ten Minutes Later.

I have just been out to see Penny, of Co. K, whose left fingers are shot off and has a ball in his head. He is covered with blood, and reports all killed but himself, and he was left for dead by the rebels, after having his pockets searched I think his case is beyond recovery. There is great excitement among our men. One company has left to look for the rebels and woe be unto the wretches if found

For the Christian Recorder

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE NEGRO

As the most important question affecting our (the Anglo-African) future interest, in the right of suffrage it becomes our duty to review the case in all its bearings, in an humble way we hope to remove many erroneous objections that are set up against the claims of the loyal and well disposed in the minds of some of our warmest friends. By rhetorically considering the question we hope to arrive them more kindly and more to win over some of our enemies. For to come to a logical conclusion on this question, it will be necessary to take a summary review of the past, present and what must be the future position and power of the negro, and the manner the said position and power has and will be directed: after such a review the conclusion will be apparent

In opening this review, we first notice the fact that numbers, when properly directed, are one of the grand barriers powers of a state, and, in a Republican form of government it is an indisputable fact, that in proportion as a class of persons stand high or low in numbers, so they stand high or low in power, other things being equal. Again, in proportion as one or more classes of a state unite their exertions in a given direction, so will their power be increased in said direction. Other things being equal; i. e laws and regulations of state affecting each class equally

Again, as regards class, mankind have not as yet reached that high state of civilization, that tends to bring the different races and conditions that necessarily form a state, into a regular and perfect political equality, as regards laws and restrictions, the same of civilization has not yet been reached, for proof, see in the most highly civilized states in Europe, also our own states, and note the many distinct classes that exist, although not so clearly defined as in India, yet they do certainly exist

Again, as long as the laws of those states aforesaid particularly restrict any class or classes, so long will those classes be more and more defined, and as they grow in numbers they will unite in using their exertions to remove said restrictions, and the said influence will in time assuredly cause the said restrictions to be removed.

Again, that government that places the least restriction on a class or classes approaches the nearest to a highly civilized government. For the purpose of ascertaining the sources of power that exists in numbers, we will notice the fact that according to Political Economy, labor is the source of wealth, and wealth is the source of power, therefore, the greater the number of individuals to labor either mentally or physically, the greater the ability to accumulate wealth, i. e. power

Again, politically it needs no argument, to show as aforesaid, that a class or classes uniting their exertions in a given direction can sway any constitutional government: to say thinking mind this is obvious. In applying these principles which are purely logical to the American Negro, we find, as regards numbers, that they form at the least calculation one sixth of the population of the United States, and of course contribute one sixth of its innate wealth; therefore, they should sway one sixth of the power; that is, if laws and regulations toward races and conditions as aforesaid were equal. Now, I ask the American statesman and citizen, is this view correct, or are the aforesaid principles and facts false If not, do they sway their due proportion of power, and if they do not, why is it? Your government professes to be a Republican, granting liberty and a common defence to every citizen. With such generous principles I ask again, why is it that this class does not sway their due proportion of power? The above as regards numbers is in the main correct, and the disgraceful fact in regarding the direction of the said negro wealth, i. e. power, is that the United States have subverted the same for their own aggrandisement during more than half a century, by placing heavy and grievous restrictions on the negro population, by depriving them of their liberty, by reducing them to the condition of chattels, not allowing them the privilege to appeal to the law of the land as citizens, and summed up their misery by declaring as a nation that the negro had no rights, that they (the United States,) were bound to respect, &c This in the face of written national principles as aforesaid, and set forth in their Declaration and Constitution: this in a highly civilized Christian nation, boasting of its great advance in civilization, and invoking the blessings of a just God to countenance the nameless infamy, that they were perpetrating over the land Thus was the said class of power subverted: thus did the American nation rob the negro five sixths of a nation robbing the remaining one sixth, unblushing robbery! What an excellent name to go down to posterity! In these robberies I have not noticed a privilege that is allowed in some shape to all classes living under a Constitutional government, viz: to have some word or voice in selecting their representatives, in fact, there is a provision to that effect in the Constitution, but it has been so construed that it had better never been there for all the benefit it is to the man of color, for it is used always to crush him We have seen how this class has been restricted, how their power has been curtailed, &c. We will now proceed to review their present condition

There is a maxim that "might makes right," which moderns have made a fixed law, which has been exemplified in the United States, by that class of persons who have been chiefly instrumental in enforcing said restrictions, on said negro population, receiving as remuneration for their exertions, the proceeds of the labor of said class, which amounted yearly to millions, quite an inducement to active exertion in the direction aforesaid. This restrictive class rose to great authority and power, by the aid of the millions, which of course was used for their aggrandisement: thus received, so great was their power, that they swayed this government to their own liking for over half a century, during which time the few that composed the classes that were opposed to such high-handed robbery and outrage on humanity, were as regards checking the same, utterly powerless. But as time rolled on, the liberal classes grew in numbers, wealth and power, the laws, &c., affecting the liberal and the restrictive class equally the same, therefore, according to the principles before mentioned, their influence grew more and more powerful in resisting and curtailing the unlimited power and sway of the restrictive class. Thus the liberal class grew year after year, and as they (the liberal and restrictive classes,) thus grew, so in proportion did their animosity grow to be more and more bitter, until the year 1860, when the liberals came in possession of the government, when that power culminated in a declaration of secession, on the part of the restrictive class This was the natural result, and had been threatened from the time that the liberal power began to feel the restrictive class that was sure to follow the repressing of a class who from four years and nearly absolute rule had become haughty aristocratic and an unbridled class who would not be governed nor be right down to a level with those (the liberals) whom they had so long governed In entering the aforesaid declaration they were directly met and opposed by the liberals who to prevent the execution of such a measure and to preserve the union offered every concession and Christian compromise viz: Let all things the aforesaid system to remain undisturbed in the territory which it then occupied Continuing the enforcement of all the restrictive laws then in force against the negro Much the same but how different Christian was the conciliation

But as the 1st not rectify the restrictive class, for as long as they were denied the one great privilege, viz: the extension of the system in new and unoccupied territory, by which means only could they hope to maintain the balance of power with the increasing liberals: but this after a considerable vacillating being emphatically denied them, all others were valueless, and without which as time rolled on they were sure to be subverted by said liberal influence. With these facts staring them in the face, they determined on pressing secession to an issue which has resulted in the civil war which has raged in the United States for over four years, for the first two years with varying success to each class, since which the liberals have been making rapid conquests, with a fair prospect now of entire success.

To be continued.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE EXECUTION OF A SOLDIER.

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, April 20th, 1865.

On the 19th inst., about 10 o'clock, P. M., the Orderly from Brevet Brig.-Gen. Charles S. Russell came to my tent, woke me up, and handed me an order reading thus:—

REV. GARLAND H. WHITE, Chaplain of the 28th U. S. Colored Troops:

SIR:—You are requested to call upon Samuel Mapps, private in Co D. 10th U. S. C. T., now under sentence of death, and now confined in the Bull pen, to prepare him to meet his Saviour.

By official orders,

Gen. C. S. RUSSELL,
T. LATCHFORD, Assist. Adj.-Gen.

GEN. C. S. RUSSELL, Commanding this Post:—

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your order respecting my visiting private Samuel Mapps, Co. D, 10th U. S. C. T. In reply, I would say I will comply promptly, and do all in my power to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Yours, G. H. WHITE,
Chaplain.

(*At the prison.*) "Well, my friend, how stands your case?"

He began to plead innocence, and commenced to enter into a lengthy discussion of all that was connected with his trial

To this I said in reply, "I came to see you, not to discuss a point of law as to the nature of your trial and decision, for that is all useless; and, my friend, I must tell you that to-day, at 12 o'clock, you will be executed—yes, you will be shot. Now, let you and myself kneel down and address a throne of grace, where you may obtain mercy and help in time of need." He complied, and prayed fervently, after which I read several passages of Scripture, and sang a hymn—"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c., at the conclusion of which we bowed again in prayer to God.

I then spent some time in reasoning upon what he thought about religion.

He replied, "It is very good, and I wish I had it."

I then cited in plain terms the case of the dying thief:—that seemed to give him hope. We prayed again, and he appeared somewhat relieved; but at this moment the wagon and a squad of guards appeared at the door. He did not see them: I did. He continued to pray fervently, and an officer came in and announced that the time to repair to the place of execution had come. I told him to stand up, and walk with me. I took his arm, and went out to the gate, where thousands of persons had assembled to see him. He entered the wagon, and sat on his coffin. I then got in with him, took a seat by his side, and commenced talking and praying all the way to a large, open field, about a mile out of the village, where, it appeared to me, all the people in the place had congregated.

(*At the grave.*) The officer went through all the necessary arrangements, and then made a sign for me to proceed to pray for the last time, with the poor man who would soon be in eternity.

I asked him for the last time, "Do you feel that Jesus will be with you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you put all your trust in him?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Do you believe that you will be saved?"

"I do; for though they destroy the body, they cannot hurt the soul."

"Let us pray," I replied.

"Eternal God, the Master of all the living, and the Judge of all the dead, we commit this our dying comrade into thy hands, from whence he came. Now, O my Lord and my God, for thy Son's sake receive his soul unto thyself in glory. Forgive him—forgive, O thou Blessed Jesus, for thou didst die for all mankind, and bid them to come unto thee, and partake of everlasting life Save him, Lord,—save him, for none can save but thee, and thee alone. Amen." Good-by, my brother, good-by.

The order was now given, ready! aim! fire! About as long as it would take me to speak a word was the interval. I approached the corpse, and found that all of life was gone. Five or six bullets had pierced his heart. It was the saddest spectacle I ever witnessed, and I hope never to witness another the longest day I live. He was the first colored man shot in this army, to my knowledge, during the war, and hope it may be a warning to others.

He was charged with having attempted to kill his captain and insubordination. He was a Virginian, and had never lived North. His regiment was raised in Virginia, and has a white chaplain, who is not here at present.

Respectfully yours, G. H. WHITE,
Chaplain 28th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

ORGANIZATION OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH IN CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, S. CAROLINA, April 17th, 1865

MR EDITOR,—I have the pleasure of making known, through your paper, that the organization of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston is commenced. There are at least three thousand colored members in this city, and the great mass of them are with us.

Rev. T. W. Lewis, representative of the M. E. Church, is making a strong effort to hold the property by military order, which the Secretary of War gave to Bishop Janes about eighteen months since But we are going to test the matter. Certainly two thousand Methodist members are not to be forced from their churches because they do not choose to follow Mr Lewis

Over twenty-five class leaders, with their classes, have transferred their relationship to the African M. E. Church

Since the 11th inst., we have had among us the great men of the nation, and they have met and often addressed our people

On Saturday the 15th inst., at 10 o'clock, A

Poetry.

MARCH WIND.

LYDIA H. RENO.

Oh, wind, why moanest so,
With a voice of human woe?
In the pauses of the rain
Sobbing at my window pane.
Oh, wind, why moanest so?

Like a little frightened child,
Lost upon a dreary wild,
Sobbing to be taken in,
Sheltered from the stormy din,
And the terrors of the night;
Oh, wind, why moanest so?

Comest thou from ocean-waves—
Sweeping over unknown graves
Where no watch of love is kept—
Where no mother's eye hath wept?
Bat the breaker's ceaseless roar,
As it surges on the shore,
Chants a solemn requiem.

Oh, wind, why moanest so?
Hast thou gathered all life's woe
On thy wings of airy flight,
To give it voice to night,
Sobbing at my window pane
With a weird, unquiet moan?
Had wind, why weirdest so?

Wild March-wind, with surging sweep,
Will thou never sink to sleep?
Will thy restless soul moan on
Till the weary night is gone,
And the morn hymns are sung?
Oh, wind, why moanest so?

Rochester, Pa.

The Family.

THE GREEN TREE.

(From the German.)

A man reclining beneath the shade of a green tree, and having the least sense for the beautiful in nature, is never without agreeable and interesting company. A green tree is eloquent without being loquacious, beautiful without being vain, a source of pleasing knowledge without being learned. It speaks a language which every body, whose heart has not yet entirely closed to the voice of nature, understands; yea more, it even speaks like a familiar friend, what is most agreeable to the heart and ear. And what a faithful friend is a green tree to children! What a glorious play-ground do they find beneath its green roof, whose slender boughs and branches supply the little boys with hobby-horse and whips, whilst little girls wind its gracefully scalloped leaves into wreaths, wherewith to adorn themselves. And the aged, O, yes, the aged, what is a green tree to them? The sire and the matron, reclining under the tree, which has grown up with them, behold beneath its shade their whole lives passed in review before them, reflected in the magical light of memory. Yes, the tree is the evergreen monument which, more beautiful than marble, adorns the grave of the departed, and in its living language carries the fidelity of loving hearts out of the past over into the future.

THE RAILROAD.

It was a wild story that came to Trip's ears, and no wonder she was frightened out of what few little wits she had. For as she came around the rock, a whole troop of her schoolmates sprang up to meet her, and one cried one thing, and one another, but the burden of their song seemed to be, "The railroad! the railroad! O, have you heard?"

"Yes," said little Trip, unconcernedly; "I know there is a railroad going to run in Applethorpe."

"O, but that's nothing! It's going to run right through your house!" exclaimed Olive.

"Right through your front door!" added Martha.

"Now I don't believe that," replied Trip. "A railroad can't get through a door."

"Why, of course," said Olive, "they'll take the door out; they'll pull the house down. A railroad is too big—it's as big as a meeting-house." Olive had very hazy notions about railroads, never having seen one.

"I don't believe there's going to be any railroad," meditated Trip, after a pause, choosing what seemed the quickest and surest way of saving the front door.

"O, yes there is! I heard my father,—why, my father knows all about it. It's coming now."

"And, Trip, if I was you," said Olive, in a low, impressive voice, "I wouldn't stay at school to-day. I would go straight home and put my boxes and things together so's to save them. I expect they'll tear the house down right away. I shouldn't wonder if they had it all teared down by the time you get home."

Now was Trip's heart in a flutter all day, though she resolutely refused to go home. She even persisted in her professed doubt as to whether there was going to be any railroad at all; but in the depths of her quaking heart she saw already the dear old house torn quite away, and herself and all the family forced to rove homeless over the world. So it is no wonder she was a little absent-minded that day, and missed two words in spelling, for which she cried vigorously all noon-time, with a little under-wail for the lost house.

But as she came down the lane at night, behold! there was the house as whole as ever,—that was one comfort. No wandering about in the darkness to-night, at least. And there, too, was Jack turning summersets under the Balm-of-Gilead tree, and Lillo frisking about frantically, as if he ran impended. So Trip plucked up heart a little, and asked Jack what it was all about, and "*Is* the railroad going to tear our house all down, Jack Straws?"

Jack Straws, thus appealed to, left standing on his head, and cried he feet by way of variety, thrusting both legs under her chin, one after the other, as an appropriate way of saying, "No, Trip up. I wish 'twas."

"Well, there," sighed Trip, greatly relieved; "I knew 'twas n't. But Olive and all the girls said the railroad was coming, and I must pack up my clothes."

"But 'tis coming, so pack away."

"Why, what?—when?—where are we going?"

"Well, how should you like the barn, say? The hay is soft, and we should be handy to milk, and then there are the horned oxen to do the dairy-work"

But seeing Trip's dismayed face, he repented himself. "No, Trip, the line *was* laid out, and it ran right through our front door. That's a fact, so. I saw the stake driven down right before the front door. But father went to see them, and told them, besides moving the house, it would suit the farm in two pieces, sir, and make trouble; and what do you think they 've done, sir?" Here Jack interposed a summerset by way of taking breath.

"Stopped the railroad, I guess," said Trip, breathlessly.

"No, sir. Whisked it off one side, and are going slam-bang through the peach-trees. We've saved the house, but we've lost the garden. All the current-bushes are making farewell visits, and the hop-toads are breaking up housekeeping."

"Jack," said Trip, solemnly, "do you care?"

"Care? No! I'm gladder n ever I was before since I was born, and don't remember any thing."

"So am I. I shouldn't like to live in the barn, but I should like to have the railroad run through the garden"

But the older people were not at all glad. The dear old trees had to come down, and their dear old roots had to come up. The dear old pinks that had bloomed for remembered years left their last sweetness in the soil. All the robins' nests were rifled, and the robins did not know what to make of it. Kitty Clover came out to refresh herself with a roll in the catnip, and there was no catnip there. Prince Hum came down to dip his dainty beak into the hummingbird balm, and saw only a gang of rough men digging away with all their might and main. As for Trip, she sat on a stone and watched and wondered. When they told her the road must be levelled, she thought a man would come with a great scythe, and shave off the hills like a loaf of brown bread, and lay the slices in the hollows,—which was not strange, seeing it was only a little while since she had learned that, when people bought land, they did not take it up and carry it home. But, after awhile the railroad was completed. The hill was dug out, the sleepers placed, the rails fastened, the road fenced, and the first train was to run through. Jack put on his Sunday jacket, and went with his father to the brown old house that served for a station. Gerty had made a good fight to accompany them, but it was not thought best. "Cars is no place for girls," had lordly Jack declaimed, sleeking down his elf locks before his looking-glass, and rioting in his pride of sex.

"I should like to know, didn't Aunt Jenny say 'twas just as nice as a parlor, and didn't Aunt Jenny go in the cars?" asked Gerty, decisively.

"Now I'm ready," said Jack, rather abruptly, but very wisely, changing the subject.

"And I think there won't be many will look nicer," said little Trip, admiringly drawing her tiny fingers over the velvet jacket.

"Now you mind," said Jack, who would miss the keenness of his triumph if his sisters should not witness it; "you go and sit on the rock out there, and see me when I go by."

"Yes," said Gerty, forgetting her momentary dissatisfaction, "we will."

"And don't you go straying away, because they'll come so fast, if you're not there, you can't get back before they'll be all gone, and then you won't see me. I shall whiz by just like a flash."

"O," said Trip, "I shall look just as tight!" And so she did; for though from their rock by the well they could see miles of railroad in each direction, she scarcely dared turn her head for fear in that moment the wonderful train would flash by, and she not see it. But after a half-hour's waiting, a black speck appeared at the end of the long line; it grew bigger and bigger; all the family came out to see it; volumes of smoke rose and rolled backwards from it; there was a rattle and a roar and a din. Gerty and Trip instinctively shrunk back, but it had already passed them; and there, on the platform of the last car, stood Jack, holding on by the door, bowing and smiling, and proud as Lucifer.

O, what a grand and glorious thing it was to be a boy, and ride in that wonderful train! and what a comparatively tame and humiliating thing it was to be a girl, and sit on a rock and see him go by!

So the railroad was finished, and the grown-up people found it was not so bad, after all; for the cars passed through a "cut" so deep that the engines smoke-stacks hardly reached to the top, and you only knew they were there by the sound. "And if the wall does not cave in," said Trip's father, "we shall be so good as new." And the wall never did cave in, though it stood on the very edge of the cut. The garden trotted over to the side of the house, and did not mind it at all. The currants and the raspberries and the blackberries held their own, and some fine new peach-trees more than made good the loss of the old. "Besides," said Jack, who had been continually prowling along the railroad ever since the first surveyors appeared, and who doubtless knew more about it than any of the directors, "what do you think? There are no end of blackberries along the track. It's my opinion the engine sews 'em." "And there are strange flowers that I never saw here any where before," added Gerty. There was also a continual running to see the swiftly-passing trains. A dozen times a day the sweet farm-silence was broken in upon by its roar and rush, and so many times wildly sped all the little feet over the velvet turf to the well, to gaze at the ever-charming sight. Lillo caught the fever and carried it to extremes. "Cars!" rung through the house at the approach of every train, and at the cry out leaped Lillo, past the well and down the bank, barking furiously, and tearing along beside the train till it emerged from the cut, when he would return, wagging his tail, and looking up into the children's faces so proud and as happy as if he had done some great thing. What he evidently meant was, "You make great talk about your swift cars, but you see *I* am not afraid of them. *I* can keep up with them, yes, and chase them away." Indeed, he was so on the alert for that at any time Jack had only to say, "*Cars*, Lillo!" and away Lillo would rush pell mell to the opening by the well, and execute several fine barks and great leaps before he would discover that he had been imposed upon.

The poultry about the farm did not take things so bravely as Lillo. The little yellow, downy goslings, which are the loveliest, sweetest things you ever saw, only they *will* grow into geese in such a hurry; and the white little chickens, almost as soft and pretty; and the poor little slender-legged turkeys, that are not pretty at all, and have much ado to keep their feeble breath in their feeble bodies,—waddled and scampered and tottered over the grass, and never took a thought of the railroad; but after they became respectable fowls, and went on their travels in the neighboring pastures, dangers began to thicken. "It's cat-time. Run, Jack, run. Gerty, and see where the chickens are!" More than once all precautions were in vain. The heavy train thundered on into the midst of the flocks. The chickens, surprised, took to their wings and escaped; but the dainty turkeys tiptoed along, wild with fright, yet loth to leave their dignity and rue, and—let me not sadden your young hearts with tidings of catastrophe, but simply say that for a week thereafter Jack and Gerty and Trip had Thanksgiving dinners. One morning Jack rushed up to the open window, crying, "Mother Goose is on the track, and the down-train is coming!" Mother Goose was a old gray goose that had been kept for the family a long time in consideration of past service. Great-great-great-very-great-grandchildren had been hatched and *hatcheted*, and still Mother Goose waddled her serene way over the farm, and bathed herself in the brook, and grandmothered the successive broods without fear or favor. They all rushed out to the railroad side. Yes, her hour was surely come at last. There she sat between the rails, calmly surveying those new-fangled notions, and wondering, I suppose, what would turn up next by way of improvement, and on came the terrible engine, dragging its terrible train, ignorant of Mother Goose and her meditations. Nevertheless! What can a smart young engine, however energetic, do against a sensible old goose, with all her wits about her? Mother Goose was not going to be put down by *that* upstart, not she! She just sat still, bobbed her head a little as each car came up, and bade them all defiance. When the train had passed over her, she remained quiet a moment to show she was not nervous, then arose, shook herself, looked over shoulder as if she would say, "Seems to me I heard something," quietly stepped upon the rail, flopped down on the outside, and waddled off with a placid but profound contempt for all such flummery. You may be sure she had a royal dinner that day, and I make no doubt added a very sarcastic chapter to her Memoirs of my Life and Times before she went to bed at night.

—Our Young Folks, for May

THE AXE THAT WOULD NOT CUT

BY NINA OLAUS

Hans Klausten was a mean man, a very mean man indeed, or he never would have lent that axe to a neighbor; for Hans had a new axe, sharp and bright, that would chop a stick in a twinkling, but this one he always kept for his own private use, and whenever a poor neighbor came to to borrow an axe to cut a little wood, Hans would lend him that old, long-handled, worn out axe, that would not split a pine chip.

Hans was a cobbler; he mended all the shoes in the village, nor did he confine his mending powers to shoes, since he was expert at mending most any thing "except his manners;" the good house-wives used to say: "pity he could not mend these," for they were such that he was called "Surly Hans."

It happened one autumn evening that Hans's opposite neighbor, Silas Goodman, a kind hearted man, stood warming his hands by the stove in Hans's shop, when a poor man living near by came to ask Hans to lend him an axe. Hans, as usual, lent him the axe that would not cut, so after a little while the poor man brought it back, saying: "the axe would not cut at all."

"Well, leave it, then," growled Hans.

So the poor man laid down the axe, and went away to get his wood out as best he might.

"Hans," said Silas, "why do you not get that axe ground?"

Hans stared at him amazed.

"Do you think I am going to grind axes to lend shiftless people? Why don't they get axes of their own?"

"They are poor," said Silas.

"Then they are lazy," said Hans. "Industrious people are not poor. I work, and I never have to borrow or beg."

"Every body is not so lucky as you," returned Silas. "I have known the most industrious, hard-working men get *sick*, so that they could not work; then they must rely somewhat on the kindness of their fellow creatures Hans, that axe you never use yourself; give it to me, will you? and whoever comes to you to borrow an axe, send him to me.

"Take it and welcome," grumbled surly Hans.

So Silas took the axe home with him. He had it made sharp and bright, and used it himself, and lent it to any body that wanted to borrow an axe, and many blessings were showered upon his head for lending so willingly his beautiful axe.

The autumn grew on into winter, the snows fell deep, and the cold winds drifted them over the fence tops; a bitter winter it was, and a sad, sad winter it was for Hans Klausten. For the first time in his life he got the rheumatism, so that he could work but little; then his rheumatism got worse, and he could not work at all. All the pans, and pails, and shoes, and boots in the village wanted mending, and the good wives began to look about for some body else to mend them, since Hans had given up work; but there was nobody else at hand, so they grew expert in such matters themselves, and got along as well as they could in the hope that Hans would soon set to work again. But though all the village knew Hans was sick, no one knew his real condition, for there was a general idea that he was rich, and no one supposed he wanted for any thing. Silas, too, on going to see him one very cold day, was surprised to find him without any fire.

"Why don't you have a fire, Hans," said he. "Let me make one for you, or at least chop some wood for you. Where is your axe?"

"Broken," said Hans.

"Then I'll go and fetch mine, or rather yours, for it is the old one you gave me, that I have had sharpened."

"Stop," cried Hans, as Silas was going, "there is no use for your axe, for I have no wood to cut."

Upon this, Silas began to look into the condition of things. True enough—no wood in the wood-shed, no victuals in the larder, except a piece of a loaf of bread, and poor Hans lying helpless in bed, with no one to help him, as he was a bachelor and had always lived alone.

"Hans," cried Silas, after an inspection of the premises, "why did you not let your neighbors know your condition? Is there any shame in being poor? Not among Christians, certainly, since our great Lord and Master wanted the necessaries of life often, and accepted the charity of his creatures. I will go and fetch axe and wood, and every thing else."

Silas brought wood and chopped it, and made a roaring fire in Han's stove, and that very day he had a whole load of wood packed away in Han's wood-shed; and, more than this, he so interested the neighbors in helping poor Hans that his larder was soon filled, and one kind old dame knit him warm socks, and another came every day to make him broth; and, among them all, they took such good care of him that, in a month's time, he was as well as ever, and busier than ever mending all the stock of broken pots and kettles that had accumulated during his sickness.

But it was not the same Hans who had got sick that now got well again, but a very different Hans indeed. "Surly Hans" was gone, and in his place was a Hans who had a kind word for every body, who lent and gave freely, and of his best, to any body in need; a Hans whom every body in the village loved and respected.

"Silas," said this Hans one day, "I want you to sell me back that axe I gave you once, the axe that would not cut, I want it; for it reminds me of the day you brought it over, and fetched wood, and made the fire in my stove. That kindness first overcame me—*from* that day I was an altered man."

"I'll make you a present of it," said Silas, "but the poor old thing is pretty well worn out now."

Hans lived to be a rich man, a benefactor to all the poor around him; but he always kept on a table in a corner, the *axe that would not cut.*—*Independent*

Child's Cabinet.

FRANKIE.

Frankie at the window,
His face against the pane,
Lips apart with wonder
And golden curls aflame,
With the morning sunshine
Quivering on the hair,
Little feet unsteady
Dimpling the cushioned chair

Eyes so like his father's,
Lips with the dear old smile
Tell my own bright darling
Makes me grieve the while,
Thinking of the battle,
The flying shot and shell,
Groans and musket rattle
And all the brave who fell

A moment since he left me
His morning prayer just said,
The childish voice soft lisping,
"Give us our daily bread;"
Mamma gently prompting
The words he could not say,—
Sure the angels listened
To hear my baby pray

Frankie heeds not mamma,
Calling at the door
"Frankie come with mamma!"
Speaking louder than before.
"Wait a moment mamma
Turning not his head,
"I'm watching for the angels
To bring the daily bread"

And I feel the chiding,
Because I did not see
That with all my sorrow
Still God was good to me
I'll stand with darling Frankie,
With no more fear or dread,
Wait for the angels
Who bring my daily bread

WHICH BOY LOVED HIS MAMMA?

A STORY FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES

One rainy afternoon Frank sought his aunt's room and listened to another story: "There was once a little boy who slept in a room just like yours, Frank, and had just such a nice little white bed in the corner." "Was it I?" asked Frank. "Listen, and then tell me if it was," said his aunt. "One bright sunny morning this little boy's mamma opened his door, and walking softly to his bedside, found his eyes wide open, and himself ready to jump up, and longing to have a romp with Carlo, who stood barking on the lawn. He flung his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming, 'Dear mamma, how I love you!' Then he kneeled in prayer, and, perhaps the prayer that he said was like the one which you said this morning." This was the prayer which Frank had said:

"For the blessed Saviour's sake
Heavenly Father hear my prayer
I'm a sinful little boy
Yet thy daily mercies share.
Oh forgive my sins I pray
May I never turn to me
Never commit worse sin
But remember used to sigh

Like the blessed Saviour, kind,
Daily may I try to be;
And to all my playmates do
As I'd have them do to me."

"Then mamma helped him dress, and he went down to his nice breakfast—a tumbler of milk, some light biscuit, and a nice fresh egg laid by his own little pet bantam.

"Soon it was time for school, and giving him his satchel and cap, mamma went to the gate with him, and said, 'Darling, don't stop near the pond to play, but go right straight to school.'—And again he flung his arms around his mamma's neck, as she stooped, and again exclaimed, 'Oh, dear mamma, how I love you.'

"But he didn't go right straight to school: when he came near the pond, he heard the frogs croaking, and trying to forget what mamma had said, though conscience repeated her words loudly: he thought, 'What funny big throats those fellows must have! I want to see them.' So he got a long stick and poked it along the edge till he made one hop out, and then he wanted to see another and another. But then he began to fear that he should be too late, and that his mother would see it in his report, so he hurried on to school, and got there with a very red face and very much out of breath, just as Miss Fanny took up the Bible to read. By the time she had opened school he was cooled and rested, so Miss Fanny didn't notice any thing; and in going home, though he played at the pond again for a little while, yet as he did not slip in, mamma didn't know any thing about it either. But do you think that he felt happy?" "No," said Frank.

"Now there was another little boy who had a nice little room and bed to sleep in, a good breakfast to eat every morning, and a dear mamma to give him cap and satchel, and kiss him good-by on the door step. And he loved to kiss his mamma, too, but I don't know that he flung his arms around her neck, exclaiming, 'Oh, dear mamma, how I love you!' quite as often as the other, but when she said, 'Darling, don't go near the pond,' he was so afraid that he might be tempted to disobey her, when he heard the funny croakings, that he went right over the other side of the road and walked along faster until he got quite past the pond.

"But sometimes towards evening, or on a holiday his big brother would walk with him there, and then they would have great fun hearing the big frogs croak and the little ones answer.

"Did the first boy love his mamma or the second?" Frank said, 'The second boy.' Was he right?

"And who loves the blessed Saviour? the child who seeks to know and do his will, or the child who says, 'I love the Saviour,' yet who does not try to be like him?"—*Anna Maryan in the Episcopal Recorder.*

DON'T BE A GLOOMY CHRISTIAN.

1. Because we have so many of that sort now. Numbers of the disciples are shady, not sunny, have more of November in their countenance than June. They do not seem happy as Christians, and probably are not. Let there not be added even one more to this number.

2. Because there is every thing to make you a lively, animated, cheerful Christian. You trust you are forgiven and accepted in the Beloved, which is the greatest blessing infinite love could bestow upon you, and that blessed fact would shed a ray of gladness over all your days of prosperity, and chase away all the gloom of the trials of life. With such a Saviour as you have to love and enjoy, such a home in prospect above, such a comforter as the Holy Ghost, such travelling companions toward heaven as the saints, and such blessed work to do as that of leading others to read the Word of Light, it is a shame to hang one's harp on the willow.

3. Gloomy disciples misrepresent religion. A gloomy sinner fairly represents the master he serves and the side he has chosen. But a gloomy Christian makes people think religion is a gloomy affair, and leads them to believe that they shall have to be gloomy too, if they become religious, all of which is false. He is a proper interpreter of the Christian faith who rejoices in the Lord, and whose joy would not be more than is meet, if it should become a "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

4. Gloomy disciples can do very little good. Sinners are not fond of this company; are likely to avoid it. Besides, the gloom of such minds saps the sinews of all exertion for the good of others. How can such a discipline maintain a cheerful, and lively, and animated conversation about the glorious things of the kingdom of God, thereby stirring up the souls of sinners to enter into the joy of the Lord? The gloom of the soul implies that all the sin there has not gone out, and, of course; the lips are sealed, and usefulness is out of the question.

Therefore, let gloom find its victims where it can; but, let every disciple of Christ feel that he is born to be the happiest person in the community where he lives—is sacredly bound to be a specimen of the hallowed joyfulness true religion is capable of producing—is bound to let the observing world know that God does "make Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy"—is bound to make it appear that redeeming love can give such sacred peace, holy serenity, and substantial joy, as cannot be produced by all that is loved and sought by the followers of the world.—*Boston Recorder.*

HE KNOWETH HIS OWN.

The lilies which Jesus loves to gather in their early and delicate beauty, do not always grow in the carefully fenced and cultivated parts of his garden here. Often, like the little wood blossoms, it is from among the thorns, and out of the tangled thickets of briery and desolate places, that they are taken to be transplanted to his garden above.

Godly members of godless families are hidden in dark cellars, or bleak garrets, from the eye of man, "the eye of the Lord is upon them that hope in his mercy to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine."

House, Farm and Garden.

CHEAP SOAP.

The *Scientific American* gives the following plan for making soap for common use. It says: Soap for family use can be made very cheaply and of excellent quality with little trouble, by the use of a common article sold at all drug stores. This is lye put up in a concentrated form in small iron boxes holding one pound. These boxes cost twenty-five cents in ordinary times, now, we believe, they retail at forty or fifty cents, and will make twenty five pounds of green, or new soap. The plan of procedure is merely to take a box of the substance, knock off the lid, and throw it into a gallon of boiling water. After standing two hours the lye will be clear, and must be thrown into a wash boiler with another gallon of boiling water, when the contents of the vessel boil four pounds of any grease must be added slowly, poured in, in a thin stream and stirred well. When intimately mixed, the boiler should simmer slowly for four or six hours, and half an hour before taking off add another gallon of hot water, together with a half teacupful of salt. The latter is not necessary, however, and if too much is thrown in, the soap is curdled or made short, so that it breaks and wastes. When the soap is thought to be done, plunge a case knife in, if the mass drops clear and ropy and chills quickly, it is soap, and will be firm and hard when cold. Have ready a wash tub well wet on the bottom and sides; pour the soap in, and let it set; in a few hours it will be hard enough to cut out and as white as snow. This process makes twenty-five pounds of soap, or, by the aid of grease, four pounds, lye, one pound, twenty-four pounds of water, less two quarts, driven off in boiling, (one gallon weighs eight pounds, nearly,) are converted into soap of excellent interesting properties. Since the grease is saved from the family waste the soap has only cost what the lye has come to, and, as the loss by drying is only 25 per cent. eighteen pounds of soap can be made for fifty cents, a little less than three cents per pound. We have made hundreds of pounds of this soap in all varieties and use it constantly for domestic purposes.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS,

(At 634 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)

has constantly on hand the best

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,

At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand by small measure.

Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.

Orders received at No. 115 South Second Street.

No. 1—3 mos.

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER, RAGS, &c

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[*No. 32 South Sixth Street.*]

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,

Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,

BALTIMORE

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds. This is an Old Stand. I have opened 20 pairs in refitting it up. Oct 21—3m

DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,

News and Periodical DEPOT,

20 *Commercial Place, and 85 Baronne St.,*

NEW ORLEANS.

A large assortment of School Books, French Books, School Tablets, Phrenological Journals, Slates, Novels, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c.

No. 4—tf

COLORED DOMESTICS

As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.,

can find good situations, free of charge, at the

Freedmen's Employment Bureau,

No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,

Opposite the City Hall,

BROOKLYN.

Basement on Joralemon Street.

No. 11—3 months

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

Miss JANE JOES wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sandy Hook Bay, convenient to both Salt and Fresh BATHS. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continued liberal patronage from the public.

TRIMMINGS AND Fancy Goods.

633 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under-shirts, Collars and Neck-ties.

A general assortment of Stationery.

Ladies' Dresses and Under-clothing made to order.

Oct 17—6mo

ICH DIEN.

GLOBE HOTEL.

WILLIAM P. POWELL,

Proprietor

No. 2 Dover Street, near Franklin Square,

NEW YORK

This Hotel is well fitted up with new furniture, beds and bedding. Heated throughout with hot air. Hot and Cold Water baths for daily use, and pleasantly situated between two of the leading Railway thoroughfares, and but a few minutes' walk from the East and North River Steamboats.

April 15—1 yr

TAKE NOTICE

HELP WANTED

AT

Madame Tilton's Agency for Employment—

No 70 East Thirteenth Street.

(One door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

The best of Situations secured for all first class help, for both city and country, and the highest wages for private families. Best Cooks $25 to $30 and $17

Plain Cooks, Washers and Ironers $20 to $28 and $9

Good General House workers, $20 to $28.

First class Laundresses $30 to $40 $25 and $20

First class Chambermaids and Waiters $30 to $27 and $24.

Nurses, Seamstresses, and Ladies' Maids, $30, $25, $20 to $9

Waiter men for private families, $24, $18, $16, up to $20

Wanted boys, 12 different, $6 $7 and $8

First class Cashiers, $35 to $45 and $30

Farmers, etc., $16, $12 to $14

First-class Meat Cooks for hotels, club houses, yachts, etc., etc.

Particular attention paid to the Watering Season.

N. B.—This is the oldest office in the city for all first-class colored persons, and every possible attention paid to the interest of both employers and servants.

All applications must be accompanied by the cash.

Mrs. M. TILTON, Proprietress.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Apr 15—1mos

MATLACK'S

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 904 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large stock of

MENS' AND BOY'S CLOTHING

now on hand, READY MADE, embracing every variety of style and material suitable for

We have also on hand a full assortment of

SPRING GOODS,

adapted to MENS AND BOYS WEAR, and would invite your early attention thereto. These goods have been purchased for CASH, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention paid to all orders, as to insure satisfaction to the purchaser.

E. MATLACK, Agt.

apr29 3mo 1004 Market Street

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,...
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,...
Fifty Years among the Baptists,...
The China Mission,...
Oriental Acquaintances,...
Political Essays,...
Letters from Switzerland,...
Mabel, or Heart Histories,...
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,...
In and Around Stamboul,...
Fruition Papers,...
A Life Struggle,...
Two Eras of France, by Auber,...
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,...
St. Paul to St. Sophia,...
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,...
Home Life, by Hague,...
Fresh Gleanings,...
The Exile of Florida,...
Columba,...
Summer Pictures,...
Anticipation of the Future,...
Dora Berton, the Banker's Ward,...
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,...
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,...
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Freedly's Practical Treatise on Business,...
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,...
Lovell's Young Speaker,...
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,...
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,...
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,...
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,...
Jefferson's Manual,...
Lady of the Lake,...
Paul Benton's Book of Gymnastics,...
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,...
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,...
Webster's Common School Dictionary,...
Pronouncing Bible,...
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,...
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,...
History of Methodism, 3 vols.,...
Wheedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,...
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,...
Positive Theology,...
The Poet Preacher,...
Saints' Rest,...
Pilgrim's Progress,...
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,...
Life of Wesley,...
Carol's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,...
Cole's Concordance,...
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,...
Our Friends in Heaven,...
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,...
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,...
Missionary among the Cannibals,...
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,...
The Missionary in Many Lands,...
Rudiments of Public Speaking,...
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,...
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,...
The New Lake of Zion. For Choirs,...
Memoir of Carvosso,...
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,...

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,...
" " without Clasp,...
The Prices of Hymn Books,...
" " " ...
Sheep skin, " ...

New Discipline,...
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,...
Chart on the Promises,...
Theological Compend,...
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,...
Local Exhorters' Licenses, " ...
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,...
Barry Bold,...
Village Blacksmith,...
Infant Teachers' Manual,...
Claude's Essay,...
Gerald and his Friend Philip,...
Daisy Downs,...
Girls at School,...
What Norman Saw in the West,...
Jane Atherton's Year at School,...
Little Tiger Lily,...
Sweet Corn Bell,...
Hannah Lee,...
Dairyman's Daughter,...
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,...
Christian's Philosophy,...
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,...
Light in the Valley,...
Holy Angels,...
Sylvia Austin,...
Resurrection of the Dead,...
Bible Pictures for Children,...
Margaret Maxham. A book for Young Ladies,...
Stories in Verse,...
Home Pictures,...
Minnie Wingfield,...
Young Gold Seeker,...
Self-willed Susie,...
Life of Whitefield,...
Fletcher's Perfection,...
Christian's Pattern,...
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,...
Gold Dollar,...
Hetty,...
Hard Text,...
Jonnie,...
My Missionary Book,...
Our Father in Heaven,...
John Bliss,...
Stories in Rhyme,...
Alec, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention,
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,...
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,...
" No. 2, " ...
" No. 3, " ...
Questions on the Old Testament,...
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,...
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,...
" " Mark,...
" " Luke,...
" " John,...
Sabbath School Almanacs,...
Tracts, Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,...
First Lessons in English Composition,...
Wells's Large Reader, per dozen,...
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,...
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,...
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,...
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,...
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,...
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,...
Reed's U. S. History, per dozen,...
A. Anderson's U. S. History, per dozen,...
Sue New Grammar,...
Progressive and Etymological School Book,...
Algebra,...
&c., &c., &c.
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,...
Notes on the XXXV Articles,...
Schmucker's Popular Theology,...
Lowrey's Positive Theology,...
Whedon's Commentary,...
Cruden's Dictionary,...
The Memoirs of Maddard, " ...
" " Cone,...

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Glen Morris Stories,...
Susie Story of Old,...
Henry's Birthday,...
A Mother's Gift,...
Susie's Pictures,...
Willie Boots,...
Fathers Presents,...
Meadowside Stories,...
Jessie Books,...
Lives of Eminent Men,...
Abbie Stories,...
Youth's Library,...

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No. 1113 Pine Street, Philada.

Also operating on the Sewing Machine, together with fashionable Dressmaking. Sept 24—6m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

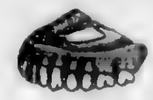
OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a great assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens Pens Envelopes and Blank Books.



WM. H. LONGFELLOW,

SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 1126 Rodman Street,

Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.

Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.

Nov. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

TERMS MODERATE. 1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE

General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S

NEW AND SECOND HAND

CLOTHING STORE,

No. 13 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn,

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or Dyed, at short notice.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING constantly on hand, 20tf rules-8—1y.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

DRY GOODS

AND

Trimmings.

718 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADA.

MRS. C. E. HARDING,

Having taken the Old Stand, 718 Lombard Street, has just opened a full assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, HOSIERY & TRIMMING

M., addresses were delivered to thousands at the Zion Church by Hon Geo Thompson Henry Wilson, W D Kelley, Kelley, of Michigan, Messrs. Lloyd Garrison, and Theo Tilton

On Sunday last Mr Beecher preached to one of the largest colored congregations ever assembled in Charleston

The visit of Bishop A. W Wayman and Rev E. Weaver was highly appreciated, and the people are hopeful that it may be repeated They are anxiously looking for Bishop Payne.

JAMES LYNCH.

For the Christian Recorder

CHARLESTON S C April 17, '65

We, the undersigned exhorters, class-leaders, and Stewards of the Bethel, Trinity and Cumberland Churches, Charleston, S. C., representing twenty one classes, do hereby transfer our church relations to the African Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and recognize Rev. James Lynch as our elder, and earnestly request that the Baltimore Annual Conference and Bishop of said church receive us and watch over our interests.

Official Men.—J. H. Adams,
James Grant,
Jane Price,
Robert Cattel,
William Thomas,
James Nesbitt,
Charles Vanderhost,
Richard Vanderhost,
John Everett,
Sharper Brown,
Moses Vanderhost,
Edward Frost,
Nathaniel Hill,
Abner Scott,
Edward Rivers,
R. G. Scott,
H. Ester,
S. Pritchard,
C. Kinloh,
John Graham,
Charles Bethune.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN MILLER.

Fort Barrancas, West Florida,
April 4th, 1865.

DEAR BRO. WEAVER:—Since writing to you last, there has been great activity in the military world about us. During the latter part of February and the beginning of March, quite a large force of troops has been landed here. Seven regiments of colored troops, under command of Gen. Hawkins, together with a division of white troops, under command of Gen. Andrews; the whole force, under the direction of Major Gen. Steele.

Saturday, March 11th.—The division of white troops marched up to Pensacola, about seven miles beyond this; and, a week later, the division of colored followed; and, early on Monday morning, March 20th, the whole force marched from thence into the enemy's country, in the direction of Mobile. At one time, we were attached to Gen. Hawkins' division, and were in expectation of another regiment being sent to relieve us of garrison duty, and enable us to move on with the expedition. But, the expected relief did not arrive, and we were compelled to witness our brethren marching forth against the foe, while we remained to protect Government property. Our regiment is the only infantry here, although there are parts of three cavalry regiments, which having lost their horses, were unable to proceed with the expedition. Our boys have enough to keep them fully employed, as picket guard, and the care and repair of the works about here testify.

The health of the men is excellent. We have not had a death in the regiment for over a month. Since writing, we have received about fifty recruits; and have been notified that about fifty more have arrived at New Orleans, for us. We have had several promotions, lately, in the regiment. Lieut. Col. Hitchcock to Colonel, vice Col. Scroggs, resigned; Major Bessenger to Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. Boudren to Major. These officers do all in their power to render us efficient in morals, discipline and promptness; and we have gained a good reputation for our manner of doing duty; but, as we have not yet been under fire, we cannot boast of our bravery; but my impression is, that the regiment would not be lacking even in the hour of trial.

One word, through the columns of your widely circulating paper, to the families of our men. Several of our boys have received letters from home, lately, in which the writers say, that they have heard that our regiment has been paid off, and finding fault with their husbands, because they have not forwarded money for their support. Any such reports, as to our regiment, are false. When this month is out, a whole year's pay will be due the regiment; and there are some who have never received a cent since they entered the service. Our boys are troubled about this matter, and their mental suffering is great, knowing that their families at home are in want. But, as soon as we are paid, I know that most of the men will send the greater share of their money home. I think we shall soon be paid; but we have long since ceased to speak of the times and seasons when the United States paymaster might be expected. I hope this delay will not embarrass you; but, so far as we are concerned, there is no help for it; however, when our greenbacks arrive, you shall be paid immediately.

Now, as to our religious state, though we have many difficulties to contend with, I believe much good is being done; the prayer and class meetings are very interesting, and sometimes full of power. We know that the Lord is often present to heal

But, Mr. Editor, what great things the Lord is doing for us as a nation! What successes he is granting to our arms! What prejudices he is removing from the minds of the people! What a noble stand he has enabled the President of the United States to take and maintain! It seems as though the cloud of war is fast being dispelled, and the boon of peace is taking its place: at least, we can now discover the bright lining to the dark cloud which has, for four years, hung over us. God bless our nation, and its President, who has done so much to make us, in reality, what we have so long professed to be, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

List of deaths—George Russel, company B, February 17th. George W. West, company K, and Clement Turner, company B, February 24th. Edward Robinson, company G, February 28th

With my wishes for your prosperity in your great work, I am, Mr. Editor, yours, in the bonds of christian fellowship.

E K MILLER
Chaplain 25th Reg. U. S. C. I

For the Christian Recorder

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

The eye of taste and the heart of sensibility are shocked by attempts which convert natural objects of ridicule and contempt what ought to solemnize and elevate the mind So it is in reference to all original conceptions of a Golden Wedding Prudence seems to have made the path clear and plain

Prudence meditates upon the path as well as the means to do her work, lest, peradventure, she record some expensive folly, in a material whose durability would then be its greatest misfortune Prudence having brought into requisition the choicest talent and the highest skill, genius and religion should furnish the design and judgment I am happy to say, that prudence has commanded superior judgment and taste in superintending the preparations for the Golden Wedding, "all in bright array"

It was great, indeed, to see Henry Foote in a New York jail, Henry Ward Beecher, in Charleston; Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, in Richmond, Henry A. Wise, a fugitive, President Lincoln occupying the mansion of *Jeff. Davis*, and *Jeff. Davis* himself running for his life; negro troops looking after Richmond, Virginia, and Lee's army going home to till the land with their own hands! It will be good for their physical health. In happy unison with this scene, and the thought it naturally suggests to the once enslaved negro, solemnly and sincerely to ask of Him who has caused this change, to grant the power to the Virginians to do themselves honor, and to give the glory unto God, that they may meet in the Golden Wedding, in the final day, accepted bridegrooms, which will be—

"Boundless, endless and sublime,"

And where the freedman can say to his former owner:—

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast pass'd
The cold dark journey of the grave;
And, in the land of light, at last,
Most joined the good, the fair, the brave."

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE NINETY-THIRD U. S. C. T.

BRASHEAR CITY LA
April 14, 1865.

MR EDITOR:—Through the kindness of my sister, Mrs E J. Sterrett, one of your subscribers, I received a copy of your valuable paper last evening. I read it over and over again to the members of my company, which afforded us a great deal of pleasure Being all cradles of this state, and born in slavery, they had not the chance of learning to read. Among ourselves the conversations are carried on in French; in fact, some of us can speak very little English.

There is an old man in my Company that showed me the scars on his back where his master had whipped him until the blood stood in puddles at his feet. And what for? for praying to the Almighty God. Nor is this the only case of fiendish cruelty that has been done for the same offence, that is, if it is an offence to bow ourselves down and worship Him who gave up His only begotten Son to die on the cross, that sinful man might be saved through repentance.

But God, in his divine wisdom, through the instrumentality of our noble President, Abraham Lincoln, saw fit to remove, the only dark spot (Slavery) from one of the most glorious flags the sun ever shone upon.

And to show our gratitude we are now fighting, and ask no more glorious death than to die by it. But for our race to go back into bondage again, to be hunted by dogs through the swamps and cane-brakes, to be set up on the block and sold for gold and silver, and what is yet meaner (Confederate money) no never, gladly would we die first.

We now, and have been for the last eight months, doing garrison duty at one of the southwest outposts of the defences of New Orleans: the Rebel pickets are three miles distant in our front. There are scouting parties sent from our Regiment about once a week Every time we go, we generally have a smart brush with them, which is sometimes right smart for a small party, but generally results in our favor

Yours, &c.

JAMES C. TAYLOR,
Orderly Sergt., Co. A

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Norfolk, Va, Rev. Jno. M. Brown, for G. Riddicks, J. Cowlings, C. Reed, A. Brown, Sergt. J. W. Jackson, Corp. J. W. Jones, E Munroe, J. Cox, Rev. Tynes, each $2 50 Wilmington, N. C., Rev. J. M. Brown, L. McMiller, J. Nixon, each $2 50. Raleigh, N. C Orderly Sergeant N. B. Sterrit, 39th U. S. C T., for self $5, for S. Tucker, H. Keen, Jr., M. Brown, L. Fish $2 50. Cookstown, Pa., L. Scott, $3 00. South Reading, Mass., Rev. G. A. Rue for Jos. A. Phillips, $1 75. Mt Gilead, O. F. Linsey, per Rev. H Mendenhall $2 50 Wilmington, Delaware, Rev. Rhodes, $2 50 New Bedford, Massachusetts, Rev. E. Kelley, $2 50. Princeton, N. J., Rev. H. Davis, $6 75 Pittsburgh, P., L. Bradford, $2 50, B. Gibson, $2 50. Bordentown, N. J. Samuel S. Williams, $1 25

For the Christian Recorder.

LEAVENWORTH, April 16, 1865

MR EDITOR:—Thinking something from Kansas would not be amiss I propose to drop you a few lines Our people are getting along very well, considering the circumstances of a great majority of them coming here, as they did, destitute to a great extent, and friendless

We have in full operation in the city three day schools and two Sabbath schools, and a large portion of the adults have attached themselves to the different churches. Our worthy pastor and zealous, untiring defender of the cause of the A. M E. Church, is working with great energy to erect his new church edifice, and with very flattering prospects of success. On the 2d inst., he received $400, by collection in the church, and the same week the ladies of his congregation held a festival for three nights, and although the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, they realised $320.

I think the ladies of the committee deserve special commendation for their energy and devotion. The committee were, Mrs. Margaret A Morris, President; Mrs Sarah Williams, Vice President; Mrs Eliza Scott, Mrs. Letitia Jones Mrs. Rachel White, Mrs Clarinda Crump, Mrs Eliza Tyler, Mrs Sarah Morehead, Mrs Sidney Ditto, Mrs. Agnes Taylor, Miss Sarah Thornton and Miss Amanda Young In addition to the above highly capable and efficient committee, Mrs Mary E. Turner volunteered her services to decorate the hall, and assisted by the skilful artist executor Miss Amanda Young and other young ladies she displayed admirably her well known taste, the result of which was seen in the fe-

festooned flags streamers rosettes, and many a gay device and happy concert altogether presenting a pleasing and agreeable effect

Thus you see Mr Editor we raised over $700 in one week for our new church and we can truly say that we have a liberal community Altogether things look bright out this way for the cause of the Church Mr Turner enjoys the love and respect of our people in a remarkable degree, and will be cordially sustained in his arduous undertaking.

I am respectfully yours, &c.,

JOHN H. MORRIS.

For the Christian Recorder.

WHERE IS BISHOP QUINN?

MR EDITOR:—Will you or some of your numerous readers please inform me of Bishop Quinn's whereabouts? I have written to him, but have received no answer Our people are anxious to know when the New England Annual Conference will meet I am not prepared to tell them, and there is no one else that can, except the Bishop. At our last session, the place of our next sitting was named, but not the time. Perhaps it has slipped the memory of our venerable Bishop, hence his silence about it.

If this should come to his knowledge, he will confer a great favor upon the people of Providence by letting them know when the above Conference will convene, that they may have ample time to make the necessary preparations for the comfort of those who may attend it.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN H W BURLEY

Providence, R I, April 26, 1865

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 6, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me a small space in your valuable paper for a few items. All is quiet with us at this date, and, of course, not having so much onerous duty to perform, it may be said that we are getting along hugely.

Two years ago I read the proclamation of freedom to the colored race, which emanated from the fertile brain of that glorified martyr to human liberty, Abraham Lincoln. "Shall be forever free!" What hopes, what desires, what joy and consolation those few words carried to the crushed and bleeding hearts of the bondmen of the South, is beyond the power of my pen to describe. Steadily have they looked forward, with fervent prayers and hopeful hearts, for the promised hour, when the hand of the oppressor should be lifted from off them, and the shackles of bondage and degradation be torn from their weary limbs.

At last their prayers have been answered, and with the final throes of the rebellion, goes up the last despairing shriek of the demon Slavery. How thankful should we be, as a race, to the Great God who has vouchsafed us such an inestimable blessing!

Our officers, field, staff and line, are very gentlemanly and kind to us, and use their utmost endeavors to render our regiment as comfortable as possible; for which they deserve and do command the universal love and respect of the men. In my estimation they are the right men in the right place.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. D. DUDLEY, 1st Sergt. Co. K.,
35th Regiment, U. S. C. T.

NOTICE.

The Philadelphia Annual Conferences of the A M E Church will meet in the Union Church, Coates street, Philadelphia, Penna., on Saturday, May 13th, 1865. The annual sermon to the Conference will be preached on Monday afternoon, May 15th, at 4 o'clock, by Rev. Henry Davis. The Missionary sermon on Thursday afternoon, May 18th, at 4 o'clock, by Rev. Joshua A. Woodlyn. These services will take place in Bethel Church on Sixth street. The examining committees should try and meet the candidates the day previous to the convening of Conference.

A. W. WAYMAN.

May 1st, 1865.

NOTICE.

James H Teagle's first Grand Concert will take place on Monday evening, May 8th, at Concert Hall. The two grand pianos used upon this occasion will be procured from Chickering & Sons. The following named artists will participate in the entertainment: Madam Brown, A. E. Purnell, W. F. Sturgis, New York; J. D. Cliff, and J. H. Teagle.

NOTICE.

"We mourn, our Chief has fallen."

On account of our great national calamity the Fair of the Ladies' Union Association will be postponed until the 15th of May. The tickets already issued will be good for that time. The Fair will continue two weeks. By order of the President. S. LIZZIE BROWN, Sec'y.

P. S.—The above named Association return their thanks to the Ladies' Union Association of Harrisburg, for their donation of $40; also, to Miss Amelia Williams, for $60, collected in Harrisburg. MISS E. MILLS, President.

S. L. BROWN, Secretary.

NOTICE.

Information wanted.—Upon what day does the Indiana Annual Conference meet? Will somebody that knows please answer, as the minutes do not give the desired information?

apr22-3t WM. C. TREVAN.

NOTICE.

LITTLE BETHEL CHURCH,
CHICAGO STATION, April 10, 1865.

W. H. H. Johnson and W. H. Hughes have been chosen by the above Church, as agents, to travel through the country for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a suitable house for worship. They have been out on their tour nearly two months, and during that time have visited Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Bloomington, Springfield, and St. Louis, and have met with very good success. The Elders in the above places have done all in their power to further the cause. apr29-4t

NOTICE.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church will meet in the Union Church, Coates street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, May 13th, 1865. Candidates for admission and orders will do well to meet the Committee for Examination the day before the Conference convenes. A. W. WAYMAN.

Baltimore, April 19, 1865. apr29-3t

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one tell the whereabouts of Mrs Eby Allen Moses or Alex Allen, who formerly lived in Norfolk, Virginia? We have been separated for some forty years Any information concerning them will be thankfully received by me

THOMAS ALLEN,
Savannah, Georgia

apr29 1t

NOTICE.

The Lord willing, the corner stone of the new A. M. E Church, at Evesham, New Jersey, will be laid on Thursday, the 18th day of May, 1865, exercises to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M Bishop Wayman and other prominent ministers of the gospel are expected to be present on the occasion An invitation is extended to all the lovers of the cause of Christ to come and participate in the ceremonies and assist us with their means. We would like to raise $100 on the occasion

T. GOULD,
Minister in charge

Our Country.

THE LAST LOOK.

The funeral bells from countless spires tolled out
Wave after wave of measured mournful tones
The long unbroken roll of muffled drums,
An undercurrent flowed of saddest sound,
And yet they gave no language to the woe
Noiseless and deep which filled our heaving breasts.
From early morn till noon, the multitude,
With silent tread, and slow and solemn step
(Solemn and slow as from our mothers' graves
We broken turn) filed through the shrouded Hall
And took a farewell look of him, than whom
No people mourned, a nobler, better loved,
And of that look, how quickly was the brand
Fadeless, undying, on our memories made;
For in that coffined form's mute majesty,
The serious sweetness of that calm, dead face,
The furrows deep where care and hope deferred,
And efforts mighty for his country's weal
Had left their plain translation, we but read
The greatness and the goodness of the test;
As midnight lightning through a tempest's gloom
Makes all seem bright as day, so that one look,
Though but for one brief moment, rent the pall
Which death had woven, and his life stood out
Stainless and pure 'mid infamy and wrong.
Through those white lips what words of wisdom quaint,
Yet clothed in grand simplicity, there came,
What dignity was throned on that broad brow,
Whose kingliness, of conscious rectitude, was born
That pitiless hand! how firm when all were weak,
How merciful when power made him strong,
How slow to punish ready to forgive,
Ceaseless in toil that others might receive.
Oh, matchless ruler! Father, brother, friend,
The Liberator of the fettered slave,
The type-man of the freedom he evoked—
The dearest, kindliest, most beneficent and best;
Alas! how weak are words to tell that now
We glory "Our Preserver" thee to call,
That e'en like little children we can *feel*
The mother love, thy father's holy zeal,
Whose unity made up thy patient heart,
Can feel but never know its fulness deep
Till end of time perfects thy holy plans,
And at "the great white throne" we hear
The "well done, faithful servant," thou hast earned
Blest immortality! that gives the highest crown
To him who meekly bore the heaviest cross.
Oh, God! we thank Thee that, when needed most,
Thou raisedst this priest, this leader for our aid—
This model statesman, patriot, martyr, man,
The sum of all we honor and revere
God-given! God-recalled! go to thy grave
Hallowed by tears, the purest ever shed,
A nation's sobs and sighs thy funeral hymn;
A nation's heart thy mausoleum grand;
A nation's gratitude thy deathless fame—
A nation saved thy labor's vast reward.

Married.

On April 19th, 1865, by Rev. E T. Williams, Mr. JOHN H. SMOTHERS, of Annapolis, Md., to Miss JOSEPHINE A. DEMOND, of Newport, R.I.

Married, on the evening of Wednesday, April 12th, 1865, at the 1st Col'd Baptist Church, by Rev. A. McIntosh, Rev. Lewis Norris, of Kentucky, to Miss Mary E. Steward, of the above city.

On Sunday evening, April 23d, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the same, Mr. James E. Carter, to Miss Virginia B. Carpenter, all of New Albany, Ind.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship joined.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

BEAUFORT, April 19, 1865.

It becomes our painful duty to publish the death of Bro. Presinti Cruse, which took place suddenly on the 14th of April. The life, character, and mysterious death of Bro Cruse merit more than a passing notice. Those who are learned, rich, and powerful, and who are ambitious and aspiring, are not wanting for pens to chronicle their mighty deeds, or to publish their fame abroad. Newspapers and public journals teem with encomiums and high-sounding praises; Biographies are written in which their names are immortalized, and their deeds made illustrious. But who will chronicle the life and character of the more humble, indigent, and pious? Whose pen will portray the limited opportunities that slavery allowed to the subject of this narrative, and tell of the valor, the mighty deeds, the battles victoriously fought by him through faith in the Son of God?

Allowed to live, indeed, it is true but yet sternly denied to him man's natural rights, which make life useful and happy. A mind unenlightened by education; a stranger to the arts, and unilluminated by the sciences. He had only to depend upon daily observation, and upon that light which is to be obtained through the knowledge and influence emanating from Divine grace. In the enjoyment of this exalted privilege he seemed to live every day. He was born in Florida, where he lived perhaps for about forty years as a slave, until the Union army went in Florida. He then removed to Beaufort.

I should have said at the commencement that Bro. Cruse was a minister, and had labored extensively and with great success in the Methodist Church for many years. We have observed, ever since our short acquaintance with him, that his zeal for the cause of Christ was very great. He was looking forward in high anticipation to a time when he would be able to join a Conference, that he might be more useful in the cause in which his soul so much delighted. Bro. Cruse could truly adopt the language of the Psalmist: "Oh, how love I thy law; it is my meditation all the day."

At nine years of age he gave himself to Christ, and thus he has continued to live a life of purity and usefulness, until he was called from labor to a blessed reward in the saints' everlasting rest.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, who were made to feel sad for the loss of a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

M. S.

Died, April 3d at City Point Hospital of fire wounds received in the battle of Petersburg March 31st, CHARLES HOWARD, private in Co B 185th Regt. N Y Vols and son of Mrs H P Highgate of Syracuse.

Advertisements.

A CARD.

MRS. REBECCA O'DONNELL,

Formerly of No 740 South Sixth St., Philada.,

Has removed to No. 913 Lombard Street, and has opened

A BOARDING HOUSE

For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and also those who may wish to spend some time in our city. Mrs O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, as far as she possibly can. Give her a call.

May 1 6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE SENT BY THE MAIL.

DR. J. W. CREEK,
Physician & Apothecary,
Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,
BALTIMORE.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

EXPRESS OR THROUGH

1865 1865

"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, etc.

"18 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.

!!! Beware !!! of all worthless imitations.

See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.

HENRY R. COSTAR.

Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.

HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use Costar's Exterminator. We have used it to our satisfaction—and if a box cost $5, we would have it. We have tried poisons, but they effected nothing.—But Costar's article knocks the bunch out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants and Bed-Bugs quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—*Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.

FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should recollect that hundreds of dollars' worth of Grain, Provisions &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Ants, and other insects and vermin—all of which can be prevented by a few dollars' worth of Costar's Rat, Roach, Ant, &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely.

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

Sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers. Ap 29—6mos

Sterling's Ambrosia.

"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."

And STERLING'S fragrant AMBROSIA will render strong, wiry hair, soft, silken, and glossy, and eradicate dandruff. apr29 1mo

COAL! COAL!!

Coal delivered to any part of the city, by large or small measure, by

T. J. BOWERS,
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot,
No. 634 Lombard Street.

April 18—4t

Private Boarding

AT 633 PINE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

The Subscriber, having FITTED UP HIS HOUSE with care, takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and acquaintance travelling, that he is prepared to accommodate them when visiting the city

Warm and Cold BATHS.

R. H. GLEAVES, Proprietor.

April 22—6mos

SHROUDING

AND

LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.

MRS MARIA HIGHGATES

No. 1026 Bailey street

(Late 109 & 111 *N. Lombard & Cove Sts*

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.

The second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line, Locust, and Seventeenth and Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Nineteenth, City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and allow about 30 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts at 9.45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.15, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mason's Baggage Express will hereafter, be located at No 21 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

LEAVE.

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No 1	"	10.00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	8.70 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "

ARRIVE.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	6.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No 1	"	8.30 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.35 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.10 P. M
FAST LINE	"	12.50 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	9.05 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and time cards, or apply to

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot

An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan '64 137 Dock Street.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 16, 1865, trains will leave Depot, corner Broad Street and Washington Avenue, as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS at 4.00, A. M. Mondays excepted, for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's and Magnolia

WAY MAIL TRAIN at 8.15, A. M., Sundays excepted, for Baltimore stopping at all regular stations, connecting with the Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Milford, Salisbury, and intermediate places

EXPRESS TRAIN at 1.15 P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Wilmington Elkton, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

EXPRESS TRAIN at 4.35, P. M. Sundays excepted, for Baltimore and Washington stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester only to take Baltimore and Washington passengers.) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Passengers for Express Mourns will take the 8.15, A. M., train.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington,

Leave Philadelphia at 11, A. M., 2, 3.30, 5.30 and 10, P. M. The 3.30, P. M. train connects with Delaware Railroad for Milford and intermediate stations.

Leave Wilmington at 6.45, 8 and 9.00, A. M., 2.30 and 6.30, P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM BALTIMORE

Leave Wilmington at 12, M., 6.24, 8.55, and 9.34 P. M.

CHESTER FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Chester at 7.45, 8.42, 10.14, A. M., 12.36, 3.13, 4.54, 7.20, and 9.05, P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Express Train at 4.05, A. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's, and Magnolia.

Night Express at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (for Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.

Accommodation Train at 10, P. M., for Wilmington and Way Stations.

BALTIMORE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore at 9.25, P. M., stopping at Havre de Grace, Perryville, and Wilmington. Also stops at Elkton and Newark, (to take passengers for Philadelphia, and leave passengers from Washington or Baltimore,) and Chester, to leave passengers from Baltimore or Washington.

Leave Wilmington for Philadelphia at 6.30, P. M.

FROM BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore 8.25, A. M., Way Mail; 1.10, P. M., Express; 4.35, P. M., Way Train; 6.15, P. M., Express, 9.25, P. M., Express.

TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave Chester at 6.07, A. M., 7.40 and 11.50, P. M.
" Wilmington at 6.15, 8.40, A. M., 2.35, 5.52, and 12.35, P. M.

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached, will leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate Stations at 7.30, P. M.

H. F. HENNEY,
Feb.25-6mo. Superintendent.

DRY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS

SELLING AT

REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Shrouding, Sacsel, cambrics, etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand. Ladies' ready-made Clothing.

N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand,

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*

to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

No. 10 1 year.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING.

JONES'

OLD ESTABLISHED

One Price CLOTHING HOUSE,

604 Market Street,

(Above Sixth.)

At JONES' Crescent One Price Clothing Store the most selling price is marked in plain figures on each article and never varied. All buy alike, dealer and jobber. Low prices, quick sales and small profits only for cash. These qualities, together with good intentions and fair dealing, should entitle the above establishment to the favorable notice, which it solicits.

JONES,
604 *Market Street,*
One Price Store.

OLIVE BRANCH

BOARDING HOUSE,

No. 814 Lombard Street, Phila.

Mrs. H. M. Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class

BOARDING HOUSE

For their special accommodation, in a central to business or churches part of the city, where towned where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable

MRS. M. BENNETT,

HERB DOCTRESS,

NO 405 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup Gravel Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury Her Indian syrups alone are used by her Who can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized Agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to collect subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No 819 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH E. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS,

HAIR JEWELLERS,

AND

LADIES' HEAD DRESSERS,

No 403 South Sixth Street,

Philadelphia

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,

STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED

Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.

BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—(Cessation, if desired,) Softening, Ornamenting, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for eradicating the hair removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, restoring gray hair, &c.

HAIR BOUGHT.

Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale. sep 24-6t

W. R. DECORDOVER'S

PERIODICAL DEPOT,

419 *South Seventh Street, Philada.*

Daily and Weekly papers always on hand.

New York Ledger, Anglo-African, Harper's Weekly, &c., for sale.

ALSO, STATIONERY

No. 2—tf

JAMES C. CLARK, M. D.

(Eclectic.)

No. 618 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylv'a.

OFFICE HOURS.

From 7 to 9 P. M.
From 12 to 2 P. M. } PHILADELPHIA.
From 6 to 9 P. M.

Also, particular attention directed to all *diseases of Females*, recent or chronic. Treatment and cure, without the use of Mercury or any other injurious drug, warranted.

January 7—No. 7—1yr

NOTICE.

LEBANON CEMETERY.

All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds, will please call upon Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, as he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full satisfaction will be given to the whole matter. jan—6mo

(Signed) J. ASHER.

Agents, come and Examine

AN INVENTION

Urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $3 easily, by

R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.
Feb 11—1yr

Cupping, Leeching & BLEEDING

ATTENDED TO BY

NATHANIEL L. DURHAM,

911½ CHRISTIAN STREET,

Also Solicitor for "Security Life Insurance Company"

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST,"

REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

NO 615 & 617 NORTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

Where you will find skilful hands, who use superior instruments, and have the advantage of a well arranged light

Pictures are made all sizes—from a Carte de Visite to a life size in oil, at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody Pictures are made life size from small Ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes 1y

No. 19

missing.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 20.—New Series. Whole No. 229.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern or to subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No 2075, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E Weaver, No 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No 2075, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper. —six months, for six dollars, paper included.—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia "	" A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	" J. PATTERSON.
New England "	" W. W. GRIMES
Ohio "	" SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	" ÆNOS McINTOSH.
Missouri "	" M. M. CLARK
California "	" P. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

FORGET ME NOT.

ORIGINAL.

What words are those that sound so sweet
To those who part from friends they love?
They thrill the breasts of those we meet
With joys like those above.

But sweetly came the whispered words,
The thrilling sentence ne'er forgot;
From parting lips again I heard
The friendly speech—"Forget me not."

Dearer friends, who've trod life's journey o'er,
Together take their final leave.
"My friend," says one, "I leave this shore;
For me no longer grieve."

The whispered words the maiden ne'er forgot,
And sadly said, "Forget me not."

Port Deposit. E. H. D.

For the Christian Recorder.

XENIA CORRESPONDENCE.

XENIA, Ohio, April 14, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Regardez ces ennemis, se sont rendees, et c'est la privilege des grands hommes de vaincre; le merite le fait naitre, le merit la fait mourir. Our ears are saluted by the merry chime of our city bells and the roar of the cannon, in honor of the successes of our brave and gallant heroes, who are at the altar of our country, and who are being offered as living sacrifices for the salvation of the nation. To-day the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln looms up before us as an indelible act of kindness, carved in a mighty mass of granite. To-day shall God be praised as the author of all good, who reminded Abraham Lincoln that all men are born free, and have an equal right to all the privileges exercised by mankind. To-day thanks from true and loyal hearts shall ascend to the great Architect of the universe in grateful incense.

Now that it is six o'clock, the bells are hushed, and only now and then the boom of the cannon breaks upon the silent morning air. But hark! The citizens are assembling, at the call of the spirit-stirring drum, at the corner of North Avenue and Main streets, to witness a flag-raising upon a magnificent liberty pole, which had been planted by the colored men of Xenia. As this beautiful national emblem gracefully unfurled its lovely folds to the morning breeze, it seemed to exclaim in thunder tones to the admiring beholders, "The day is dawning when universal liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the world." Thanks and praise to God, through Abraham Lincoln, floated upon the breeze, and the cry went up to heaven, with one accord, "Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

The assembly was addressed by Revs. E. D. Davis, Pratt, Kendrick, and a reverend gentleman from Indiana. Elder Davis, though not a political man, and having his mind overburdened with Conference business, admonished us for our future welfare. He reviewed the damning influences and associations of slavery, and exhorted us to educate the heart and the head, that we might demand respect and consideration at the hands of the prejudiced whites. Elder Kendrick, a gentleman who has proved himself a true friend to the colored man, both in word and deed, addressed us at considerable length in a most enthusiastic manner. May the angels of heaven watch over and protect him, and when his race is run on earth, may he be wafted to the realms of eternal bliss. Elder Pratt spoke next Being a man of strong anti-slavery principles, his remarks were listened to with a great deal of interest. The gentleman from Indiana, whose name we were unable to learn, made the closing address on this occasion It was very entertaining, and was well received by the audience

At two o'clock, P M, a large assembly met at the court house to listen to more speeches, and hear further particulars of Lee's surrender At seven o'clock the colored people formed in line, and after marching over the principal streets, a sham battle was introduced between them and the white citizens, and the day was about to go out upon a happy populace when the sad intelligence of the destruction of Wilberforce College reached our ears, and threw a gloom over our enjoyment. It is very evident that the incendiary did this work, as the fire was first discovered in the store-room, a place where there was no stove pipe hole, and never had occasion for fire The destruction of this building is a great loss to our race, and we retired to our homes fully understanding the calamity which had befallen us. But the cup of our sorrow was not yet full. On the following morning our ears were again greeted with the sounds of the city bells. But, oh, how different the tones from those of the previous morning! Crowds gathered in the streets, with melancholy countenances and downcast eyes; not a smile was to be seen—all hearts were sad on account of the assassination of our noble and praiseworthy President—our modern Moses. The city is draped in mourning. The flags are at half-mast and draped also. Even all nature seems to be shrouded in mourning, and lament the loss of one so great, so noble, and so true. "But though he is dead, he yet speaketh." The name of Abraham Lincoln shall be ever dear to after generations, and will be engraven in the heart of every loyalist. Saturday passed in gloom, and Sabbath was a day of mourning. Such a day was never witnessed. Such a day of general mourning, in both Church and State, will never be surpassed. Mr. Editor, I will close. I have only given you a slight outline of the ever memorable days of last week.

Notre ami,

ANNIE M. SMITH

MR. EDITOR:—If you have space, I wish to insert a sermon, delivered by Rev. Mr. Kendrick, on the 16th of April, in the A. M. E. Church Let Mr. Kendrick be where, he may, either with his own race, or with the colored people, he is the same uncompromising anti-slavery man, and true friend of our unfortunate race. We will note his sermon as well as we can, and should we omit a portion of it, it is to be hoped the reverend gentleman will pardon us the omission. His text was. "By it, he, being dead, yet speaketh."

The speaker commenced by saying: We have met under very peculiar circumstances. In looking at the sad event of the 14th of April, at 10½ o'clock, P. M., and at the emblems of mourning which surround us on every side, and upon the many sad and melancholy countenances we meet at every turn, we can very appropriately choose the words: "By it, he, being dead, yet speaketh," as a foundation for the few remarks which we may make. Having spoken three times to-day, we feel, physically, weak; but, thank God, spiritually we feel stronger. Cain, the first murderer, whose occupation was to cover and adorn the earth with vegetation, was incited to this evil crime by reason of jealousy of God's favors being bestowed more plentifully upon his brother than upon himself. "God had respect unto Abel and to his offering," (he being a keeper of sheep,) when jealousy arose in the heart of Cain, and he sought revenge by taking the life of Abel. And when the Lord asked Cain, "Where is thy brother" Abel? he said, "I know not! am I my brother's keeper?" Then the Lord said, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground, and now art thou cursed from the ground." The grandest event that graces the history of the Israelites is an analogy of the present times. As were the Israelites enslaved, and maltreatment inflicted upon them in its vilest forms, so was slavery the predominant evil prevailing in this the nineteenth century. But, thank God, a modern Moses was modelled and prepared in Springfield, Illinois, to lead us out of the land of bondage and oppression. God chose Moses, who kept the flocks of Jethro, as the instrument for delivering the children of Israel out of the land of bondage. But Moses apologised, by saying that he was not eloquent, also, that he was slow of speech and of tongue, and that he would meet with much opposition from the children of Israel and the Egyptians, as did our noble-hearted President; but still he obeyed God's command, and led the children of Israel out of the house of bondage.

He was permitted to see his enemies swallowed up in the Red Sea, and to view the land of Canaan; but he was deprived the pleasure of plucking the fruit thereof. He fell a victim to death as did our honored President; but though he is dead, he yet speaketh. Thus, the cries, groans and agonies of an oppressed race, in this the nineteenth century, ascended to the throne of God, and he hearkened unto them, and declared through the mutterings thunders, that he would send forth a modern Moses to deliver his oppressed children from the hands of their oppressors. Then he called forth Abraham Lincoln. But he declined, saying: "I am not a man of wealth, and am altogether unfit for that office, because I am not as highly educated as my predecessors." "But, Abraham, I have chosen thee to lead my oppressed people forth, from under the yoke of bondage," saith the Lord. He assumed the trust, and thence came the war. Then it was that the God-provoking, God-daring and ever-cursed slave-holders of the southern confederacy made war against the true loyalists. Thus the struggle commenced between the north and the south. Abraham Lincoln worked, as we thought, slowly, but the noble heart that was enshrined within the chosen temple that must fade and pass away, was merciful. Never was there a nobler heart filled more abundantly with leniency, pardon, and a more freedom-loving motto, than that of him, whose portrait, shrouded in crape, is now before me. Thou wert the greatest friend that we ever knew on earth! Finally, his proclamation went forth, freeing thousands of slaves, and calling colored men to the battle-field as soldiers, to fight by the side of their white comrades, and win bright laurels, that will ever shine upon their brows as gems of honor, and gild the pages of history. Thus, steadily, but slowly, onward he marched, swaying the sceptre of victory in his hand, until he was permitted to step over into the modern Canaan, and view the land, only to return and be assassinated by one Booth, a dastardly traitor, whose intention was to destroy the government. But God designed otherwise, and the assassin's plans were overthrown. When he shed the life-blood of Abraham Lincoln, the blood of every loyalist began to boil for revenge. The rebels have lost their best friend. Never again will there be found one so merciful, and willing to pardon, as was our departed President. Andrew Johnson our present Chief Magistrate, swears that he will faithfully execute the laws of the country, and carry out, as far as is consistent therewith, the plans of Abraham Lincoln. Don't fear Johnson, for he is a Joshua of old, who will lead us out of this struggle. I have all confidence in Andy Johnson; he is a friend to all Union loving men, but will not show much mercy towards the traitor in heart or sentiment. (Great applause.) Indeed it will not be healthy for me or any other Unionist to hear any one say aught against Abraham Lincoln. Be still! copperhead! Be quiet! butternut! And you sympathizers with the South, hold your peace, for your blood shall be required, to pay for that of our innocent President: For though he is dead, he yet speaketh.

Go with me, if you please, to the Capitol, and there behold the lifeless form of Abraham Lincoln, enshrined with all honor, and view a weeping family, waiting around to take the last view of the honored man, who, through the instrumentality of Divine Providence, has done his duty to God and man, Church and State. Watch him as he is hurried to his western home, and see the gathered crowds at every station and junction, anxiously waiting to get a glimpse at the passing car that bears the assassinated body of our honored President to its final resting place. He speaks, though, through decaying clay. He declares liberty to all men, irrespective of color or caste. And as the sods of the valley fall upon the lid of his coffin, they bear upon their sound, Liberty, Right, and Justice to all mankind. Therefore, "by it, he, being dead, yet speaketh" That we may ever cherish the name and labors, wrought by God through Abraham Lincoln, is my prayer.

For the Christian Recorder.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Since I wrote you last we have rejoiced over great victories on the side of Freedom and Justice, and now we are just the reverse—in deep mourning. Never have we mourned as we do now. But if the spirit of the great dead could speak to us, it would say "Peace, be still!" We all remember well the late President's last Inaugural Address, and what he said about paying back the blood drawn by the lash, and the justice of God, &c. I have not the least doubt, but that he would say, "The Lord is just, be ye quiet."

I shall not attempt to describe the funeral procession, or the remains lying in state while in our city. The grandeur was beyond description. The colored citizens turned out in full force, and were well received

The assassination of our great and good President has caused a great change in the public mind in this part of the country. All seem to want to carry out the great principles for which he lived and died. In appointing the Citizens' Committee to accompany the remains of the President of the United States to Springfield, Illinois, its final resting place, it was said that the colored people must be represented in that Committee. They, therefore, appointed John Jones, and he left here a member of that committee, in company with the cortegé, representing the colored citizens. We can only look on in breathless silence, and think of the great change.

When the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln first reached us, we felt as if all our hopes were lost. But when we saw our citizens meeting in such masses that no two halls in the city could hold them, and swearing eternal vengeance against the spirit that strengthened the hand of Booth, and speaking united words of justice to loyal mankind, white or black, we began to feel, in the language of Fred. Douglas, "That we would yet, in this country, have a country under our feet, a government around us, and the old Flag of Freedom floating proudly over us." Let us lift up our hands, and say, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men,"—not black men nor white men, but all mankind.

WANT OF PUBLIC SPIRIT IN CHICAGO.

Were you to visit the three colored churches in our midst, on Sabbath evening, and see the vast assemblage, you would think that there were colored people enough in this city, for some of them to be actively engaged in different movements for our political and moral elevation. We have a Young Men's Literary Association, (though some of the members are not very young, if we may be allowed to judge by the signs that generally indicate old age.) We have three colored ministers, heading large congregations. We have a class of individuals amongst us, who call themselves young men. They smoke fine cigars, wear long overcoats, and adjust their neck-ties in the latest style; their boots are of the best make, and in fact they look like wealthy gentlemen's sons, just returned from Boarding School. There are a goodly number of respectable gentlemen, heads of families, who belong to no Church or Association. Now, out of all these, we have never been able to raise enthusiasm enough to celebrate one of the great and glorious Emancipation Acts—from the District of Columbia up to the capture of Richmond. Some of them were very indifferent about turning out in the funeral procession of our beloved President, because they were not assigned the most conspicuous place, though we did not ask for any place. The Citizens' Committee of Arrangements spoke to some of our colored men, J. B. Dawson, John Jones, and one or two others, and told them that the colored people must be out on this great occasion. I am informed that the leading officer in the Young Men's Association positively refused to turn out, because he thought the colored people in the procession would be laughed at by some outside loafers, but every thing passed off without any insults, the colored citizens being cheered at every corner.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Young Men's Literary Association gave an entertainment recently, consisting of readings and declamations, by some of the young ladies and gentlemen. Every thing passed off pleasantly. All the recitals were very good, though some thought that Mrs. Caudle's Lecture might have been left out. The exercises were also intermingled with enlivening music,—Miss Thompson presiding at the piano. The audience was small, but appreciative.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

The ladies of this city presented North Star Lodge (Masonic,) with a beautiful silk flag of national colors, with Masonic emblems, costing over one hundred dollars. The meeting, which was held in Metropolitan Hall, seemed to be entirely conducted by ladies. Upon entering the hall there were two ladies selling tickets, and inside of the main door stood two young ladies, gracefully receiving the tickets. All seemed to understand themselves perfectly. When the time arrived for opening the meeting, Mrs. Jones appeared on the platform, called the house to order, announced the object of the meeting, and moved that Mrs Blanks act as President for the evening, which was seconded by some other lady, and Mrs. Blanks was elected. Mrs Platt was then elected Secretary. The members of the Lodge, dressed in full regalia, then marched into the hall, preceded by a band of music After they were seated upon the platform, Mrs. Sterrett made her appearance on the front of the stand, bearing the flag. I cannot recall all of the Presentation Speech. It was very beautiful and impressive. She spoke of the great victories that had been won by the colored soldiers, and said that the American Flag now means to us Freedom, telling the Brethren that she felt proud to know, that it had never been insulted by a colored man, and if it became necessary for them to take this flag into battle, never let it "touch the ground." Worshipful Master John Jones made the reception speech. Mr. Jones' great themes were honesty, industry, improvement of the mind, and above all, the saving of money. These points he dwelt on earnestly, but briefly. He thanked the ladies for their timely present, as the lodge will turn out in procession on the opening day of the great Northwestern Sanitary Fair. He eulogised them for their patriotic spirit, and said, if the men were half as spirited as the women, Chicago would be all right. Mr Sampson, of the *Colored Citizen*, was present and after being invited, made a very few appropriate remarks. The exercises closed with the Masons marching around the hall, bearing the flag on exhibition. The sharp appetites were then satisfied with the good things that had been bountifully provided by the ladies. I understand the proceeds of this gathering were to be given to the Sanitary Fair, which is to be opened in this city, on the 30th of May RUTH.

Chicago, May 3d, 1865

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.

BROTHER WEAVER:—I will write you a few lines now, concerning a noble, patriotic family, who have suffered enormously in the late war, and as great and loyal citizens they have been as great Christians

Patrick Henry and his sons and daughters were seen on the 25th of April, 1861, in the woods, on the River Slough, Bear County, State of Texas. The entire family were known to be sterling patriots, of resolute will, and of great independence of character

"My sons, we have enjoyed the birth-right which was bought at the high price of the blood of my father, and his noble, patriotic comrades, our ancestors, who so nobly responded in their hearts, and who so heroically offered their service to defend our country. Perish every man, my sons, who prefers his party, or any local interest, to his country. Let every loyal citizen, every true American, show his love of country, and loyalty, by his patriotic deeds,—the talkative days are gone now for awhile. Vow deeds, which are essential elements in the character of every Christian citizen. My sons, who will perform the duties which God and our national honor have made imperative? You, or I in my 77th year? Our family must be represented in the Northern Union Army."

The children's reply:

"Father, our ancestors did gain our national independence, and you have helped to keep it It would be strange if we were not willing as we are able, to defend the principles, which are the only sure foundation on which government and civil society can permanently stand. Our age will exempt the youngest, because Patrick is forty-seven, but God, our nation, our Union, and the down-trodden of all colors and of all races and climes, echo most distinctly and terribly, "Do your duty," and in the name of our holy religion, with God's help, we will be up and do it

"Come weal, come woe,
To perish or o'ercome the foe.

"We will not return with shame and a ruined name. If we decline battle, democracy, properly speaking, will have to sink back cowed and craven, meriting the contempt of all mankind."

Curiosity will inquire "now the history of the patriotic family?" The father was shot in Alabama for being a Union man When he was dying, he prayed, "Oh, Heavenly Father, forgive them, and open their eyes!" He was as calm in death as Stephen, the first Christian martyr Patrick Henry, Jr., was blessing God for honoring him with the privilege of dying with his glory, first and last, before his eyes. Mr. Henry was a jewel. He gave every man his due, and the glory unto God. His bearing was courteous to equals or inferiors. He adhered rigidly to law and order, and, in a word, he was a true Republican and a distinguished Christian

His son David was killed at the battle of Shiloh, 1862. He fell into the hands of the Secesh, and when they asked him how he felt, and what he thought of himself and the Union cause, he replied:

"It gives me pleasure to know, that there is a God of power and goodness, who will destroy your cause, or you may say, in a few years, that I am insane to-day."

Washington, his amiable brother, was starved at Andersonville, Georgia, in 1864

Patrick Henry, Jr., has been in many battles and he has now the scars to prove his devotion to his country's cause. When he reinlisted in September, 1863, he was entitled to five hundred and fifty-two dollars bounty. His distinguished patriotism would only allow him to take one hundred and seventy-five for a little pocket money for his amiable, frank, kind, and pious wife More about her in my next

Patrick is a member of Co. D, 13th N Y Heavy Artillery, now at Fort Ethan Brooks. On the 2d day of December, 1864, Patrick's comrades wished to know when the war would be over, he informed them that in April, 1865, it would close. There are scores who will attest with their affidavits for the truth of his statement When the boys applied to him some months concerning his prophecy, Patrick would say "Wait a little, and you will see the prediction a stubborn fact"

I will close now by saying that the Henrys were a family that believed faith without works to be a profession without *substance*. I wish all the colored people understood that, and then practised it. Then they could sing

"Honor and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part there all the glory lies
And sing as the Henrys used to do,
"We claim no title from descent or blood
But those which make us noble, that which makes us good"

I am yours in progress,

Your obedient servant,

PATRICK HENRY

May 9th, 1865

Illest day of God, most glorious most bright
The first and fairest
The laborer's rest, the
This day in prayer and
My
His stamp did the
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days

For the Christian Recorder

SOMETHING NEW IN EASTON, MD.

MR. EDITOR:—The inhabitants of this corner of the earth's surface were honored and much stimulated the other day, by a professional visit from Dr B. Jerome Brown, the Phrenologist and Scientific Lecturer, of Philadelphia, who gave a course of five lectures to a large audience composed of white and colored.

It was new to us in this isolated spot to have a man of our own identity speaking among us, discussing the mental philosophers of the past, and comparing them with the newly discovered metaphysical conclusions of the present hour

On last Sunday the Dr. digressed from his previous lectures on science, and gave an address to the white and colored people, on their relations to each other. When the hour of 4½ P. M. arrived the A. M. E Church of Easton was packed to its utmost capacity by both classes, some of the most prominent persons in this place being present to listen to his address I cannot refrain from giving you a few of the sentences generated from his mind

The speaker through the course of his remarks said: "That the degradation of two centuries and a half have bound the white man to the black, and are now following in the wake of succeeding events with the omnipotent march of commanding justice The black man, in turn, is being elevated and cemented to the white man, as his brother; to the nation, as his country; to the stars and stripes, as his flag; and to the Constitution and History of the United States, as his Constitution and History. With these he is to be associated through coming years, and never again to be degraded in rank with the beast of the field Birth, language and habits make him a brother and a child of America, and here to remain"

The speaker also very forcibly said, "That it is a mistake and a great blunder, to suppose that the negro is the only one to improve and moralize On the reversed side the itinerant traveller investigating the condition of the people in the south sees the absurdity of such a notion: for the more the philanthropist analyzes the extreme unaccounted for savageness, barbarity, and therefore, cruelty of the white man, the more he is astounded how it could ever be possible for human nature to become so far removed from civilized life, as to degenerate into the wild habits of the Abyssinians, or torturing customs of the Hottentots of Africa, or the Aborigines of Australia, but through reflection and a mode of reasoning, comes the solution, informing us that these are the legal demoralising products of a life of servitude or the enslavement of any race."

The Dr. painted clearly and earnestly that the white people are to have their prejudices educated out of them, and trained to ideas of a higher moral life, and thereby a better civilisation; that they have violated all the national, social, religious and domestic rights of his race, and now is the day of prayer and repentance, now the accepted time.

He exhorted the colored people to erect their school house without delay, to put books, papers, &c., into the hands of their children, and not let them lose a moment from the tuition of their teachers; to get hold of little pieces of ground and erect their little houses, no difference how humble, to accumulate as much as possible He also eulogised highly the *Christian Recorder* and Anglo-African, saying that every colored family in town should subscribe to one or the other, which I think will have a salutary effect. After an hour and a half the address was closed amid the applause of a once benighted and enslaved community

This is the first instance wherein a colored man ever expressed himself so thoroughly on behalf of our people, in this place; for as you may know, there has been no locality in the State of Maryland more rotten and rebellious than this, but thanks be to an overruling Providence, some justice is being done to our people

However, there are some noble hearted men in this place who have stood boldly out for the Union, and the elevation of the colored people. Among their ranks, permit me to name the following: T. P. Wallisou, a man open and frank in principle; Joseph Reasin, one who has sacrificed much for the Union, William P. Shephard, L. Dobson, W. H Conell and T Bernor. These men (all honor to them,) have been and continue to be friends to us in these trying times and we hope they will continue their efforts until every vestige of the Black Laws in this state is wiped out

Very respectfully,

Yours for progress

C. D

For the Christian Recorder

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS

CHAPTER XIII.

The Tragedy.

On the morning succeeding the tragic event before narrated Colonel Tracy was pacing his room like a caged lion His wife, heart-broken Nellie, was still perhaps dying, while he was rigidly excluded from her presence And if she died he was her murderer Oh, the agony of thought! What if Richard! He recoiled from it as from a fiend whose blood-hot breath was on his cheek. Every artery throbbed with pain, and his brain reeled with the vision of his pale mother face pursuing him And there was another, in tenderer tones: "Father will you never cease your sins?" haunted his memory He paused to hear them over. Was he indeed the murderer of his son? This question pressed itself upon him. His reflections were cool and sane now He half expected a summons to go to Mary's side, but received neither. But as hours passed, and the inevitable report of the attendants as they passed to and from the wife's chamber "No better, Master" greeted harshly upon his ear. The suspense was unendurable, he would learn it no longer At the moment Mattie, the nurse, entered the room, [illegible] upon the [illegible] Richard [illegible] questions presented but asked almost hoarsely

"How is my wife?" "Very bad, Master," replied the woman coldly Leaving Miss Tracy [illegible] he was despatched And through the [illegible] of several attendants Colonel Tracy was conducted to his own bedside Nellie, his wife, lay [illegible] on her pillow, her eyes closed, her face white as marble, and her long black hair [illegible] Colonel Tracy was overcome by his emotions. He sank upon his knees by the bedside, and bowed his head upon the pillow. Nellie opened her eyes, and looked upon him with a look of unutterable love. Then she closed them again, and a shudder passed over her frame. Colonel Tracy arose to his feet, and looked upon his wife. Her face was turned from him, and her eyes were closed. Was she dead? Had she died without one word of forgiveness? Was she gone from him forever? Oh, the agony of that moment! He could not endure it. He must know the worst. He must look upon her face. He must see if she were dead. He must hear her voice. He must receive her forgiveness. He must tell her how he loved her. He must tell her how he had sinned against her. He must tell her how he had sinned against God. He must tell her how he had sinned against his son. He must tell her how he had sinned against his daughter. He must tell her how he had sinned against his wife. He must tell her how he had sinned against his mother. He must tell her how he had sinned against his father. He must tell her how he had sinned against his brother. He must tell her how he had sinned against his sister. He must tell her how he had sinned against his friend. He must tell her how he had sinned against his enemy. He must tell her how he had sinned against his neighbor. He must tell her how he had sinned against his country. He must tell her how he had sinned against his race. He must tell her how he had sinned against his religion. He must tell her how he had sinned against his God. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Savior. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Holy Spirit. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Father in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Mother in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Brother in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Sister in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Friend in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Enemy in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Neighbor in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Country in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Race in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Religion in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his God in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Savior in Heaven. He must tell her how he had sinned against his Holy Spirit in Heaven

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 20, 1865.

THE PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

The Forty ninth Session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A. M. E Church, assembled in the A. M. E Union Church, at 9 o'clock, A. M., Bishop Wayman presiding, assisted by Rev. Wm. P Quinn, senior Bishop.

Bishop Wayman opened the Conference by reading the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, and by reading the hymn on page 394,

"Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm," &c.

The Bishop then addressed the throne of Grace in prayer, which was very appropriate for the occasion. After prayer he continued the services by reading the hymn,

"Jesus, Lord, we look to thee," &c.

Elder Moore was then called upon to lead in prayer.

The Bishop then ordered the Secretary of last year's Conference to call the roll of the members, all the brethren present responding to their names.

On motion, Rev. J. Woodlyn was appointed Secretary of the Conference, and Brother W. W. Winder assistant Secretary.

The Bishop then called Rev. Benjamin Lynch, who had been transferred from the Ohio Conference to the Philadelphia Conference, and Revs N. A. Turpen, Geo. E. Boyer, W. H. Williams, and H. J. Rhodes, from the Baltimore Annual Conference, and confirmed them as members of the Philadelphia Annual Conference.

On motion, the Bishop was authorized to appoint all committees not otherwise ordered. He appointed the standing committees.

The Conference then proceeded to the examination of characters, in which business it continued till one o'clock, when they adjourned to meet on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Committee then read the appointments for Sabbath.

Conference appointed Rev. F. Weaver, editor of the "Christian Recorder," reporter for the daily newspapers.

Second Day

Monday morning, May 15.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment, in the A. M. E. Church, Centre street, near Fifth. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Religious services were conducted by Rev John H. Henson and A. C. Cuppes.

The minutes of the previous session were read and approved.

The Bishop then took up the Discipline and commenced the regular order of business, by calling for the reports of committees.

Several brethren were offered for membership. The propositions were received and handed over to the Committee on Membership.

Nearly all the brethren made their financial reports before the hour of adjournment.

Conference dispatches its business with a great deal of celerity. The hour of adjournment having arrived, and the business for the day completed, the appointments were read, and at 4 o'clock, P. M., Conference adjourned to hear the annual sermon, which was preached by Rev. Henry Davis.

It was also announced that the Missionary sermon would be preached in Bethel Church, on Thursday, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, by Rev. Joshua Woodlyn, at which time a missionary collection would be taken up, and the Bishop desired to see a full attendance on the occasion.

Third Day.

Tuesday Morning, May 16.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment, at 9 o'clock, A. M., Bishop Wayman presiding, assisted by Bishop Quinn. The session was opened by reading a portion of the Scriptures, singing, and prayer.

The minutes of Tuesday's session were read and approved.

The reports of the different committees was then heard and acted upon.

The complaint preferred against Rev. Brother Jay, was withdrawn.

The application of Rev Brother J. H Smith for confirmation to membership, was, on motion, withdrawn from further consideration.

Isaiah Broadee having been admitted to membership in Conference last year, and having left his circuit without notifying the Bishop, his name was dropped from the roll. Brothers Thos H. Cooper, John C. Cornish, and W. W. Winder, were elected to Elders' orders.

On motion, Revs. J. G. Boulsh, and Sheppard Holcomb were continued on the superannuated list.

Just at this time Bishop Campbell came walking up the aisle of the Church, looking remarkably well after his trip through California. After receiving the warm congratulations of the brethren present, he took his seat on the platform, beside the presiding Bishop.

After transacting some further business of minor importance, Conference adjourned to meet on Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Our correspondents will either have to write their articles shorter, or we shall be under the necessity of abridging them ourselves. Our correspondence is very large and very important, and we do not desire any of our contributors to cease sending us their favors; but we do hope that they will make a note of this, and hereafter so abbreviate their articles that we may be able to accommodate them all, and give the greater variety of reading matter to our numerous readers.

HOURS AT HOME

We have received the first number of HOURS AT HOME, a new religious monthly, edited by J. M. Sherwood.

It promises, "besides articles on purely religious subjects, it will contain Reviews of Book, Biographical and Historical Sketches; Poetry; Notes of Travel; Moral Tales; Papers on Popular Science; and Essays upon Miscellaneous Topics. Discarding the frivolous, the irreligious and corrupting, it will furnish a pure, healthful and instructive literature; it will be animated also by a thoroughly catholic spirit, so that it may belong to the entire American church. In brief, HOURS AT HOME will aim to be what its name indicates—a Family Magazine, unexceptionable in all its teachings, elevated in tone, and useful; at the same time it will strive to render itself an invaluable aid to the Sunday-school Teacher, and a welcome visitor to the family of every Pastor.

While HOURS AT HOME will be thoroughly American, the editor will avail himself of the choicest materials furnished by the Foreign Religious Magazines. The articles will be short, varied, and sprightly. No expense will be spared to make it equal to any magazine in the country in mechanical execution and external appearance. Each number will contain 96 pages royal octavo, double columns.

Among its numerous contributors are announced Abel Stevens, D. D., F. D. Huntington, D. D., Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark, and thirty three other distinguished divines.

The opening number contains twenty six original and selected articles, all readable, and some excellent. We advise our friends to subscribe at once.

Mr. T. B Pugh, corner 6th and Chestnut, is the Philadelphia agent, and will deliver the magazine free of charge. The price is $3 per annum.

MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

We copy the following from the *Anglo-African*, and heartily approve of the proposition. It is but just to the memory of the martyred hero that the colored Americans should do something to perpetuate the name of one who sacrificed every thing, even life itself, in defending the rights of down-trodden humanity. We hope our friends will not be backward in the movement, and would like to hear from them, one and all, on the subject.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 20th, '65.

EDITOR OF THE ANGLO-AFRICAN:—Sir:—A calamity such as the world never before witnessed—a calamity, the most heart-rending, caused by the perpetration of a deed at the hands of a wretch, the most infamous and atrocious—a calamity as humiliating to America as it is infamous and atrocious—has suddenly brought our country to mourning by the untimely death of the humane, the benevolent, the philanthropic, the generous, the beloved, the able, the wise, great, and good man, the President of the United States, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Just. In his fall, a mighty chieftain and statesman has passed away. God, in his inscrutable providence, has suffered this, and we bow with meek and humble resignation to his Divine will, because He does all things well. God's will be done!

I suggest that, as a just and appropriate tribute of respect and lasting gratitude from the colored people of the United States to the memory of President Lincoln, the Father of American Liberty, every individual of our race contribute *one cent*, as this will enable each member of every family to contribute, parents paying for every child allowing all who are able to subscribe any sum they please above this to such national monument as may hereafter be decided upon by the American people. I hope it may be in Illinois, near his own family residence.

This penny, or one cent contribution, would amount to the handsome sum of forty thousand ($40,000) dollars, as a tribute from the black race (I use the generic term,) and would be not at all felt; and I am sure, that so far as the South is concerned, the millions of freedmen will hasten on their contributions.

To this end, then, let proper and well-selected committees be appointed in every community, to whom such contributions will be made, with a record of the name of every family, and the number of inmates, the name of husband and wife simply, and so many children, as "George and Elizabeth Parker, and five children, 7 cents."

I would, to this end, name, as the common Treasurer for the funds, to be paid over to the proper officers at the proper time, in their order, Rev. Stephen Smith, Philadelphia, who will make weekly acknowledgments of the aggregate amount received, with the names of the places where received from, simply.

I am certain that every loyal editor in Philadelphia and elsewhere, will gladly publish without cost such an item.

Will Rt. Rev. Dr. Payne, President of Wilberforce University, Rev Dr. H. H Garnet, and James McCune Smith, M. D., sanction this proposition? In sorrow,

Yours, M R DELANY,
Major 104th Regt U. S. C. T.

BISHOP CAMPBELL'S ARRIVAL.

Bishop Campbell arrived here from California, on last Monday evening, the 15th inst. The Bishop made his appearance in the Conference room, on Tuesday morning, quite unexpectedly. He is looking remarkably well, indeed.

NOTICE.

Rev. Enoch Gilchrist, of Williamsport is authorized to get subscribers for the *Christian Recorder*, and to receive the cash for the same.

HYMN BOOKS.

We say to our brethren that, by the time this paper reaches you, we think that we shall have hymn books on hand, and brethren will please remember, that if they send for books, endeavor not to send for more than you know you can sell, and always try to accompany your orders with cash, as we greatly stand in need of it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

New Orleans, La., Rev. W. A. Dove, for Mary Hobby, Susan Green, T. Isabell, G. Nelson, J. Jordan, Caroline Stavers, E. Edington, Matilda Dixon, each $2 50,—for self, on account of books, $80 50; Sergt. G. Richards, 41st Regiment, U. S. C. T., $2 00; Lafayette, Ind., J. W. Davis, for Mrs. McKiyer, 2 50; for W. Giles, 1.25; Decatur, Ill., C. S Jones, 2 50; Frankford, Pa., Mrs M. Chase, per J. Lecount, 2 72; Wilmington O., Harriet Grimes, 2 50; Pennington, N. J., Rev. J. H. Cooper, for Mrs H. J. Moore, 2 50; Lancaster, O., C. H Peters, per Mrs. E. J. Taylor, 1 25.

BOARDING AND LODGING

Mrs M. Strozier, of 1132 Lombard street, gives notice in another column, that she can accommodate boarders and lodgers. We have no doubt but that she can make our friends feel very comfortable, while there, in all that is desirable, and necessary.

A MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY

The Trustees of Wilberforce University met May 2d 1865. The President took the Chair. Prayer by Rev. James A. Shorter.

The Secretary was directed to read that the proceedings which were recorded the proceedings of the Board could not be found, whether it was misplaced or burned, he knew not.

On motion it was resolved that we rebuild the College building that was burned down on the 14th of April; that said building be built of brick, with a stone foundation.

On motion, it was resolved that we proceed as soon as possible to erect a large centre building three stories high, from the basement.

A committee of three, John Cousins, John H Mitchell, and A Holland, were appointed to make the best arrangements possible for burning brick and procuring stone.

R Conrad J G Mitchell, and J A. Shorter, were appointed a committee to prepare a memorial on the death of the Vice President of the Board H S Mount, and report at the annual meeting.

J Cousins, R Conrad, and F Davis were appointed a committee to procure an architect to draw a plan for the new building.

On motion it was resolved that the Executive Board appoint two agents, to raise funds to rebuild Wilberforce College; that Bishop D. A Payne, hitherto elected to lay the claims of said institution before the friends of the oppressed, in England, be requested to proceed on his journey as soon as possible, and that the ministers are hereby requested to act as local agents, in raising means for said institution.

The Board adjourned to meet on the fourth Wednesday in June, which will be the regular annual meeting.

E. D DAVIS, President.

J. G. MITCHELL, Secretary.

P. S.—The business at the next annual meeting, (*which will commence on the fourth Wednesday in June,*) will be very important. Will the Trustees please come prepared to remain until all the business can be done, which *should be done* at that meeting? J. G. M.

For the Christian Recorder.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Camp 54th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Georgetown, South Carolina.
April 30th, 1865.

DEAR RECORDER:—I am sitting under the bright and cloudless canopy of heaven, to-day, with flitting visions of the eventful past and mighty future floating through my mind. I am thinking of and looking forward to the better day when mild-eyed peace and harmony shall take the place of grim visaged war, in this, our own beloved land, which has, for the last four years, been struggling in defence of the great principles of liberty and justice. I feel that the day is not far distant when the old flag will again wave over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." I behold it, even now, in the distance; it is not yet within our grasp, but it will not be long ere peace shall dawn upon us in glory and grandeur.

I must now, Dear Recorder, give you a slight sketch of our recent raid through the interior of the State of South Carolina. On Tuesday, the 25th of March, we broke camp at Savannah Georgia. The right wing left on the 27th; the left moved off on the 28th. After the forming of the line, we took up our march for the steamer, which lay in waiting. After marching through the main street, we at last brought up to where the steamer was, and immediately embarked. The only thing we could tell was that we had to report at Charleston, S. C. At a little before sun down, the noble steamer moved out from the dock, and once more the gallant 54th was gliding down the Savannah River, towards the broad Atlantic Ocean.

After passing through the obstructions which the rebels had placed in our path to impede our advance whilst they held that city as a military basis for their armies, we soon reached "blue water." The Ocean was very rough and stormy, and the wind was blowing a perfect gale. Being very weak in her timbers, the steamer stood the raging tempest with difficulty; for as each fierce breaker struck her side, she would stand quivering and trembling for a moment, like a thing of life in mortal agony, and seemed as if she would go down every moment, and let five hundred brave men find a watery grave. Here and there you could hear some say, "She will soon go to the bottom," while some, again, would say, "Let her go."

Whilst meditating over our perilous position, Port Royal hove in sight, and, to shelter us from the storm, we put the steamer into the Bay, and there remained at anchor during the night. The next morning, being the 29th, we started on our way to Charleston, where we arrived at half-past 7 o'clock, and met with the right wing, and then tied up for the night. On the 30th we disembarked from the steamer, so that she might coal and clean up, and, after this, we embarked again for the purpose of continuing our journey; but the great deep being yet in a turbid state, the Captain would not put to sea again, and we lay there until the storm had abated. We finally got up steam, and were soon ploughing the blue billows.

Before I say any more, I will tell you of a very sad case that occurred in my presence, and also before five hundred officers and men, upon the wharf at Charleston, in relation to a Sergeant belonging to the 55th Mass. Volunteers, whose name, if I remember correctly, is Smith. It appears that the said Sergeant Smith and Sergeant Lett were sent from James Island, or, rather, "Jim Island," as our boys call it, over to Charleston after the Ex-Drum-Major, of the said regiment, who had been absent for some time. At last they found him, but he somehow managed to flank them, and come down to see some of his friends belonging to Comp. E, of the 54th, and whilst holding a conversation, the said Sergeant Smith came up and said to the Ex-Drum-Major referred to:

"Lett, I am after you."

Lett says, "I know it."

Sergeant says, "I want you to go."

Lett says, "Well."

Smith says, "If you do not go, I will shoot you."

Lett was in the act of changing caps with his friend, and, putting it upon his head, said to Smith:

"I did not come with any one, and I can go without any one."

Scarce had he uttered the words, ere Smith, with the rapidity of thought, drew a revolver from his holster, and fired, shooting Lett through the right lung. The ball passed nearly through the body, and was taken out by Dr Backer, of our regiment.

The unfortunate Lett was borne off by the boys of the 54th. Smith who is a member of our regiment would have been killed by them had our officers not interfered, and sent him off in the mean time placing a strong guard over him.

Lett lingered in misery but a short while when death put an end to his suffering and his spirit walked to another world. Sergeant Alfred E. Lewis is under

It was agreed to come together to-day to meet their dead, as was the case on the previous occasion. His murderer will very likely be punished in the end. Never will I forget the horrible sight presented on the occasion referred to above.

We are now encamped at the Georgetown, and I hope we will soon be home with our friends and

Dear Recorder, I could tell you more of our journey, but I fear my letter will be too long. I will close. Hoping that I may soon hear from you, and I will tell you more. I am encamped in the midst of the poor slaves through the country. So I hope that I am [illegible] I will close by saying, yes I can say, I pray [illegible]

I remain yours for truth and liberty.

JOHN H W N COLLINS,
U. S Co H, 54th M V. M.

A COLORED NOTARY PUBLIC

[illegible] Wm. P [illegible] Notary Public for the City of New York. The duties [illegible] [illegible] and performance of the [illegible] [illegible] any of our [illegible] [illegible] any one who [illegible] through water and mud, we [illegible] to upon his honor. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

For the Christian Recorder.

TO YOUNG MEN—HOW TO GET RICH.

Were you wishing a thousand to know how to get rich? Now, I will not vouch that the following rules will enable every person who may read them to acquire wealth, but this I will answer for that if ever a man does grow rich by honest means, and retains his wealth for any length of time, he must practice upon the principles laid down in the following essay; and I strongly commend them to the attention of every young man, at least, as affording the true secret of success in attaining wealth. A single perusal of such an essay, at an impressible moment, has sometimes a very wonderful effect upon the disposition and characteristics of youth. Fortune, they say, is a fickle dame—full of her freaks and caprices, who blindly distributes her favors without the slightest discrimination: so inconstant, so wavering is she represented, that her most faithful votaries can place no reliance on her promises. Disappointment, they tell us, is the lot of those who make offerings at her shrine. Now, all this is a vile slander upon the dear blind lady. Although wealth often appears the result of mere accident, or a fortunate occurrence of favorable circumstances, without any exertion, or skill, or foresight, yet every man of sound or unimpaired mind may become wealthy if he take the proper steps.

Foremost in the list of requisites are honesty and strict integrity in every transaction of life. Let a man have the reputation of being fair and upright in his dealings, and he will possess the confidence of all who know him. Without these qualities, every other merit will prove unavailing. Ask concerning a man, "Is he active and capable?" "Yes." "Industrious, temperate, and regular in his habits?" "O, yes." "Is he honest? is he trustworthy?" "Why, as to that, I am sorry to say that he is not to be trusted; he wants watching; he is a little tricky, and will take an undue advantage, if he can."—"Then I will have nothing to do with him;" will be the invariable reply. Why, then, is honesty the best policy? Because, without it you will get a bad name and every body will shun you. A character for knavery will prove an insurmountable obstacle to success in almost every undertaking. It will be found that the straight line is in business, as in geometry, the shortest. In a word it is almost impossible for a dishonest man to acquire wealth by a regular process of business, because he is shunned as a depredator upon society. Needy men are apt to deviate from the rule of integrity, under the plea that necessity knows no law; they might as well add, that it knows no shame. The course is suicidal, and by destroying all confidence, ever keeps them immured in poverty, although they may possess every other quality of success in the world.

Punctuality, which is said to be the soul of business, is another important element of money-getting. The man known to be scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of his engagement, gains the confidence of all, and may command all the means he can use to advantage; whereas a man careless and regardless of his promises in money matters, will have every purse closed against him. Therefore, be prompt in your payments.

Next, let us consider advantages of a cautious circumspection in our intercourse with the world. Slowness of belief, and a proper distrust are essential to success. The credulous and confiding are ever the dupes of knaves and impostors.—Ask those who have lost their property, how it happened, and you will find in most cases it has been owing to misplaced confidence. One has lost by endorsing, another by crediting, another by false representations, all of which a little more foresight and a little more distrust would have prevented. Judge of men by what they do, not by what they say. Believe in works rather than words. Observe all their movements, ascertain their motives and their ends. Notice what they say and do in their unguarded moments, when under the influence of excitement. The passions have been compared to tortures, which force men to reveal their secrets. Before trusting a man, before putting in his power to cause you a loss, possess yourself of every available information relative to him. Learn his history, his habits, inclinations, propensities, his reputation for honesty, industry, frugality and punctuality; his prospects, resources, supports, advantages from his friends and enemies, and what are his good or bad qualities. Make due allowance for exaggeration in both. Finally, examine carefully before engaging in any thing, and act with energy afterward. Order and system in the management of business must not be neglected. Nothing contributes more to despatch. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place; a time for every thing, and every thing in its time. Do first what presses most, and having determined what is to be done, lose no time in doing it. Without this method all is hurry and confusion, little or nothing is accomplished, and business is attended with neither pleasure nor profit. Remember through life, honey catches flies, vinegar never. A polite, affable deportment is recommended. Agreeable manners contribute powerfully to a man's success.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE 26th REGT. U. S. C. T.

Fort Duane, near Beaufort, S. C.,
April 29th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—I will endeavor to pen you a few lines in regard to the feelings of the soldiers in the 26th Regt., about our good friend, President Abraham Lincoln. We all mourn the loss of him.

A few weeks ago, we were ordered to go in pursuit of a party of guerrillas that frequently visited Port Royal Ferry. After arriving on the other side of the ferry, we formed a skirmish line of battle, and advanced in pursuit of the said party. We all swore we would have revenge for our President, and after advancing some distance the first thing we observed was a pack of blood hounds; they seemed to be advancing on a double quick. I thought the best plan to adopt would be to use the bayonet on the four-legged rebels, lest the two-legged rebels should chance to attack us unawares, for we expected the enemy was close at us. We heard that these four-legged rebels were death on a fellow's throat, and that's not all they seemed to say, for they are hard to be loosed; but the glistening bayonets seemed to frighten them, and they started for the river on a double quick, and we advanced through the thick bush.

These bands of guerrillas consist of rebel citizens, mounted on horses, with worn out muskets loaded with buck-shot, slugs, &c. There is not the slightest bit of fighting in them for they employ themselves in robbery, stealing, and murdering the colored citizens who have (yet) succeeded in their escape into the Union lines. I saw some of their food. It consisted of corn meal and salt fish, and a very small quantity of it indeed.

These guerrillas have their little, slender mules trained so they can go through a smaller space than any soldier Uncle Sam has. If he ventures through the bush we never think of following. The rebels are well acquainted with two regiments in this department, namely, the 26th and 54th.

Yours, very truly,
GEORGE DUVAL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENSYLVANIA STATE EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We have received a copy of the proceedings of the above-named convention; also, a pamphlet form of the Preamble and Constitution of the P. S. E. R. League.

The first gives an accurate and minute account of the deliberations of the Convention held at Harrisburgh on Feb. 8th, 9th and 10th, together with a few arguments suggesting the necessity of holding said convention, and an address of the Colored States Convention to the people of Pennsylvania.

The work commends itself, and every colored man in the United States should obtain a copy. They may be had for $20.00 per one hundred, or 25 cents per single copy of the proceedings, and $5.00 per one hundred or 5 cents per single copy of the Constitution.

All orders should be sent to

J. C. WHITE, Jr.,
717 Lombard St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE.

First class accommodations for boarders and lodgers, by MRS. MARY STRODER,
1132 Lombard St.,
Philadelphia.

May 20—3t.

Our Country.

The Capture of Jeff. Davis.—HIS ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE IN FEMININE DISGUISE.

WAR DEPARTMENT WASHINGTON May 14 Major General Dix, New York: The following details of the capture of Jefferson Davis while attempting to make his escape in his wife's clothes, have been received from Major-General Wilson.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FOURTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY, CUMBERLANDVILLE, GA., May 11, 1865.—To Capt. T. W. Scott, A. A. G. 2d Division:

SIR:—I have the honor to report that at daylight yesterday, at Irwinsville, I surprised and captured Jeff Davis and family, together with his wife, sisters and brother, his Postmaster General Regan, his private Secretary Colonel Harris; Colonel Johnston, A. D. C., on Davis' staff; Colonel Morris Lubbick and Lieutenant Hathaway, also several important names, and a train of five wagons and three ambulances—making a perfect success had not a most painful mistake occurred, by which the 4th Michigan and 1st Wisconsin collided, which cost us two killed, and Lieutenant Boutelle wounded through the arm, in the 4th Michigan, and four men wounded in the 1st Wisconsin. This occurred just at daylight, after we had captured the camp, by the advance of the 1st Wisconsin. They were mistaken for the enemy.

I returned to this point last night, and shall move right on to Macon without waiting orders from you as directed, feeling that the whole object of the expedition is accomplished. It will take me at least three days to reach Macon as we are seventy five miles out and our stock is much exhausted. I hope to reach Hawkinsville to-night. I have the honor, etc.

[Signed] D. B. PRITCHARD,
Lieut Col 4th Michigan Cavalry.

The First Wisconsin belongs to Lagrange's brigade, McCook's division and had been sent due east by Gen. Croxton via Dublin. Colonel Minis had distributed his command all along the south bank of the Ocmulgee and Altamaha. This accounts for the collision between parts of the 1st and 2d divisions and shows the zeal of the command in the pursuit. I have directed increased vigilance on the part of the command in the hope of catching the other assassins. Our dispositions are good, and so far none of the rebel chiefs have been able to get through.

Breckinridge's son was captured eight before last eleven miles south from here.

I will send farther details as soon as received.
(Signed) J. H. WILSON,
Brevet Major General.

MACON GA., 2 30 A. M. May 17th.—Hon E. M. Stanton Secretary of War: Lieut Colonel Harden, commanding 1st Wisconsin, has just arrived from Irwinsville. He struck Davis' trail at Dublin, Laurens county, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely night and day through the pine wilderness of Alligator Creek and Green Swamp, via Cumberlandville to Irwinsville. At Cumberlandville Col. Harden met Col. Pritchard with 150 picked men and horses of the 4th Michigan. Harden followed the trail directly south, while Pritchard, having fresher horses pushed down the Ocmulgee towards Hopewell and thence by House Creek to Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight of the 9th. Jeff. Davis had not arrived. From citizens Pritchard learned that his party were encamped two miles of the town. He made his dispositions and surrounded the camp before day. Harden had camped at 8 P. M., within two miles, as he afterwards learned from Davis.

The trail being too indistinct to follow, he pushed on at 3 A. M. and had gone but little more than one mile, when his advance were fired upon by men of the 4th Michigan. A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered. The firing in this skirmish was the first warning Davis received. The capture report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses, and started for the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but on seeing his boots while running, suspected his sex at once. The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie knife of elegant pattern, and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasion of the Colt's revolvers, without compelling the men to fire. He expressed great indignity at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he had believed our Government more magnanimous than to hunt down women and children. Mrs. Davis remarked to Col. Harden after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, or he might hurt some of 'em.

Reagan behaves himself with becoming dignity and resignation. The party were evidently making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON,
Brevet Major-General.

THE remarkable fact, if true, that every conspirator in the assassination case, now in custody at Washington, is by education a Roman Catholic, is perhaps not devoid of interest in this connection. And Spain, the land of devotion and of the stiletto was regarded by the chief actors as their ultimate haven of safety.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
No. 324 Chestnut St., above Third.

No. 609 Chestnut St., above Sixth.
And South east Corner of seventh and Market Sts., (Jones' Corner) Masters Perry & Co. have on hand the largest and most complete assortment of ready-made clothing, and finest variety of styles now presented to the public in this city. Their stock is new, bought at the lowest rates, got up in the best manner, and sold at

Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.

Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves, and be convinced that it is to their advantage to deal with us.

☞ Attention is also called to
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
In connection with each establishment will be kept constantly on hand
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
And can guarantee to our customers entire satisfaction in every respect.
No. 609 Chestnut St., above Sixth.
No. 324 Chestnut St., above Third.

Married.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., by Rev. Elisha Weaver, in this city, Mr. WILLIAMSON ROADLEY, of Chester county, Penna., to Miss MARY W[illegible] of York county, Penna.

Anglo-African please copy.

On Friday, April 28th, 1865, at the house of the officiating clergyman, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. JAS. BUTLER, to Miss VIOLENA C. HUTCHINSON, both of Frankford, Penna.

As Isaac and Rebecca give,
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship joined.

OBITUARY.

Died, at his late residence 1318 Callowhill-street, April 9th, 1865, Rev. Frederick T. Hall, in the triumphant hope of a blessed immortality.

The deceased was for many years a member of the A. M. E. Church, Union. He seemed willing to devote his time and talent in obedience to his holy vocation. Preaching the word with fervent zeal, calling on all to be aware of God's impending justice, warning them to flee from the wrath to come. His life was no less circumspect, for he was influential both in precept and example. He had reached the winter of his age, when he was afflicted with that morbid disease, cancer, which located itself in his face, making rapid progress with all the forebodings of an early demise. Prior to his afflictions the deceased, like David, evinced a fond desire for the house of the Lord. In season, and out of season, through wet and dry, he waited on the necessities of the needy spiritually, and endeavored to discharge all the duties comprehending the scope of his ministerial functions. He was particularly fond of young people, by whom he was much esteemed and venerated, and was an advocate of learning and all progressive good. A short time before his death, at a most convenient season he expressed a desire to see his class, which was promptly complied with. The members assembled on Sabbath day, recounting the many miraculous deliverances wrought in their behalf by the hand of God, the old man sat in silence for awhile and at last gave evidence of deep internal emotions, by sobs and sighs, which reached the hearts of all present for the Holy Ghost was in the midst overshadowing, and all were in the Spirit on the Lord's day. He then gave encouragement to the faithful, exhorting them to abide in the Lord and continue to run the race, and look to God. After that auspicious time the old man sank rapidly and before many days was hushed in death's firm and cold embrace, in the 71st year of his age. In him we have lost a useful brother and a Christian martyr.

J. W. RANDOLPH.

OBITUARY.

Camden, May 1st, 1865.

Died, March 29th, 1865 Mr. Benjamin F. Brown, the teacher of the Public school, and Superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Macedonia Church, to which he belonged. A great and good man has fallen. He was a worthy member of the church, useful both spiritually and temporarily, he filled this station with much satisfaction to every one, and he had an affectionate manner of consoling the bowed down in spirit; but death has removed him from among us. Mr. Brown was truly an accomplished gentleman, a good scholar, manly in his deportment generous in his hospitality and kind and social in his manners. He reflected honor upon his race, for whose benefit he labored untiringly, and the thinking mind can but feel that the death of Benjamin F. Brown is a great loss to the community. An immense concourse of people attended the funeral; the entire public seemed to share the grief of the widow. Truly it may be said, "Death loves a shining mark." His life was real and earnest and "the grave is not its goal." He will long live in the memory of his people, and the widow he left, will, while life lasts, view him with an eye of faith in the realms of bliss, and in death will behold him face to face. He was one that built upon that true rock, a foundation from which he did not move for the call, "Lo here, lo there," but moved steadfastly onward.

C. E. P.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

"He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips ever tender
For any mere soldier a dead mouth."

YES, CHARLIE HIGHGATE, one of the best boys in Syracuse, fell fighting, in one of those desperate charges before Petersburg, not for country, nor for fame, but for Freedom!

He was, for a long time, foreman over a number of Germans in Thurber's bakery. He had been a faithful student in the Central City Public School. He was a member of Plymouth Church Sabbath school, and left abundant evidences that his brave young heart had been consecrated to God and His service.

His father died when he was fifteen years old, thus leaving Charlie, at his tender years, at the head of a family of six. Right nobly he discharged his duties, as a most devoted son and brother, and a friend that all, old and young, loved. When the war commenced, like a multitude of others, he volunteered to throttle "but lipped" rebellion, but was refused on account of his complexion. Then he resolved to wait until he was sought.

In September last, when the 184th N. Y. volunteer regiment was being raised, all the bakers under him enlisted, and urged him to do likewise. Accordingly he did, and fought bravely in four battles. The New York papers, in mentioning his heroism in the last battle in which he was engaged, spoke of him as a "noble servant," probably because he was the only colored man in the regiment. But then the Syracuse Standard contradicts, in the following terms:

"The brave colored boy in the 185th regiment, who was so severely wounded in the late battle, is certainly proved by the correspondents of all the New York papers. But from some unexplained cause, they repeat the error of the Herald, that he was not an enlisted soldier. The truth is, he enlisted, was mustered into Co. D, 185th regiment, gave his whole bounty to his mother, for the use of the family, and went out to fight the cause of his native country. Charlie is a member of a family well known to our citizens, and is the brother of Miss Edmonia G. Highgate, who has achieved a high reputation as a teacher and a lecturer. He is worthy of a place upon the roll of honor among the 'Unconquered Dead.' Charlie's last words were [illegible]."

He was buried, with another comrade, from Plymouth Chapel, the old flag draped about his coffin and a [illegible]

Advertisements.

Henderson's
CAPITOL CLOTHING HOUSE.
610 *Market St., first Clothing House ab. 5th.*

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM.

[By our National Poet, Dr. Geo. Allen Spangler.]

It was in the merry month of May,
When [illegible]
Here and there a leaves may
Was as the sunlight dreaming.

Around the flower that bloomed that day,
My memory fondly crowds,
But never can it fade away
From the Queen among the roses.

I saw her in her bridal gown,
Her dress with silver stars so bright,
And the way she sat with her purple hat
Holding the golden curls of light.

'Twas Independence Queen, I learned—
A garland of bright posies
For our brave boys when they returned,
To crown them with sweet roses.

N. B.—This Establishment keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of men's and youths' fashionable Clothing at [illegible]
E. HENDERSON, Proprietor.

Ice Cream Saloon.
J. J. LYONS,
No 1023 Lombard Street, Philada.,
Invites all lovers of Ice-Cream and other delicacies to give him a call.

Spring Dress Goods
OF NEW STYLES,
OPENING DAILY.
SILK GRENADINES, Superb Styles.
Spring and Summer POPLINS.
ORGANDIE LAWNS, neat and beautiful.
White and Colored PIQUE ALPACAS.
BLACK SILKS, all prices.
THIN SHAWLS in great variety.
Spring DELAINES, CHALLIES and CALICOES.
MUSLINS and FLANNELS of all kinds.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, at
JOHN H. STOKES',
my20 3m 702 Arch Street, Phila.

628 Hoop Skirts. 628
HOPKINS'
"OWN MAKE" OF
HOOP SKIRTS.
The Best Assortment and Greatest Variety and Stock in the City.
Corn Trails all lengths and sizes, from 14 to 55 springs, from $1 75 to $4. Plain skirts, all the new shapes and sizes, from 19 to 50 springs, from 81 to [illegible]
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
of every grade, from 8 to 35 springs, from 4 to 9 cents per spring. They have no equal. Agents for the
New Flexible Skirt
New York Skirts,

A CARD.
MRS. H. T. O'DONNELL,
Formerly of A. 710 North 8th Street, has removed to No. 1 South 12th Street, and has opened
A BOARDING HOUSE
For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and also those who may wish to spend some time in the city. Mrs. O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, as far as she possibly can. Give her a call.
May 1—6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE
DR. J. W. CREEK,
Physician & Apothecary,
Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
THE MAIL. *Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.* PRESS.
HOPEFUL TO SUFFERING.

1865 1865

"COSTAR'S"	EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S"	EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S"	EXTERMINATORS.

Poetry.

"AND I AM GOING THERE."

Beyond the crimson sunset,
Far, far beyond the skies,
There's a happy, happy country,
Where sunlight never dies;
There is a glorious mansion,
Where all is bright and fair,
Christ has prepared the city
And I am going there!

Thousands of souls have gathered
Into that heavenly home
Where sickness never enters
And sorrows cannot come;
Saints, with their lofty praises,
Around the throne repair
In heaven they're always praising
And I am going there!

My soul is sad to leave you,
But oftentimes it seems
I hear the voice of Jesus
Calling me, in my dreams.
You know I shall be happy
You must not weep, nor fear,
For oh! there is a heaven,
And I am going there!

Sometimes I see those spirits—
That bright angelic band,
Who dwell with Christ for ever
In yonder blissful land—
His name is on their foreheads,
And in their hands they bear,
And I shall soon be with them—
Yes, I am going there!

From friends who love me fondly,
And call me their delight,
I fly to higher pleasure
A world of heavenly light!
A Paradise eternal
Christ did for us prepare,
He calls me from my loved ones—
But they will meet me there!

The Family.

QUAINT TITLES OF BOOKS.

In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London entitled, "A Most Delectable Sweet perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at." About the year 1649, there was published a work, entitled, "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fry," and another called, "The Snuffers of Divine Love." The author of a work on charity entitles his book, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, called his labors, "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," and another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A Quaker, whose outward man the authorities thought proper to imprison, published, "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel, Known by the name of Emmanuel Fish." About the same time, there was also published, "The Spiritual Mustard-pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation Vantage ground, or, a Leaping stand for Heavy Believers." Another, "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." Another, "A Reaping-hook, Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or, Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." In another we have the following copious description of the contents. "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, The Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also added, William Humine's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers godly and pithy ditties, now newly augmented."

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The great secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned, nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than over-work. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper, neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life and stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret; but it is all that we have been able to discover, and we have watched, such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents per bottle; but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable, as usual.—*Jenny June.*

"HAVE YOU PACKED UP?"

We once went, upon invitation, to dine with a very clever and intelligent gentleman of the city, who professed to be a Universalist, but whose wife was a devoted Christian. While seated around the table laden with life's luxuries, the conversation turned upon the subject of the necessity of personal religion, when the husband related the following beautiful incident, which, he said, had given much comfort to his wife. On one occasion, when the pious mother had been instructing her children in the truths of her religion, and telling them that she expected to go to heaven, a thoughtful little one, after musing in silence for some minutes

"Ma, have you packed up?"

"Why do you ask such a question, my child?" said the mother.

"Because you said you were going to heaven," said the little innocent.

"And I sometimes think," continued the Universalist, "that there is some packing up necessary, before we can go to heaven."

How many poor sinners are hoping that they will at last go to heaven, and yet have never set about the needful preparation. To appear before God will find them wholly unprepared and in that hour all their hopes will die.—*Canada Christian Instructor.*

FAULT-FINDING WITH OUR CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much or too many be done by encouraging children when they do well. We, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more [illegible] than a spirit of fault-finding [illegible] on the part of its parents, invisibly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition of both the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action, love, and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child inclined to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratitude when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become [illegible] by this ceaseless fretting, and, at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relax [illegible]

A JOKE FOR SELFISH HUSBANDS

Lord Ellenborough was one day [illegible] the circuit when Lady Ellenborough said that she would be to accompany him. He replied that he had no [illegible] that she should not remember the carriage with [illegible] which [illegible] Durham [illegible] day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a handbox. Up went the window and out went the handbox. The coachman stopped and the [illegible] out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The handbox was accordingly left by the ditch-[illegible] [illegible] when he was to array himself for his appearance at the court house,—

"Now," said he, "where's my wig?—where's my wig?"

"My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

GOOD READING.

Where the predisposition or susceptibility exists, a book read at the right time often gives an [illegible] to the character or a life. [illegible] delight with [illegible] when I was a child was read Ogilvie's Homer translated in our Lapsish Iliad, and the copy of the Fairy Queen," which Cowley found on the window seat of his mother's room, committed him to poetry for the rest of his days. In the same way Alex. Murray used to ascribe the first awakening of his polyglottal propensities to the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in many tongues, which he found in Salmon's Geography, and our pleasant friend James Wilson, was made a naturalist by the gift of "Three Hundred Wonderful Animals."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

INSTINCTS.

The higher human instincts are these:

1. The knowledge that there is a distinction between right and wrong.
2. The idea of property, and of individual right to it.
3. The obligation resting on every one to respect these rights.
4. The sense of justice.
5. The sense of ill desert to happen of violence and cruelty have been committed.
6. Maternal affection.
7. Filial affection.
8. Conjugal affection.
9. A mysterious longing after something better than can be found on earth.

These are the constituent parts or elements of man, universal instincts of the human soul, equal virtues found in all communities of social life, moral sentiments more or less distinctly prevailing over mankind, proving that violence and cruelty are exceptions.

The lower human instincts are:

Such as belong to the extension and protection of life and body, manifesting themselves variously in different forms.—*Abridged from the Life of Darius.*

Child's Cabinet.

THE SAUCY BUTTERFLY.

BY NINA CLAUS.

A butterfly, flitting from flower to flower
Thus spoke to a bug who was crawling below:
"How dreary your life on this summer hour
While I am so gay in the sunlight glow.

"Just wait," said the bug; "I'm humble, 'tis true,
But safe from the snares of foe or friend—
Full many a butterfly merry as you,
I have seen come to an untimely end."

Just at this moment a roguish wight
Dashed into the garden with laugh and shout—
"Oh! here's a prize! a butterfly bright!
It looks like a rainbow flying about!"

The butterfly soon was caught and borne
A prisoner sad, far, far away;
While the humble bug, who had been his scorn,
Was left to enjoy his lowly way.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

"Here, Carlo, will you take a smoke?"
Asked little Tommy Carr,
As in Sir Doggy's mouth he put
The end of a cigar.

"Bow, wow," cried Carlo "master dear,
You surely mean a joke,
I never know a dog to like
To shame, that he would smoke."

"Then I will give it to the pig,"
Said little Tommy Carr,
And at the sty he offered her
The end of the cigar

The dignity of Mrs. Pig
Was sorely wounded now;
"Oh! ugh!" my little man," she cried,
No dog nor pig nor cow,

"However hungry they may be,
The dirty weed will touch;
How base with rascal smoke to chew
I wonder very much!"

"I'll run and wash my hands," cried Tom,
And never more
Touch a cigar, though meals drop
A dozen on the floor.

If from tobacco, senseless brutes
Away disgusted turn
That 'tis not fit for human mouth
We cannot fail to learn.

—*Songs for my Children.*

WAKING GRANDMA.

A sweet little incident is related by a writer. [illegible] asked a little boy one evening—"Have you asked your grandma to pray?"

"Yes. When I went in to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to waken her. I did want to [illegible] very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never know what woke her."

Do we find any thing more sweet, delicate and lovely than this in the annals of poetry? Can [illegible] spontaneous in the heart of a six years' boy?

Science and Art.

UNEQUAL POWER OF THE ORGAN OF HEARING.

In making experiments with tuning forks by holding one to each ear at the same time, Herr Fessel, of Cologne, has discovered the ears do [illegible] individuals, the hearing is generally best with the right ear. A similar difference in the power of the right and left eye, is also more common than [illegible]

EFFECT OF THE COLLISION OF THE MOON AND THE EARTH.

If we imagine the moon, in the course of time, either in consequence of the action of a resisting medium, or from some other cause, to unite her self with our earth, two principal effects are to be discerned. A result of the collision would be, that the whole mass of the moon and the cold crust of the earth would be raised some thousands of degrees in temperature, and consequently, the surface of the earth would be converted into a fiery ocean. At the same time, the velocity [illegible] body without axial rotation, the process of its combination with the moon would have imparted [illegible] such processes of combination between different parts of our globe may have repeatedly happened [illegible]

It is [illegible] not to be a life-long [illegible] in the mouth long enough to produce such a result. True, but everything we take into the stomach passes over, around and between the teeth, more or less, and if allowed to remain there, will produce the same result in the course of time upon those parts of the teeth which come in contact with those things thus confined between and around them.

There are also many medicinal agents that contain acids, some of which are very powerful; and great caution should be used if it should be necessary that such medicines be administered, to avoid contact with the teeth, if [illegible]

I do not pretend to say that decay can be prevented in all cases, for some teeth are defective in their organization—the effect of disease during their formation—or from some cause still farther back. But it is a well established fact that by a proper attention to the kind of food we eat, and a *thorough system of cleansing*, a perfectly organized set of teeth may be preserved, and even those that are soft may be saved much longer than if no care or attention be paid to them. For example, we scarcely ever see a tooth decay in those parts where the most wear comes from mastication simply because the process of mastication keeps them clean and smooth so if they could be kept as clean in all parts they would not be much more liable to decay except where the enamel is thin.

TO ERADICATE THE HAIR.

There are aspiring young ladies and foolish young men who entertain the notion that high foreheads indicate great intellect, and regarding themselves deficient seek to change the appearance without changing the fact. To do this they pull out the hairs, but fail to remove the roots, and, of course, other hairs soon appear, utterly spoiling the work. Another class of young men, ambitious to appear manly before their time, resort to bear's grease and other advertised quack specifics to make the hair and whiskers grow; but, all in vain. Dame nature "takes her time," and her own way, to bring about results, and all "forcing" is futile. Still another class of very [illegible] and very vain—would appear to be young, elderly persons, resort to dye stuffs to make their venerable gray hairs black, brown or [illegible] looking while not a few with hair of a livid or a lively hue, resort to the same means to deceive or cheat we say to beautify their persons. All these means are useless and foolish. Gray hair becomes fair, and light or even red hair least becomes fair complexions; and smooth faces become youth. Why not "let well enough alone?" All this tinkering, pulling, coloring and "making," is foolishness. Why not be sensible Why not be natural? Why try to seem to be what you are not?—*Phren. Journal.*

A SEASONABLE HINT.

A person leaving a warm room, and going into a colder, or into the open air, should carefully close the lips for a few minutes, until he has become, as it were, acclimatized to the atmosphere, and breathe through the nostrils alone, by which cold air is made to traverse the long warm nasal passage before it reaches the windpipe and vocal organs, and its temperature being thus raised, or communicated of "catching cold" is avoided. Most persons, upon leaving a warm church or hot concert-room, immediately open their mouths to discuss the merits of these they have just heard and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, and still worse, for a public speaker to do so, for his throat is more heated from his recent exertions, and he may and often does lose his hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.—*C. W. Smith's Clerical Elocution.*

House, Farm and Garden.

ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF OYSTERS.

The plan of M. Coste of France for propagating oysters, which, under the auspices of the French government is now in most successful operation, is substantially as follows: M. Coste gets fresh oysters for propagation from the open sea; he turns to advantage those that are rejected by the trade; and lastly, he collects the myriads of embryo oysters which, at each spawning season, issue from the valves of the oyster, and which are now lost to commerce for want of some contrivance to prevent their escape and inevitable destruction. Every oyster produces from one to two millions of young; out of these, not more than ten or twelve attach themselves to their parent's shell; all the rest are dispersed, perish in the mud, or are devoured by fish! Now if bundles made of the branches of trees, ingots of brushwood, or any similar objects, be let down and secured to the oyster banks by weights, the young oysters will attach themselves to these ingots, and may, on attaining perfect growth, be taken up with the branches and transported to places where it is desirable to establish new oyster beds. A model plan for breeding oysters may be seen in the lake of Fusaro, in Italy, where mussels and oysters are cultivated with much success and where almost the entire quantity consumed is reared without [illegible]

One of the beds of oysters thus prepared by M Coste, at the mouth of the river Auray, in France, yielded, the first year after it was matured, over twenty millions of good merchantable oysters.

Sharpack, the New York "gossiper" of the Franklin Repository, alludes as follows to one of the prevailing fashions:

"One sees on the street some queer styles of hair dressing, among which the newest is the waterfall. I can't matter of surprise to the uninitiated how the woman can raise so much hair; but if those same innocents would only notice the store windows they would see numerous rolls [illegible] the back hair, and waterfall ready made, to be pinned on the occiput. What a set of humbugs we are! A favorite style of wearing the hair can readily be imitated by our bright checked country girls; thus—comb out their hair carefully, then tangle it all they know how roll it full of burrs, and sleep in it without a cap for a fortnight. This will be a sufficiently close imitation to pass on Broadway. If it *should not*, however, be quite the thing, an attempt to get [illegible] make the coal-heavers [illegible]

LITTLE THINGS IN THE GARDEN.

In planting the family garden, all the standard vegetables will suggest themselves at things [illegible] of the [illegible] numerous little things it affords—things which in themselves, can hardly be considered as food, but which add to the attraction of the table by [illegible] which [illegible] time, provide [illegible] lons, refugee beans, and all those things which are used for pickling not forgetting the spice nasturtium. Parsley is valued, by most people, as a flavoring herb, and is very handy to dress a dish of cold meat. The seeds are very slow in germinating, and should be sowed early. Marjoram, savory and thyme, are the popular flavorings for soups and stuffings, and, when cut in flower, and carefully dried, and then rubbed up and put into an air tight box or bottle, may be had in greater perfection than any that can be bought at the stores. The first two are annuals: sow the seeds in drills a foot apart, and thin or transplant to six inches in the rows [illegible] soups, or it would be more generally grown. In the older parts of the country it is found naturalized [illegible] well in the garden, and then we always know where to find it, as, once established, it will re-[illegible]

Health.

WHAT SOME PHYSICIANS SAY OF SOME MINISTERS.

Some clergymen may be theologians, but generally they are not physiologists enough for their own good and welfare on earth, the proofs are as follows:

1. Clergymen are generally *excessively* sedentary. This is very wrong. It prostrates the muscular powers and creates muscular weakness, and [illegible] many diseases and by which digestion gets faulty.

2. *Their dietetic habits are faulty.* The pleasures of the table they [illegible] as learned coffee, fat meats, rich gravies and spices, which all are hurtful in the end.

3. *From the table they go to study.* This is faulty. Exercise and fresh air and the proper digestion of food, are then required, and not study. Avoid this.

4. *Some use stimulants, to write and speak better.* This is faulty. Such stimulants are tea, coffee, cordials, beer, alcohol and other medicated preparations. After using them a reaction takes place, causing the mind and body to feel flat. Such wear out quickly. It is declamation rather than eloquence.

5. *Some use tobacco as a stimulant.* This is a very filthy one. The breath becomes filthy, and the body unclean [illegible] It [illegible] weakened in its power. It ruins the [illegible] their brain, by narcotising it. Tobacco has its way of showing its poisonous effects as well as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 27, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 21.—New Series. Whole No. 230.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern or the paper, must be directed 'Christian Recorder,' Box No 2078, Philadelphia, and all matters not thus express, and in our city, must be directed to E Weaver, No 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No 2078, Philadelphia.

TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single Copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included, or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included.—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia "	A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	L. PATTERSON.
New England "	W W GRIMES
Ohio "	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	ÆNOS McINTOSH.
Missouri "	M. M. CLARK.
California "	P. M. D. WARD.

Hymnological.

ASCENSION HYMNS.

I.

A hymn of glory let us sing,
New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thou reignest in the heavens we own!

Be Thou our present joy, O Lord,
Who will be ever our reward:
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!

Elisabeth Rundell Charles, 1858.
Tr. Bede, ab. 780.

II.

Conquering Prince, and Lord most high!
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens before Thee lie,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might,
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

Far and wide, Thou Heavenly Sun,
Now Thy brightness streams abroad,
And heaven's host anew hath won
Light and gladness from its Lord.
So let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous sceptre bend:
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

Of Thy cup shall not I drink,
Now Thy glories o'er me shine?
Shall my courage ever sink,
Now I know all power is Thine?
I will trust Thee, O my King,
And will fear no earthly thing:
Henceforth will I bow the knee
To no ruler, save to Thee.

Lo, Thy presence filleth now,
All Thy Church in every place.
To my heart, O enter Thou!
See, it thirsteth for Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home.
There abide, and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Parting, Thou dost bring Thy life,
God and heaven, most inly near:
Let me rise o'er earthly strife,
As though still I saw Thee here,
And my heart transplanted hence,
Strange to earth and time and sense,
Dwell with Thee in heaven even now,
When our only joy art Thou!

Miss Winkworth. 1858.
Tr. Tersteegen. 1731.

For the Christian Recorder.

TO YOUNG MEN.—HOW TO GET RICH.

(CONCLUDED.)

One may be gentlemanly, kind, obliging, conciliating in his manners; the other harsh, rude and disobliging. And the one will become rich, where the other will starve. We are now to consider a very important principle in this business of money-getting—namely, industry, and persevering and indefatigable attention to business. Persevering diligence is the "Philosopher's Stone," which turns every thing to gold. Constant, regular, habitual and systematic application to business must, in time, if properly directed, produce great results. It *must* lead to wealth, with the same certainty that poverty follows in the train of idleness, vice, intemperance and gambling. It has been very truly remarked that he who follows these things instead of his business, will soon have no business to follow.

The art of money-saving is an important part of money-getting. Without frugality, no man can become rich. With it, few would be poor. Those who consume as fast as they produce are on the road to ruin. As most of the poverty we meet with grows out of idleness and extravagance, so must large fortunes have been the result of habitual industry and frugality. The practice of economy is as necessary in the expenditure of time as of money. They say that if we "take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." So, if we take care of the minutes, the days will take care of themselves.

The acquisition of wealth demands as much self denial and as many sacrifices of present gratification as the practice of virtue itself. Vice and poverty proceed, in some degree, from the same sources, namely, the disposition to sacrifice the future to the present—the inability to forego a small present pleasure for great future advantages.

Many fail of success in this world as they fall of happiness in the world to come, simply because they are unwilling to deny themselves present enjoyments.

For the sake of permanent future happiness many men only is filled with persons who, in order to support the appearance of wealth which they have not, squander their income and make up the deficiency by contracting debts which are never paid. Others there are, the more honest in society, who, as the days have flown, have been subdued by a practical crusade against the luxuries and possessions of the industrious and economical. Many who run a short lived career of splendid beggary, could they but be persuaded to adopt a system of rapid economy, by which they might pass the remainder of their days in comfort and affluence, would find that a sufficiency provided for the wants of old age, or for the support of their families should they be called away by death. But, no! they must keep up appearances; they must "live like other folks." Their debts accumulate; their credit fails; they are harassed by duns, and besieged by constables and sheriffs. In this extremity, as a last resort, they often submit to a shameful dependence, or engage in some criminal practice, which entails hopeless wretchedness and infamy upon themselves, and also upon their innocent families.

Stick to the business in which you are regularly employed. Let speculators make their thousands in a year, or a day; mind your own regular trade, never turn to the right hand nor to the left. If you are a merchant, a professional man, or a mechanic, or a barber, never purchase lots or stocks, unless you have surplus money which you wish to invest. Your own business you understand—any other you do not understand so well.

Let your business be of a character more useful to the community. All such occupations possess the elements of profit in themselves. People seldom learn economy till they have but little left to exercise it on. Be saving, but neither penurious nor prodigal. We never yet knew a prudent, economical, saving man to come to want; but we have known hundreds of individuals born to wealth, who, by a course of prodigate extravagance, have died in utter want and misery. How sad is such a record to the good and frugal mind!

Youth is ever impatient. How many fair prospects, at the outset of life, have been spoiled and blasted forever by the anxious and impatient mind! Dissatisfied with the, at first, tollsome and rugged track through which we are called to plod, we seek to find some shorter route to the fair field of fortune, and only become conscious of our great error when floundering among the difficulties, embarrassments and perplexities of a business into which we have thoughtlessly and imprudently plunged, only to wander back to our starting-point, and again set forth, to find ourselves far behind those whom we so ardently hoped to outstrip in the pursuit of wealth and happiness.

How often are the minds of the young and unwary dazzled and blinded, and led on to utter wreck and ruin by the apparently splendid and inviting fallacies of some plausible visionary, who will tell you of the stupendous fortunes made in a day in some distant El Dorado—of a "tide in the affairs of men," which, if taken at the rise, leads on to wealth and fame! Alas! how few float to fortune on the flood of that tide! One in a thousand!

Let it be deeply impressed on your mind how extremely dangerous is falsehood. When once concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored to its former bright pinnacle, any more than you can restore the white blood to the grape or plum which you have crushed from the pulp and pressed out in your hand.

What a great and startling truth is this—and how often do we see it disregarded and treated with indifference!

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but, sooner or later, it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade, with partners in life, with friends, employers, and with all by whom we are confided in, how essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against! How much misery would have been avoided in the history of men's lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling habits, instead of prevarications and deceit! Once we are deceived, it is almost impossible to restore lost confidence. How many young men's hopes have been crushed and blighted forever by one false step!

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR FUTURE.

Could we arrive at the conclusion that destiny had spread out this fair land only for the everlasting habitation of the children of Japheth, to the exclusion of the descendants of his other brethren, the question respecting the hope of the black race in America would be speedily and forever settled.

When the confusion of tongues took place, mankind was divided into several families and assigned their several localities, Europe, Asia and Africa: the western continent particularly seems to have been designed for the common property of the various branches of the one great family that clustered around the tower of Babel.

The cupidity of man has, to an alarming extent, converted this goodly country into a land of bondage and oppression, by affecting to appeal to science and to the word of God to justify deeds the most shocking, and cruelties unparalleled in the history of the world.

Notwithstanding the black stain which has ever thrown a shadow over the glory of this great republic, we hold the opinion on the ground that, in the providence of God, the present hour that is to be the noon-day of the world, is to see the assimilation of the [illegible] Malayan, African or Mongolian and [illegible] world's great stock, in which white, black and red, the units of the race, [illegible] upon this point will depend the strength and prosperity of the nation. As the nineteenth century [illegible] and rapid [illegible] upon the [illegible] Particularly are those of African [illegible]

We sincerely believe that the friends of freedom and humanity and lovers of republican institutions will strive to steer the government clear of any calamity liable to arise from any injustice that might be practised upon any portion of the citizens of this great commonwealth.

While we look forward with high hopes to a favorable future for the negroes of this country, great evils to be deplored will survive our bloody conflict; these we must prepare to meet with heroic spirit.

Hatred toward negroes will rankle in the hearts of many. His enslavement was the cause of the great conflict leading to the subjugation of the slave power by which the politics of this country were too long controlled. Prejudices against the black man will die out only with the death of the present or the subsequent generation. The civilization of the nineteenth century is not what it will be in the succeeding century, any more than the civilization of Europe in the fifteenth century, was what it is to-day.

Federalism had fallen, it is true. The "peasant was no longer an immovable fixture of the estate of which he was born; yet unjust and foolish prejudices kept down the poor man, he was not allowed in good society, the steps which go up to liberty's summit and to social equality were many, steep and winding, and tiresome to ascend. He was descended from a slave, and the natural heir of oppression, violence and inhumanity, subject to unequal burdens in all his social relations, degraded and trampled upon by those whom fortune had placed higher in the social scale."

Yet they looked forward to the culmination of human rights and unlimited social happiness.—That day came. Analogous to the experience of the peasant of Europe in the past will be ours in the present generation.

These evils must come—we must prepare to meet them. Still the day dawns which gives promise of happier times. E. J. A.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SPRING DAY UP THE JAMES.

BY E. GOODELLE H.

DEAR RECORDER:—Bright, joyous April, yet tearful enough to be in sympathy with the national sorrow, will ever be memorable to your scribbler. The recent trophies and grand victories placed us in the king's gallery of delightful enthusiasm; but to how many, many hearts, they brought mourning in their train, because of the sacrifice of the first born or dearest one? How many mothers, wives and sisters read telegrams or letters saying: "He fell on the field making a desperate charge," or, "terribly wounded in five places!" "Oh, Christ of the seven wounds, comfort the hearts of the national mothers whose sons die with fevers turned away, and no last word to say!" Our pangs in this freedom birth of America are agonising, yet we rejoice, for the cost endears the end.

Reader, did you ever go to the front to search for your beloved wounded? If you have, you can sympathise, if not, you can learn how trying it is to spend long hours on government transports, moving slowly and lazily along. Then after you have got within five hours' sail of some desired place, to be ordered back to Point Lookout, or somewhere else to be overhauled? Or worse, to be detained by such examination as to have to wait a day and night in such agony that two nights come together, then to miss entirely what you hoped to gain, and then looking vainly upward to see the hand of God in these delays.

We started up the James on a half-fare ticket, owing to the kindness of that most Christ-like body, the "Christian Commission," with several delegates, whose kind attention tended to assuage the grief that burdened our heart. A young lady, unattended, going to the front is something unusual, but still she is protected on her sad mission by the better part in the hearts of the roughest.

We anchored first at Newport News, very important in the first days of the war. Then at Grove's landing. Again we paused as if by consent at Jamestown, so famous in the history of American Slavery, which is a most miserable, unrepentant dilapidated little town, but ever notable as being the birth-place of the monster which has swallowed our brothers, sons and spoiled our maidens, and beaten our mothers, robbed and killed their babes. Thank God for the promise of reaping it! Next we touched at Burr Powhatan's plantation on the romantic boundary of Varina. Then at Harrison's Landing, where memories [illegible] Again we stop, and land our sailors at Wilson's Wharf, where one black regiment defeated the chivalry under Fitz Hugh Lee. After nine hours we reached City Point, where the [illegible] Then we walked on [illegible] the 10th Army Corps [illegible] At last we took [illegible]

[illegible]

We [illegible] occasionally, and how the brave escorts did relish their rare things at the [illegible] expense! It would have [illegible] Sammy [illegible] feel that [illegible]

Our little craft was commanded by brave and generous officers who [illegible] men were more cared for in the [illegible] Commissioners and the [illegible] Others [illegible] they were in the contraband [illegible] Two sisters and [illegible] Sanitary the "madame" who [illegible] from the [illegible] I had [illegible] those ranks [illegible] who first met [illegible]

[illegible]

We [illegible] the [illegible] their rise [illegible] the most [illegible] Another [illegible] exposition on the march and by the [illegible] had a perfect harmony [illegible] common [illegible] we [illegible]

[illegible]

We [illegible]

[illegible]

Next [illegible]

[illegible]

For the Christian Recorder

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS

CHAPTER XIV.

Claire and Isabelle.

Isabella Tracy was alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, curtains of light and delicate material shaded the windows, so that a soft voluptuous light pervaded the silent apartment. A carpet, adorned with large roses upon a delicate white ground, covered the floor. Chairs and divans, elegant and expensive, were disposed about the room in charming negligence, tasteful paintings and exquisite engravings adorned the walls, bespeaking rare artistic taste in the beautiful owner. Between the windows was a perfect cataract of lace fell on either side of an elegant toilet table, prettily hiding a collection of beautiful cups, flagons, boxes and vases containing rare perfumes and pomades as curious as costly. Of what was Isabelle thinking, as she sat with contracted brow flashing eyes and compressed lips, where a crimson spot burned on each cheek, and her white hands were clasped and unemployed in a sort of mechanical, absent manner? At last, giving expression to her thoughts she said: "Who and what is this Claire Neville whose striking resemblance to myself is already the theme of conversation with every body. O I hate her, with her pretty airs and stately walk! Her beauty, they say is almost matchless. Can it be possible that she surpasses me in loveliness?" And Isabelle, stood before the faithful mirror, which reflected a fair face and form in its singular beauty. Eagerly she scrutinized every feature: the brilliant almond shaped black eyes, with curving, black brows and sweeping silken lashes; the small mouth, which rivalled a half-blown rose in its dewy freshness displaying rows of even pearl white teeth, the soft, oval cheeks, now flushed with excitement and the crowning attraction, a wealth of beautiful black hair, which rippled in curling waves to her slender waist.

As she continued to give a smile of satisfaction wreathed her lovely lips. What had she to fear from the self-possessed governess? She pulled the bell cord, and in a few moments her summons was answered by a trim looking mulatto girl.

"Mira, you may dress me now," she said.

While Mira was selecting the proper articles of dress, Isabelle resumed: "I wish you to dress my hair with great care this afternoon. You have not forgotten the new style you learned from the French hair dresser?"

"Oh no, Miss," was Mira's quick reply, as she separated her mistress' long shining hair and with nimble fingers plaited beautiful braids to take the place of the straggling tresses.

The task being completed, Isabelle with a gratified smile, said, "Mira, you have indeed succeeded well, and you shall be suitably rewarded."

When Isabelle was dressed she was exceedingly gracious. Before descending to the parlor she turned to take another look in the mirror and surveyed with self-conceited pride her beautiful face and magnificent figure.

Count Sayward, who was rising to all the parties, advanced to greet her. "You are most welcome my dear," he said with a courtly bow. Isabelle received him with a most fascinating smile.

Count Sayward possessed rare conversational powers. He had read much and traveled a great deal and was also a close observer of human nature and the manners and customs of the different people he had been among.

An hour passed and the handsome ormolu clock upon the mantel chimed four. A shadow rested upon Isabelle's brow. This was the hour her pupil was to take their music lesson.

Claire was a girl of remarkable beauty and [illegible] Isabelle knew this and the knowledge [illegible] that [illegible] If he was [illegible] I would willingly [illegible] the [illegible] little [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

on the Sabbath alone, but he has been willing to take his turn with the brethren in trying to lead the flock from one green pasture to another.

I hope and pray that the grace of God may abide with him wherever he may go. I understand that he intends going south. I trust he may be successful, and be the means of doing a great deal of good among the people of any community he may be placed in. He is very anxious to meet the Baltimore Conference, so that he may have no trouble.

A few of our sisters felt it to be their duty to help to fit him out for the journey; so, on the 28th of March they held an entertainment for his benefit, from which they realized $30. The Committee consisted of the following named persons: Louisa Dorsey, Ann Mandluff, and Sarah Jenkins. May the Lord bless these good sisters, and may they live to do much good in this world, and in the world to come have everlasting life. Yours,

Boston, April 8, 1865. P. L. STANFORD.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 27, 1865.

THE PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

Wednesday morning, May 17.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment, Bishop Wayman in the chair. Religious services were conducted by the Rev. Wm. W. Grimes, of the New England Conference, by the reading of the nineteenth Psalm, and singing and prayer.

The roll was then called, and the minutes read, corrected and approved.

Revs. James Hamilton, of the New York Conference, and W. W. Grimes and J. Mitchell, of the New England Conference, were introduced to the Conference.

The Bishop then called for the reports of the standing committees.

Two local preachers of the Zion Mission church were elected to Deacon's orders, provided they stand their examination

The 15th question of the Discipline, which requires that a report shall be made to each annual Conference of the number of deaths occurring among the ministry, was here taken up, and the name of Rev. F. T. Peal, local preacher of the A. M. E. Union Church, was laid before Conference.

After a very harmonious session, Conference adjourned to meet on to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock.

Thursday morning, May 18.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment. Services were conducted by Rev. Joseph H. Smith. The roll was called, and the minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved.

The reports of the different standing committees were received and properly disposed of.

The Editor and General Book Steward made his annual report, which was received and referred to the Committee on the Book Concern.

Bishop Wayman stated that he was obliged to be absent from the city the greater part of the day, to assist in laying the corner stone of a new Church edifice in the Burlington Circuit, and desired that Conference should adjourn. There being a great deal of Business to transact, the Bishop's request was not acceded to. He then placed the Rev. Thomas Henry in the chair, after which Conference proceeded to business in the regular order.

The Committee on Ordination reported in favor of ordaining four deacons

After disposing of some further business, Conference adjourned to meet at the usual hour on Friday.

Friday Morning, May 19.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment, at 9 o'clock. Bishop Wayman in the chair, assisted by Bishops Quinn and Campbell. Services were conducted by the Rev. Wm. H. Chase, of the New England District. The roll was called, and the minutes of Thursday's session read and approved.

The reports of standing committees were received and acted upon.

The increase in membership during the past year was very flattering, and showed plainly the healthy spiritual condition of the Church to be far ahead of the preceding year.

At half-past 11 o'clock Bishop Campbell addressed the Conference upon the subject of the great wants of California, and begged Conference to give him a man to go there to labor. He was attentively listened to by Conference, who felt the great importance of his remarks.

After he concluded, Conference adjourned to meet at the usual hour on Saturday.

Saturday morning, May 20.—Conference met at 9 o'clock. Religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Theodore Gould. The roll was called, and the minutes of last session were read and approved. Several committees, who had not heretofore been heard from, handed in their respective reports.

The report of the Committee on the Book Concern was very favorably received and adopted

Conference having transacted some further business resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Missionary Society.

At a few minutes before 11 o'clock the Committee rose, and proceeded with the regular order of business.

The hour having arrived, which was set apart for receiving and discussing the report of the Committee on the State of the Country, it was accordingly taken up for consideration.

Rev. Mr. Flannery, agent of the Methodist Trust Society of Philadelphia, made a strong speech in favor of the adoption of the report of the committee. He was followed by Rev. J. Mitchell, of the New England Conference, Rev. Wm. H. Jones, of Canada, and Rev. Stephen Smith, of Philadelphia Conference, in spirited and forcible speeches.

The hour of adjournment having arrived, on motion of Elisha Weaver, the further discussion of the question was laid over until Monday morning at half-past 11 o'clock.

After receiving the benediction by Rev. J. Mitchell, Conference adjourned.

Monday Morning, May 22.—Conference met at the usual hour, Bishop Wayman in the chair. Religious services were conducted by Rev. N. H. Turpin. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Conference proceeded to dispose of the unfinished business, after which several resolutions were offered, one of which, a resolution of condolence with the widow of the late Andrew Tilh, was presented by E. Weaver and unanimously adopted.

The hour for taking up the report of the Committee on the State of the Country having arrived, Elisha Weaver took the floor, and spoke till his time had expired. The question being up for discussion, a motion was passed, allowing all loyal persons to speak who desired. Mr. Isaiah Wears then took the floor and made a few pertinent remarks. He was followed by Friend Read, in a very appropriate little speech. Rev. Mr. Patterson, of the M. E. Church, made a very elegant and pointed speech. Rev. Mr. Cookman, pastor of the M. E. Church on Fourth street, between Market and Arch, occupied his own time and that of another brother, who kindly gave way to him, in a well appointed and eloquent speech. Brother Mitchell, of the New England Conference, next made a few remarks, and was followed by Bishop Campbell, who said that he did not intend to make a speech, but as he was just from California, he would say something. The Bishop was very explicit in his remarks, and was listened to with a great deal of interest. After he concluded his remarks, the report of the committee was unanimously adopted

Conference then resolved itself into a Missionary Society, and proceeded to transact such business as was necessary for its thorough organization

After making several alterations in their constitution so as to make it harmonize with the constitution of the Parent Missionary Society, they went into an election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

President—Rev. Stephen Smith

Vice President—Rev. Wm. Moore.

Secretary—Elisha Weaver.

Treasurer—Rev. J. P. B Eddy.

Executive Committee—Revs. Joseph Eddy, Nelson A. Turpen, James Hollin, James Frisby Benj. Lynch, R. P. Gibbs, Joseph H. Smith, and Wm. Williams

Revs. Stephen Smith and Moore were then installed in their respective offices, and the Society proceeded to transact some further unimportant business, after which the members of the Conference came forward, enrolled their names and paid in their dues to the amount of $27

Tuesday morning, May 23.—The Conference met at the usual hour, in A. M. E. Union Church, Coates street. Bishop Wayman occupied the chair.

The usual devotional exercises were gone through with, and the minutes of Monday's session were read and approved.

The arduous endeavors of the Committee on the Book Concern, in trying to purchase a site for the better location of the same, were highly recommended by the Conference. A vote of thanks was passed, complimentary to *The Press*, for publishing the daily proceedings of the session.

The Missionary Society then went into session, to close up the business of the preceding day The cash receipts amounted to $36. Total amount of Missionary money collected $346 37. The Society then adjourned, and Conference resumed the regular order of business

E. Weaver moved to authorize the Treasurer of the Missionary Society, to send to Bro. Davis at Baltimore, $250, and retain the balance in the Treasury, at the disposal of the Bishop, to be appropriated for Missionary or other purposes, as he may find it necessary.

The Bishop then read off the appointments, as follow:

Philadelphia, Pa.—A. M. E. Union Church, to be supplied; Bethel Church, W. Moore; Wesley Church, to be supplied; Zion Mission, H. J. Rhodes; West Philadelphia, to be supplied; West Chester circuit, James V. Pierce; Reading circuit, T. A. Cuff; Downingtown circuit, E Laws; Danville circuit, to be supplied; Lancaster circuit, J. Young; Chester and Hornstown P. Gardner; Oxford circuit, J. W Stevenson; Attleborough circuit, Jacob Jay; Frankford circuit, Joseph H. Smith

New Jersey—Camden, G. E. Boyer; Woodbury circuit, Richard Barney; Salem station, N H. Turpin; Bridgeton, to be supplied; Cape May circuit, John C. Cornish; Burlington circuit, T Gould; Bordentown circuit, James Hollen; Trenton station, Thos. H. Cooper; Princeton station, to be supplied; New Brunswick, B. Lynch; Freehold circuit, A. C. Crippen

Delaware—Wilmington, to be supplied; Lewistown, John H. Henson; Frederick, W. H. Williams; Smyrna, Gilbert Waters; Camden, Harrison Lewis; Milton, Wm. H. Turner; Pennington ville, Wm. R. Norris.

The following brethren were transferred.

Henry Davis, Joshua Woodlyn, W. W Winder, and Wm. Rodgers, to New York Conference. A. L. Stanford, and T. Steward, to South Carolina Conference. Redmon Faucet, to Missouri Conference. Rev. Thomas W. Henry to Baltimore Conference

After the reading of the appointments several of the brethren took their leave of the Conference, after which hymn 311,

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair," &c.

was sung, and prayer was offered by Rev. Thos W. Henry.

By motion, E. Weaver was elected District Book Steward.

The Bishop then addressed the Conference, exhorting the brethren to be faithful to the cause, after which he announced the session closed, to meet at Princeton, New Jersey, on the second Saturday in May, 1866

REV. J. B. REEVE

It gives us more than usual pleasure to say that Rev. J. B. Reeve, of our city, has the honor of being one of the first, if not the first colored man ever elected as delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Mr Reeve has, since he has been pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, greatly endeared himself to our citizens, and is considered one of the ablest divines in our midst

Of his ability, none who have listened to him expound the Holy Writ, can doubt to the least, and the General Assembly have shown their appreciation of Mr. Reeve by appointing him alternate for Rev. Dr Brainard, who was Moderator of last year's General Assembly

The following we clip from the old authorized advocate of Justice and Equality—the New York *Tribune*:

"Among the Commissioners elected to the New School Presbyterian General Assembly which met in Brooklyn the day before yesterday, are two colored ministers; one from Philadelphia, and the other from Newark. The Philadelphia delegate, the Rev. J. B. Reeve, was elected as alternate for the Rev. Dr. Brainard, the Moderator of the General Assembly of last year. Dr. Brainard is of the opinion that Mr. Reeve is the first colored man ever elected to any General Assembly, and he deems it eminently proper that the New School branch of the Presbyterian Church, having been the first to enunciate the principles of human freedom, should be the first to rise above the prejudices of caste. The New School Presbyterians, in welcoming the representatives of the colored race as members of the highest board of the Church, have set a noble example to the other religious denominations of the land, the general imitation of which would powerfully aid in the elevation of the negroes and the reconstruction of the Southern churches, Southern society and the Federal Union."

A VISIT TO THE OLD FOLKS' HOME.

On Saturday evening last, Conference visited the Old Folks' Home, on Front street, between Spruce and Pine. This Institution, which has been established for the purpose of taking care of the aged colored people, is under the management of a white and colored Board of Directors. We were kindly received by brother Morris Hall, and the matron, who is a white woman. This is a very fine building, but the location is not very favorable. We were shown through the different apartments by the matron, and were highly pleased with the cleanliness and good order which prevailed. We had prayer with the the inmates before we left, and we were pleased to see that they are all religiously inclined.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary of the Sabbath schools connected with the different churches in the city, which took place on Monday last, the 22d inst., in the Bethel church, was attended with great success. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the exercises were very interesting Addresses were made by Revs. Stephen Smith, Turpen, and Woodlyn. Dr. Armstrong also made a short speech, after which he presented a splendid silk banner to the Sabbath school class which had collected the most Missionary money, and strange to say, the infant class of Bethel Church carried off the prize, it having gone far ahead of the rest of the classes in its contributions. This class is under the charge of Miss Esther Armstrong. A proposition was made by the Doctor, who gave notice that the class which gave the most money to the Missionary cause during the ensuing year should receive a like present at the next anniversary. The Bethel Sabbath school, through their superintendent, contributed $50 to the Missionary cause.

NOTICE.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of Mr. William Johnson, Christopher Carter, or Elias Harris, from Washington, D. C., who left there, on Saturday, the 13th inst., for Philadelphia, and were going thence to Boston, Mass Having lost the card they left with me, I cannot tell where to find them Any information in respect to them will be very thankfully received at No. 612 Locust street, opposite Washington Square. ANNIE JACKSON.

INDIANA AND MISSOURI CONFERENCES.

The ministers and members of the Indiana Conference are hereby notified, that the Annual Conference, for this District, will be held in the city of Springfield, State of Illinois, commencing at the hour of 9 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, August 12th, 1865.

J. P. CAMPBELL,
Presiding Bishop

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1865.

The ministers and members of the Missouri Conference are hereby notified, that the Annual Conference for this District, will be held in the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, commencing at the hour of 9 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, September 9th, 1865.

J. P. CAMPBELL,
Presiding Bishop.

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1865

For the Christian Recorder.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Camp 22 U. S. C. Infantry,
Chapel Point, Maryland,
May 13, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me, through the columns of your most worthy paper, to address you in behalf of wronged and mistreated men—men who, for the love of God and their country, have sacrificed the pleasures of home and friends, and met the enemy face to face, and driven them from their strongholds—men who have charged up to the very mouths of cannon that were incessantly belching from their iron stomachs a perfect shower of grape and canister, sweeping down whole platoons at every discharge, and scattering death and destruction around broadcast, as the sower cast the bright grain around him!

Let me ask you, patriotic people of America, should such men as these be beaten to the ground with swords in the hands of foul-hearted, craven, red-taped humbugs? They deserve not the name of officers.

Private Burke, Co. D, of this regiment, who has been sick for some time in the Hospital, after leaving that Institution, was detached from this command, where he remained until we were all ordered to Washington, to participate in the funeral procession of our late lamented President, by way of respect to the memory of the illustrious departed

Not being properly drilled, and being perhaps a little awkward in his movements, this devoted soldier of the United States army was struck senseless and bleeding to the ground with a tremendous blow from a sword in the hands of an arrant coward and brute, his Company commander. How long is this to be endured? How long must the Government strain at gnats and swallow camels? How we long for the presence of that noble patriot and true soldier, who, for no other reason than his unwillingness to sacrifice the lives of hundreds of his true and trusty followers, was relieved of his command—bold and faithful BEN. BUTLER, who never shrank from a soldier's duty, and always avoided useless slaughter.

With such a man for commander, brutality like that which we have described would find instantaneous redress, and the perpetrator be fitly punished. To complain in the present instance would be deemed insubordination. How inconsistent to laud the brave soldier as a hero, and yet kick him like a dog! Butler's name will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen

Yours, ONSERVER.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

MR. EDITOR:—We have just ended the first session of the California Conference.

Bishop Campbell has left an impression upon the minds of Californians, which will never be eradicated. Men who are the sworn enemies of the Church were irresistibly drawn towards the Cross of the Redeemer, by the force of his keen analytic logic. His labors have been herculean, and often attended with imminent peril, but through all, Israel's God has been his friend, and he leaves to-day, bearing away with him the warm and earnest regards of every one whose esteem is worth having.

Give us one of your ablest elders, and the dwellers of the far West will take their places in the vanguard of our African-American Zion. We don't want men who advance backwards by abetting ignorance, hurling their shafts at learning, and supporting an effete and hell-born superstition.

Our pulpit must send forth, in noon-tide brightness, the triple lights of holiness, wisdom, and truth. With the Bible and the best text-books of theology, mental and moral science, and philosophy, we must send forth our young men, as heralds of a more glorious era.

We have completed the work of raising and renovating the church. The organ will cost us $1,200 in gold. If the Lord wills, all will be paid within eighteen months.

The wail of a bereaved people goes up to just Heaven for the infernal assassination of the best President that ever ruled America. Millions have sworn, upon bended knees, at the gory altar of freedom, to avenge his blood. The nation mourns her fallen chief, but infinite Justice still reigns Traitors, beware! Vengeance fills the air.

The destruction of Wilberforce has filled all hearts with profound sorrow. We must rebuild our temple of learning. It will be the work of a generation, but it must be done.

You need not be astounded, if you should see an old, worn-out California preacher, passing on his way down to Charleston, Richmond, or Savannah, in twenty months from now.

Yours with sentiments of regard,
T. M. D. WARD

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

Louisville, Ky.,
May 16, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been so closely engaged for the last three weeks, in a fair held at our church, which has just closed, that I have not been able to write any thing for your valuable paper.

We are now doing well, every thing considered. Our city is better governed than I have ever known it to be heretofore. We are under military rule, and every thing pertaining to our welfare is beginning to work well. We have one of the best Generals for this place, and for these times, belonging to that rank of men. He is, in fact and in truth, the colored man's friend. He is earnest and energetic, when engaged for the oppressed race, that that race may have justice, as far as possible; and such has been the course which he has pursued since he came into this department, that he has won the confidence and esteem of every colored citizen of the city of Louisville, and of all, colored and white, in the city and State, who are friends to humanity and liberty, and are enemies to traitors. Such, in deed, is our esteem for the General, that the colored citizens, male and female, have formed themselves into committees to raise means to present something handsome to him, as a proper sign of our great regard, and to show him thereby, how much we respect him for what he has done, and is still doing, for the colored people of the city of Louisville, and also, for the colored people throughout the State in general.

I would mention the result of our fair, for the the encouragement of our friends, and the connection in general, We took in $1,624 25, and our clear gain was $720 60, which, I am informed, is better than they have been in the habit of doing, which we are willing to set down to the credit of our noble women, who took so deep an interest in the whole affair

The members of my charge seem to be much encouraged, especially so, since we have first cleared the church of the debt which has been resting on it since it was built. We have raised and paid out, since the commencement of the present conference year, about $1,200. We have not only cleared the church of debt this week, but the congregation have paid my room rent, and they have also paid on my salary up to date $225 00, which in paying me up some weeks ahead of my time. We think this is wonderful for our congregation and membership, for we only have about one hundred members, the smallest congregation in the city. Elder Brooks has about two members to our one. Centre Street Church has about seven, and the Fifth Street Baptist Church about nine members to our one, according to their own reports, and yet, the pastor of Centre Street Church told me, a short time ago, that we had raised and paid out more money than they. And I would also say, for the encouragement of our brothers and sisters at home, and for the information of those abroad, that the good brothers and sisters of my charge, have given me well nigh $200.00 worth of the finest clothes since the beginning of this conference year, over and above my expense and salary, one of my members alone has given me $40, in green-backs and gold, and another gave me ten dollars in green-backs last week.

Spiritual matters are only very moderate. The war, and military excitement, has taken the place of almost every thing else, yet we have some little religious excitement in our midst. Elder Brooks has a protracted meeting on hand now, in which there seems to be a very good state of religious feeling. A number are at the anxious seat, earnestly inquiring the way of salvation. Besides this, we are about as usual in religious matters. T STROTHER.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

MR. EDITOR:—On looking over the columns of your valuable paper, dated May 13th, my eyes fell upon an article concerning the African Repository, of the Colonization Society of Washington, D. C. As a colored man and a soldier, I feel a deep interest in the welfare of our race, and feel it to be the duty of every colored man to labor for the elevation of our race, and to encourage the publication of, and patronize every journal that is published to advance the grand object for which we have toiled and labored, and for which we have shed so much blood. But colored soldiers are opposed to Colonization; too long have we procrastinated; too frequently has this subject been discussed, and those in favor of it been defeated. The problem has been solved. No longer is the question asked, "What shall we do with the colored man?"

I believe that the same God who created the white man, created the black; and we, also, convinced of the all important fact, that God in his wisdom designed that the colored man should be a man on this Continent. After four years of incessant toil, suffering, bloodshed and carnage, we have been released from a worse than Egyptian bondage, not that we might colonize Liberia nor emigrate to Mexico, but that we might engage in the great struggle and assist in making this a Republic. And shall we forfeit all claim to those rights which God has, in his wisdom, designed for us at home! No, never! Justice to that God who has delivered us, forbids! Manhood itself, and justice to our race, forbids! Justice to that martyr for liberty, who died by the foul hand of the assassin, forbids! The blood of our comrades who have fallen upon the fields of battle, while assisting to plant the tree of liberty; the tears of our widows and mothers, which have watered the tree of liberty; the prayers of our ancestors who have died in oppression, and whose pious ejaculations have ascended to the throne of God like incense and sweet perfume, forbids; for this liberty and equality have been purchased at too great a sacrifice

With the nation we have suffered, and, as a part of this great nation, we must rise with it. Why did the colored man leave his quiet home, and forsake the dear ones there? It was that he might establish for himself and his successors a home in the land which the Author of every good and perfect gift saw fit to give unto him. It was for this our comrades suffered in rebel prisons, and starved and died; and it is for this that we, to-day, suffer the cold and exposure of camp-life, and brave the dangers incident to the life of a common soldier. It was that the stone which the builders rejected might become the chief stone; and that we, by our gallantry, perseverance, industry and self sacrifice, might sculpture this inscription, liberty, justice and equality before the law, to every man.

Colored soldiers think that it would be better for us to assist in sending missionaries to our fellow creatures to promulgate the sacred truths of the gospel, and to aid in the establishment of the kingdom of the King who holds the reins of universal government, than to assist or encourage any thing that would weaken this great power. But, by our votes, by our zeal, by our love of education, let us prove to the world that we are susceptible of all the respect of a civilized people, and that there is in existence two Republics where liberty, justice and equality, predominate, and where the colored man can enjoy the blessings of liberty

W. A. FREEMAN,
Private, 2d U. S. C. Infantry

For the Christian Recorder

SOUTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENCE.

Charleston, May 10th, 1865.

A New Era—Savannah, Ga., and the A. M. E Church—The Progress of Ideas—The People—Charleston—People—Churches—First Sabbath in the City—Bishop Payne's Return to his native State—Opening of the First Conference by Colored Ministers and Bishop—The First Sacrament administered by a Colored Elder—The Scene—The Work to be Done.

MR. EDITOR:—Two thousand five hundred years ago, the inspired prophet, Isaiah, lifted up his voice and warned a rebellious people of the coming judgments of an offended God, upon those nations who had so wickedly violated every principle of justice that they called down upon themselves a fearful retribution. "Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on the ground: there is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans: for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate Take the mill-stones, and grind meal: uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh, pass over the rivers. Thy nakedness shall be uncovered, yea, thy shame shall be seen: I will take vengeance, and I will not meet thee as a man." Is. 47: 1-3 Such were the denunciations against Babylon Such has been literally fulfilled in the South God has truly made the nakedness and shame of the South complete. Never were a people so completely subdued, conquered, and disheartened, as the proud Southerners of this city and country. But it was necessary for the good of the whole land; for the best interests of humanity. Here was the great mart—the citadel of wrong and robbery. Here for fifty years, the most cruel barbarities, were inflicted on an unoffending race Here has been offered more bloody sacrifices to the Moloch of slavery than in any other spot on this continent. And here are the marks of a most terrible retribution No city visited by the horrors of war, has suffered as fearfully as Charleston. Her stately palaces are in ruins; the dwellings of the proud and defiant man-stealers are but heaps of desolation The city is a monument of God's indignation and an evidence of His righteous judgments. But from these results, the liberty of the oppressed is secured forever. The day of redemption draweth near to them, and amid the death-dealing blows of the warrior, and the discomfiture of the oppressor, the slave is redeemed, and a new era dawns upon him and his. He enters into the realization of the prophet's proclamation. "*Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee.*" He who would realise how much this is fulfilled must go among this redeemed people; enter their humble homesteads; sit down with them and listen to their stories of wrong and their songs of rejoicing; must gain their confidence, and then they will pour out their souls, and we can read their woes and understand their joy

But I must note the circumstances as they have occurred. Hilton Head is on an island. Landed there on the evening of the 11th of May Friday morning visited Mitchelville. Mr. Mercheson, who governs this place, is a man of rather prepossessing appearance, pleasant address, large benevolence, and strongly marked character. Three thousand souls compose the subjects of his government, and seem impressed with the magnitude of his labors. There are thousands of freedmen here who are anxious to work for a living, and many of them are working farms on their own account Savannah is situated on a hill, and is a healthy place Beautiful shade trees line all the streets. We found Rev. James Lynch at Bro Charles Bradwell's house. We made the acquaintance of a large number of brethren of our Church. They are very intelligent enterprising and worthy gentlemen. I have never met a more open hearted, noble people, full of Christian zeal. The Baptists are also numerous here; in fact, they are the leading denomination. They have in all their churches organs and choirs, whose vocal powers none may be ashamed of There is a union among them and the Methodists which is commended by a true Christian fellowship In this city the colored citizens have taken a forward step beyond any others I know of. They have organized an Educational Association, and have under their immediate care, five hundred children, and employ, fifteen colored men and women as teachers, directing and raising every dollar of the money themselves. They have raised over one thousand dollars and pay from fifteen to thirty five dollars per month to teachers

Comparing these with other cities which has been redeemed from slavery, there does not appear any to surpass them in enterprise in the department of intellectual development. We attended a love feast on Sunday morning, May 7th at 6 o'clock. Found a large congregation assembled, and it was a love feast indeed. Such faith and confidence in God, such keen comprehensions of God's purposes, I have never before witnessed or heard of. At 8½ P. M, Rev. R. H. Cain preached to a large audience of very intelligent people, a number of U S. soldiers were present and communed, it being the sacramental occasion: the Lord was propitious, and there was a season of rejoicing. The same gentleman preached in the morning in the Baptist Church, of which Rev. Mr Cox is pastor, and at night for Rev ——— another Baptist. These brethren are noble specimens of Christians But more of Savannah at another time.

Tuesday comes, and we must hasten to Charleston to attend conference. Bro Lynch, Charles Bradwell, Taylor, Murphey, Hill, Taylor, and Bentley, all members and social preachers, are to accompany us, that they may be among the first to write their names on the page of history in the formation of the new conference, taking the steamer for Hilton Head, then we took the steamer for the city of treason: after a hard night's rest on the deck of the vessel, we found our good steamer off the harbor of Charleston, and soon after we had passed Sumter, cast lines at the dock

The Charlestonians are famous for their politeness and hospitality. We had hardly reached the wharf before we were greeted with great kindness by them. Bro. Washington, who was on board of the boat, took us all to his house, and made us welcome Three days spent strolling through the city, and distributing letters to friends, and waiting for the arrival of Bishop Payne and the brethren with him, made up the time

On Saturday morning we hailed with delight the Bishop's arrival, with Bros. J. A. Handy, J. A. Johnston, T. H. Steward, and Lynch.—Sunday, bright and lovely dawns, and we severally, having received appointments for the different churches, repaired to them, and preached the Gospel to our brethren in this city for the first time.

In the Bethel Church Bro Stewart preached a very interesting sermon, after which R. H Cain, of Brooklyn, had the hardihood to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his brethren,—independent of any laws of South Carolina, to the contrary. The people were astonished, for they had never seen it in this wise before. Never had a negro dared to do a deed so gloriously defiant to the rules of the chivalry below. But there it was; no mistake. A born Ethiopian negro—woolly head, thick lips, black. South Carolina has been grossly insulted, and, no doubt, will secede from this black Union. But the white brother who was dealing out secession gospel in the new Bethel, on the same ground, when he learned that the gentleman from Africa was actually giving his brethren sacrament, refused to appear, as he had intended to do, after he had dispensed salvation to the white children of the Heavenly King. Large numbers of the members, knowing that this horse-doctor (for that is his profession,) was going to administer it, would not come to the church; but those that were there rejoiced in the God of their salvation, and praised Him that he had sent one of their own race to administer the holy ordinance.

Bishop Payne preached in Zion Church at 11 o'clock. The house was densely crowded, and he was received by his former friends with great joy.

It was announced in the various churches that Conference would open on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, and at the appointed time the people gathered in large numbers. Conference opened with a glorious prospect before us. James Redpath was present, and addressed the conference in a most happy manner. Conference was fully organized, and proceeded to business. Rev. Mr. Lewis, missionary of the M. E. Church, was introduced, and made a lengthy speech, deprecating the efforts we were making to establish our connection here, (a note of congratulation having previously been handed in,) and both were replied to by Bishop Payne in the kindest manner. At 1 o'clock we adjourned, to meet Tuesday at 9 o'clock.

The work to be done here is great, but more anon. Pardon the length of this.

Yours truly, R. H. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

[illegible]

BY R. GODELLE H

CHAPTER III.

When the American rebellion broke out and Liberty's truest sons were rushing to her standard, and every heart was stirred with that noble patriotism which prompted men and women alike to give of their dearest treasures for the glorious cause of universal freedom, Ursula wept that she had no one to give. "But," said she, "I will act my part.

Where the broad, quiet James washes the blood-stained soil of Virginia, gliding softly in and out of the hospitals, administering medicines and speaking words of comfort to the sick and wounded soldiers of our noble army, may be seen Ursula, still attired in her Quaker dress Though her duties are heavy, she never flags, but pursues the even tenor of her way like a ministering angel, spreading joy and consolation wherever she went

One day she left her patients to take a short recreation through the grounds around the hospital. She had not gone far before she met a number of ambulances, freighted with wounded soldiers from the late battle fields. She made inquiries of one of the drivers as to the nature of their wounds. "One case very bad, sir," replied the loquacious driver. She immediately returned to the hospital, and was just in time to see the mangled and bleeding form of Lieut. Forbes, who so bravely led the assault at the battle of ———, carefully placed upon a stretcher and carried into the best apartment of the hospital

Miss Nichols, I put this man under your especial care: nothing but almost superhuman efforts can save him."

"I will do my best by him, answered Ursula," her lips white with distress

Long days of anxious watching and prayer passed over Ursula's head, before she could safely pronounce her patient out of danger, and allow him the privileges of a convalescent. During the long sunny days of September, he lay patiently on his cot, watching alternately the movements of his faithful nurse, and amusing himself with the bright and joyous flowers by his bed-side, which were renewed daily by Ursula. "Ah," said he, "her face is strongly like one I have before seen. But no; the expression is very different, and this one is older. It is so dull here. How much longer must I stay here, Ursula

"In a week or two you may again return to the field"

"It is an eternity to wait, when one's regiment is actively engaged in the front," said the Lieutenant, impatiently

"Ah, sir," resumed Ursula, "you have been most miraculously saved from death, for which you should be thankful."

"Differing still, Ursula, I see."

"Lieut Forbes, have you indeed recognised, under all this disguise, the sharer of many of your idle hours in B———?" said Ursula, very quietly

"Sit down here, just one moment, I want to talk to you;" said the Lieutenant, so imperatively, that Ursula was constrained to comply "All the long years, since last we met, I have been killing time. In the last battle I hoped that time might kill me and it would have done so, had it not been for your careful nursing. Now, tell me, what have you saved me for?"

"To develope within you the latent powers of your soul; to awaken you to a sense and duty of true manhood, that you may, hereafter, properly use and apply the rare intellectual gifts with which you are endowed.

"You speak very truly, Ursula; but don't you know, that in the vast mass of individuals that make up this world, the element of which you speak does not enter into their composition, and if it did, no one would appreciate it."

"Ah, sir, but we must be true to ourselves for truth's sake, not for the world's," said she, in the same soft, mellow tones, which she used to converse in years ago.

"It is an easy matter for women to moralize. They are not thrown in the way of temptation as men are; but even man can be good, if loved by a true woman, who, by her good actions purifies and elevates him." And the lieutenant gazed earnestly into the upturned face of Ursula, which, although warmed with enthusiasm, betrayed no trace of the emotion contending within her breast.

"I think, sir, that by turning our hearts to the great Source of all love, we would better appreciate our relative duties here on earth, and approximate nearer to the throne of grace. There was something so quietly forbidding in this remark, that Lieut. Forbes did not venture a reply to it

"Pray for me, Miss Nichols. I will go back into battle, and will fight for a principle; and after the war is over, if I still live, it will be in a different manner from my previous life. God bless you for what you have done for me." Genuine feeling made the proud man's voice tremulous.

Miss N. extended her hand, cordially, and said, "I will pray for your complete conversion, and the happiness that may be yours thereby. Now, farewell; I am to be transferred to N—— hospital to-night."

Miss N. left the place of a year's hard labor, where she had endeared herself to all by her kind attention, to assume a more onerous position in the hospital to which she had been transferred. A few months after, while Ursula was listlessly walking through a luxuriant grove of trees, in the interior of South Carolina, she discovered a cluster of graves. She stopped to read the inscriptions on the rude slabs that had been carefully placed at the head of each little mound, and among them she found the name of Mark Forbes. "Thank God, he came to the hospital before he died," she said, with an upturned glance

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly sure." All the dross that may attach itself to a true soul, if strong in its love for principle, peels off while passing through the stern discipline of life, and prepares it for life everlasting, eternal in the heavens.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

City Point, Va., May 18, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—It is the first time in the history of my life that one, so humble as myself, ever attempted to write any thing for publication through the columns of your most worthy journal; and it is with great reluctance that I attempt it on the present occasion, owing to my short stay at home in Park Co., Ind., on a furlough, where I found many friends to rejoice over, and many disadvantages, upon the part of the colored people, to mourn over. It seems very strange to me that the people of Indiana are so very indifferent about removing from their statute Books those Black Laws, which are a curse to them in the eyes of God and man, and above all things in life, most grievous to be borne by any people.

Shall the history of the old 28th, which was raised in that State, stand upon the great record of the American army second to none? Shall these brave sons return home after perilling their lives for several years in the storm of battle, for the restoration of the Union, and to vindicate the honor and dignity of that fair Western State which is classed among the best composing this great nation, but to be treated as slaves? Shall it be said by the nations of the earth that any portion of the United States treated her brave defenders thus? I hope never to see the day; yet it is fast approaching

Have we no friends at home among the whites to look this great injustice in the face, and bid its sin-cursed waves forever leave? Have we no colored friends at home who feel tired of the burden, and are willing to pray to the thinking public to lighten it. As for us we have done our duty, and are willing to do it whenever the State and country calls us; but, after responding, are you not willing to pay the laborer for his hire? It is to be seen in all past history, that when men fought for their country, and returned home, they always enjoyed all the rights and privileges due to other citizens.

We ask to be made equal before the law; grant us this, and we ask no more. Let the friends of freedom canvass the country on this subject. Let the sound go into all the earth. The last speech made on this subject was delivered by our worthy chaplain, G. H. White, when home on leave of absence in January, 1865

Sir, we hope the question will be kept before the people until every right is granted, otherwise till the stars shall fall.—Then the Eternal Judge will decide all things as they should be; but, until then, it becomes every man of color to petition for all the rights due us as a people

Very respectfully yours,
Corporal WILLIAM GIBSON,
Co. C. 28th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM MORROWTOWN, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR:—Many and varied are the changes which have taken place since my last letter. President Lincoln is no more, and we deeply mourn his loss. He lived through the great struggle for American liberty—to see the dawn of peace; but just as he was about to realize the fruition of his hopes and labors, he was brutally cut down by the hand of the assassin. Yet his memory will ever be sacred among liberty-loving people, and his deeds of kindness stand as monuments to his great worth for after generations to emulate. The foundation of our

versal freedom, which he so far in the land can never be torn down, though the master mind which planned and built it may be laid low by coward's hand It still stands and will continue to stand till time shall be no more

There never was a time since the birth of the country, when such universal sadness prevailed, as on the day the sad news was received of the death of President Lincoln. Business every where was suspended, and the people collected in groups, with sad hearts and melancholy countenances, to discuss and mourn over the nation's calamity. Even the little children felt the weight of the sorrow which had fallen upon the nation, and whispered, one to another, "The President is dead! The President is dead!" I trust that our loss is his eternal gain. My sympathy for the bereaved and afflicted family can not be expressed, for my tongue falters and my powers fail me. Our loss is great, but we submissively bow to the ruling of an all-wise Providence, knowing that it becometh not human frailty to murmur at the will of God

There never was a crime so black
Committed in this land,
As when the President was slain,
By the assassin's hand

LIZZIE

Morrowtown, Ohio, May 10, 1865

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

BY CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Goldsboro, N C., May 15th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Having seen that your columns were gorged with correspondence, I have become somewhat delinquent in what I hitherto regarded as a duty, obligatory under the most pressing circumstances, which was to keep up a weekly communication with the *Recorder* Ever since you raised the *Recorder* from its sepulchral confinement, I have endeavored to support you and your measures for its perpetuation, to the best of my ability And now, as the paper has become indispensable to the public, and is daily growing in its wide-spreading interests, thus bringing to its aid the patronage of the best minds, both as subscribers and literary contributors, I feel that the time has nearly, if not entirely arrived, when acuter minds and abler pens can be substituted for mine

I have been often told, under the subterfuge of a dry joke, that my letters to the *Recorder*, for the last five years, were written in view of personal aggrandizement. But, unfortunately for them, these parties were generally composed of that fastidiously squeamish class of persons, who have neither the ability nor the moral courage to encounter public criticism, and for whom I care no more than I do for the cackle of a hen, or the braying of a mule. I would have to pull straws to decide which I hate the most, the devil, or these self-conceited timber heads. One is the bane of hell, the other is the plague of earth, and you might as well try to get honey out of a horse-shoe, or music out of an elephant, as to try to get any good out of either. I make these remarks, regardless whether there are any preachers guilty of the act or not. But it is a lamentable fact, that in the very crisis that demands all the energies, gifts, attainments, natural or acquired, and every other qualification tending to give fitness and suitability, in shaping public sentiment, developing the capacities of the contrabands, moralising our soldiers, whose unbridled lives, for the past four years, have almost hurled them headlong into the vortex of irrevocable profanity, vulgarity, and impoliteness, that men, who would disdain to be called foolish, will idle away their abilities, straining at gnats and swallowing camels But for fear I may be somewhat flaw-eyed too, and disposed to hatch mole-hills into mountains, let us turn to another subject.

About the 20th ultimo, our division left Raleigh, N. C., and took up our march for Goldsboro. Passing leisurely through the country, we had a pleasant time observing things under their more natural exhibitions, than when we were proceeding towards Raleigh; for on our march there, it was next to impossible to see a male rebel, as they were mostly concealed in the woods. But on our return to Goldsboro, the men had come out of their private retreats, and could be seen standing in their yards, and sitting in their piazzas.

Arriving at Smithfield, we found the bridge burned, and Sherman's pontoons also removed, thus subjecting us to the very disagreeable necessity of wading the river, which in some places was chin deep, but as this had become a familiar job, those who had no horses, went in clothed or nude, just as they chose to take it. I was much amused to see the secesh women, watching with the utmost intensity, thousands of our soldiers, in a state of nudity. I suppose they desired to see whether these audacious Yankees were really men, made like other men, or if they were a set of varmints So they thronged the windows, portices and yards, in the finest attire imaginable. Our brave boys would disrobe themselves, hang their garments upon their bayonets and through the water they would come, walk up the street, and seem to say to the feminine gazers, "Yes, though naked, we are your masters"

Shortly after our arrival in Smithfield, one of our sergeants called my attention to a colored lady, whose child a rebel woman had hid. I immediately started for her sacred premises, and having entered her piazza, in company with the sergeant, colored woman, and a few others, the following conversation ensued

"Have you got this woman's child?"

"No! her master carried it off."

"Where is her master? as you call him?"

"He is gone into the country."

"What did he carry the child away for?"

"Because he wanted to."

"Did he not know the child belonged to this woman?"

"Yes! But if it is her child, it is his negro. You Yankees have a heap of impudence. What are you meddling with our negroes for? You may think the South is conquered because she has surrendered to superior numbers But you are sadly mistaken"

Stop, stop! I replied, "I don't want any more of your rebel parlance. You are not too good to be hung and you had better dry up, or you might get a rope around your neck, in short order"

At this stage of our dialogue, one of the General's Staff rode up, and she began to tell him a long story about me waving in a bio here and a bo there But he soon silenced her by saying

"O, well! he has a right to say what he thinks proper Madam, I want to know why this child is not given up?

So she proceeded to tell that she was with her master when he left home, and having heard a much as my stomach could digest at once, said I'll to the River Dee reported that the rebels had left town, but she says her husband has taken it over the country I now propose, as he has five children standing here, that we take one to be held as a hostage until the colored child is returned to its mother." The words had hardly left my mouth, before such a running crying, and squealing took place among the children that my indignation melted down into laughter. The very utterance of these words frightened the poor children nearly to death, and made the mother tremble. At this juncture, learning that the General had taken the matter in hand, I left. But look at the inconsistency they could not feel the colored woman's grief, yet when the same pill was offered to them, they were frightened into fits. To have taken one of their children, would have been pronounced, by the slave oligarchs, an act of fiendish cruelty, but for them to perpetrate the same crime on a poor colored woman, was only an inconsiderable circumstance. If a few of our Northern slave advocates had the tables thus turned upon them, it would materially change the tone of some of their brutal sophistry, as well as morally improve that remonstrating gibberish, too often used to stay the designs of an administration, whose ultimate purpose seems to be the upbuilding of a depressed people.

Having, however, arrived at Goldsboro, the 2d Brigade (General Duncan's,) was assigned to duty in that city, while the others were placed in such positions as the state of things required. My regiment went into camp on the suburbs of the town, where they still remain.

Goldsboro is said to contain about 1,200 inhabitants, two thirds of whom are colored. There are several fine buildings in the place, encircled by spacious yards, shade trees, flower gardens, &c. The houses built especially for the colored population, stand far back in the rear, which makes the principal approach to them through mason's front gate, enabling him in other days, to sit back in his big arm chair, and propound all the interrogations which might suit his fancy before letting you pass. But thank God, those days are now numbered among passed events. When those colored dignitaries, known as United States soldiers, step by in Uncle Sam's paraphernalia, the only sentence that greets their ears is an invitation to take a seat

This being a city from which numerous railroads branch out, it has become the rendezvous of returning rebel soldiers. The cars, for the past few weeks, have been thronged with them, from the armies of Johnson and Lee, presenting in their appearance, every imaginable aspect, from ragamuffins to ten-toed dandies. Some strut around town, assuming as much air as an old turkey gobbler with a dozen gills. Down street a party will start, who were once officers, wearing, as a waning memorial, the dying vestige of a played-out confederacy, in the shape of an ideal uniform. But they proceed only a short distance before they meet another party of gentlemen, whose black faces seem to glistan in the rays of the sun, their caps whirled over on one side of their heads, burning the rebels own narcotic, under the appellation of segars, and puffing in dense fumigations, with heads thrown back, and eyes elevated so high, that they seem to say, I wouldn't look down, if I knew I were wading through greenbacks. The rebel party stops to one side, and onward goes the negro van, looking neither to the right or left. But the rebel party stops, and looks back at those magic lords, swaggering on in their exultant conquest, and seems to be musing as to whether they are actually in another world, or whether this one is turned wrong side out, until they finally resume their equilibrium.

I am happy to inform you that Chaplain Hunter has begun, and is carrying on, a great work in this city. His regiment having been assigned to do provost duty, and having his quarters in the Court house, he is in a favorable situation to use his gifts and graces among our people. He has, therefore, taken possession of the Methodist Church, formerly used by the white congregation, except the gallery, which was appropriated to the colored, and in it has commenced a school, which numbers nearly four hundred. It is entirely taught by the chaplain, and several young men of his regiment. And, although it has only been in existence two weeks, it is better conducted than many I have seen in two years. There are few men who take more pride in training children than Chaplain Hunter, besides, his extensive experience peculiarly fits him for this work.

There is also a glorious revival of religion going on in the same church which is also under the auspices of the Chaplain. I have given him all the assistance I could under the circumstances, but shall lay claim to no part of his glorious reward, when God pays off his laborers in the coin of eternal life. The altar is nightly thronged with penitent souls, seeking the pearl of great price.

Rev Dr Deems, of the M. E Church South, called upon the chaplain yesterday, to ascertain the relation of this church to its former connexion, and to see if the chaplain intended to hold on to it. I did not hear the conversation entirely, but heard enough to satisfy myself of the fact that the chaplain in the most honorable manner, and with that manliness of dignity, which is so prominent in him, took the ground of the loyal element of Southern rights in the face and in the boldest language possible, we to watch the epaulet and dirge and laud the funeral duty quite elegantly, to the utter confusion, but to the delight of the fair ones present. I believe it is the universal opinion of the loyal men here, that the chaplain is the very man to put the matters

H M T

A Jewish tradition ascribes to Noah's wife a belief that even the possession of ornaments is a dress

THE BLACKS AND THE BALLOT

In his excellent proclamation to the people of North Carolina, General Schofield announces that the United States troops will protect them "until a civil government can be established in harmony with the Constitution and Laws of the United States." This is a clear statement of the exact situation of the late insurrectionary States It is desirable upon every account that there shall be as little delay as possible in intrusting the local government of the States to their own loyal inhabitants But it is plain that the immediate authority of the national government can not safely be relaxed until that proportion of the adult male population of a State who have guaranties internal security is empowered to vote. The question of this hour then is when the Government is ready to allow an election for any purpose whatever to be held in any such State, who shall be permitted to vote?

By the Constitution of Virginia R M T Hunter is a legal voter of that State Would the Government of the United States allow him to vote there now. Undoubtedly not The Constitution of South Carolina did, and probably does, allow only those to vote who own ten slaves or ten thousand dollars Would not the government of the United States now permit other persons to vote there? Undoubtedly There is no authority at present in Virginia and South Carolina except that of the United States and they, and no other power will decide who is to vote in reconstructing those States The conditions of voting will be prescribed by the United States, and not by the State Constitutions And if the conditions should be those named in the Constitutions they will be void, not for that reason, but because the United States order them.

In the States of which we speak there are three classes: the hopeless rebels, the loyal whites, and the blacks. The first of these classes is the smallest, and it will be always disloyal and dangerous, the Bourbons and Jacobites of American politics The second and third are very large. Together they form the great majority of the population. By the census it is said appears that, in the eleven late rebel States, the exact numbers were 5,447,232 whites and 3,666,110 colored and Indian population. The present proportion is undoubtedly more favorable to the blacks In two of the States they are a majority of the whole population In five others they are more than one third and in every one of the old Slave States they are enough, when united with the loyal whites to control the State. Upon what good grounds therefore can the ballot be refused to the loyal black citizens of the Southern States? They are the steady working class. They have always been unfalteringly true to the Government Had they been otherwise—had they made common cause with the rebel chiefs as the poorer whites were ready to do—the triumph of the Government would have been indefinitely delayed. They are free men, and the plainest good policy requires that their self respect be aroused, and their willing industry encouraged, without which no class of citizens is contented or valuable There is but one way of securing this result It is to give them the ballot

That the mass of the population at the South both white and black, is ignorant, is very true But so are great masses of the Northern voters Education is a good thing, but it appears that some of the staunchest patriots in the land can not read, and that some of the basest traitors are highly educated. Education although at the expense of their country did not prevent Lee and his associates from trying to destroy their country. Robert Small! whether he can read or not, is to our thinking a much sounder and safer voter than Robert Toombs Any black man who has succored a Union soldier escaping from the tortures of rebellious slavery is quite as able to vote wisely as the extremely accomplished Judah Benjamin or Pierre Soule or Alexander H. Stephens or John Slidell, or Wade Hampton, or Charles J. Faulkner

The question is not whether, abstractly, political privilege should depend upon education—It is whether in States which we wish to restore to their peculiar action in our national system at the earliest moment, we shall require certitudes of our black fellow countrymen, whose fidelity has saved the nation which are not required of the whites in the same States nor in other States of ignorant foreigners who cannot speak our language, and who have no especial interest in our institutions Instruct them and some, and their power as rights will follow. But why is that not equally true of the whites? If ignorance be the plea why retrust the States to ignorant white men? By such a plan a discrimination is made at the outset based upon color. The Government says in effect that ignorant loyal men who are black are not fit to vote but ignorant disloyal men who are white are fit The Government thus flings its whole weight against the ignorant men who have been true to it, and favors those who have been false The mischief is incalculable For by that act it recognizes what is called the inferiority of the blacks which has always been urged as the reason for enslaving them And such a principle is the true principle whereby valorous who have believed and still believe in that black race made to be slaves liked, to day are entitled to close them? The whites may not be able to enslave the blacks, but they will in every way despise and degrade them. No distinguished class has a fair chance And the very fact that the blacks have been made personally free will make them the more intensely loathed as they are disenfranchised. They will presently refuse to be governed by a minority If they cannot have legal redress they will refuse to redress themselves Is this the way to peace?

The enfranchised race was brought into the country against its will, and unfortunately and cruelly, In less wonderful numbers than there are now four millions of the negroes in the United States all the whites would be overwhelmed with the blood of the whites They are men and Americans as much as we. They are not Africans any more than Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, or Icelanders They are in reality the most valuable and important part of our population. Have they not proved their devotion by their deeds? Has there been a sign of treachery among them? Have they not made the welcome of the Union soldiers to their homes a synonym for hospitality? Have they not been the most patient, faithful, and devoted laborers? Have they not been the most tender nurses of our sick and wounded soldiers? Have they not been the most sagacious and reliable scouts and guides? Have they not been the most efficient pioneers and laborers? Have they not been the most patient and uncomplaining sufferers? Have they not been the most generous and self-sacrificing friends? Have they not been the most loyal people? Have they not been the most anxious for the success of our arms? Have they not been the most intelligent observers of the progress of the war? Have they not been the most hopeful and sanguine? Have they not been the most constant in their prayers for the success of the Government? Have they not been the most earnest in their thanksgivings for victories? Have they not been the most joyful at the defeat of the rebels? Have they not been the most grateful for deliverance? Have they not been the most reliable friends we have in the South? Have they not been the most generous in their gifts to the Sanitary Commission? Have they not been the most liberal in their contributions to the Freedmen's Relief Association? Have they not been the most enthusiastic supporters of the Government? Have they not been the most devoted adherents of the Union? Have they not been the most sincere worshippers of God? Have they not been the most prayerful people on earth?

We have now the power and the opportunity of securing the services of these people in the work of reconstruction. Shall we use them? Shall we trust them? Shall we secure their gratitude and their love? Shall we secure their support? Do we mean to be just? If we do we shall give them a vote in the reconstruction of the insurrectionary States. If we do not we shall pay the penalty of premature success

NOTICE.

First class accommodations for boarders and lodgers by Mrs. Mary Strouder,
113½ Lombard St.,
Philadelphia.

May 20 3t

Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduced inoculation into England, from Turkey, about the year 1718. It was tried first upon criminals, until its success was carefully tested.

The Painesville (Ohio) *Telegraph* says that a man named Valentine Parkins, who has been in a state of almost ossification for twenty five years, has just died at their county infirmary, aged fifty-two years. Ossification commenced when he was eleven years old, joint by joint, when he became totally unabled, with the exception that he could move two of his fingers, and make the slightest perceptible motion with one or two of his toes His health has generally been good until a day or two since and he has had a good appetite. He has been totally blind for the last thirty years.

Married.

Married, on the evening of Thursday, May 11th, 1865, at the A. M. E. church, Newport, R I., by Rev. E. T. Williams, Mr. David Jones, late of Washington D C to Miss Sabrey Ann Viney, late of Kent Co., Del

On Sabbath evening, May 14th, 1865, by the same Mr Charles S Greene of Newport R I to Miss Emma Laws, of same place

DIED.

At Glen Ray Penna on May 13th, Anna M. Till, wife of Rev Andrew Teal of the Philadelphia Conference, in the sixty fifth year of her age.

Advertisements.

Bargains in Clothing
Bargains in Clothing
Bargains in Clothing
Bargains in Clothing
offered by Perry & Co.
offered by Perry & Co.
offered by Perry & Co.
offered by Perry & Co.
No. 307 Chestnut St., above Third.
No. 307 Chestnut St., (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South east corner of Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones') Perry & Co. have undoubtedly the largest stock of ready made clothing and finest variety of styles now presented to the public in this city. Their stock is new, bought at the lowest rates, got up in the best manner, and sold as
Wonderfully Low Prices
Wonderfully Low Prices
Wonderfully Low Prices
Wonderfully Low Prices
Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves, and be convinced that it is to their advantage to deal with us.
☞ Attention is also called to
the Tailoring Department,
Our Cassimir Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
In connection with each establishment, where we have constantly on hand
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
And can guaranty to our customers entire satisfaction in every respect.
No. 307 Chestnut St., above Third.
No. 609 Chestnut Street, (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South east corner Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones')
Perry & Co.

Henderson's
CAPITOL CLOTHING HOUSE.
610 Market St., first Clothing House ab. 6th.

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM.

[By our National Poet Dr Geo Allen Spangler.]

It was in the merry month of May,
The morning was gently breaking,
Hues and lines soft every way
Was on the sunlight teaming.

Around the flower that bloomed that day,
My memory fondly closes;
But never can it fade away
From the Queen am ong the roses.

I saw her in her laurel crown,
Her dress with silver stars bright,
And the way she sat with her purple hat
Adorned the golden curls of light

I was Independence Queen. I learned—
A garland of bright spoils
For our brave boys when they returned,
To crown them with sweet flowers.

N B.—This Establishment keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of men's and youths' fashionable Clothing, all of which can be purchased at the lowest rates.
may20 1m E. Hanssenne, Proprietor

Ice Cream Saloon.
J. J. LYONS.
No. 1023 Lombard Street, Philada.,
Is now sure of Ice Cream and that he is ready to serve them
may20 3m

Spring Dress Goods
OF NEW STYLES,
OPENING DAILY.
[illegible]
JOHN H. STOKES'
710 Arch Street Phila
may20 3m

628 Hoop Skirts. 628
HOPKINS'
DOWN MAKE OF
HOOP SKIRTS.
[illegible]
MISSES AND CHILDRENS
New Flexible Skirt
New York Skirts,
[illegible]

A CARD.
MRS H. T. O'DONNELL,
Formerly of No. 740 South St., Philada.,
Has removed to No 913 Lombard Street, and has opened
A BOARDING HOUSE
For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and also those who may wish to spend some time in our city. Mrs O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, as far as she possibly can. Give her a call.
May 1—6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE
DR. J. W. CREEK,
Physician & Apothecary,
Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
THE MAIL EXPRESS BY

1865 1865
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, Insects on Plants Fowls Animals etc
"18 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known"
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."
☞ Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.
☞ 111 Beware! 111 of all worthless imitations.
☞ See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.
HENRY R. COSTAR.
Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.
HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use Costar's Exterminator. We have used it to our satisfaction—and if a box cost $5. we would have it We have tried powders but they effected nothing But Costar's arsenic knocks the breath out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants and Bed-Bugs quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—Medina (Ohio) Gazette
See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.
FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should recollect that hundreds of dollars' worth of Grain, Provisions, &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice Ants and other insects and vermin—all of which can be prevented by a few dollars' worth of Costar's Rat, Roach, Ant, &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely.
See Costar's Advertisement in this paper

Sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers Apr 22 6m

Sterling's Ambrosia.
"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."
And STERLING'S fragrant AMBROSIA will soothe any lady's hair into order, and give it a soft and glossy appearance
apr29 3m

COAL! COAL!!
[illegible]
I. L. BOWERS
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot
No. 611 Lombard Street

Private Boarding
AT 613 PINE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
[illegible]
SHROUDING
FOR
LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.
Miss MARIA HIGHLANDS
No. 1005 Richy street
Above 10th & Lombard Sts Phila Pa

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT
On and after Monday December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET sts., instead of Kensington and Market sts., as heretofore
The Second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.
The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and also about 30 minutes for a trip.
Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city
On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts at 7 45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10 25, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.
Mann's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No 31 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him
TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS.
LEAVE
MAIL TRAIN . . . at 8.00 A. M
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 " 10 50 "
FAST LINE . . . " 12 00 M.
PARKESBURG . . . " 1 10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION . " 2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION . " 4 00 "
PAOLI TRAIN No. 2 . . . " 5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL . . " 8.55 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS . . . " 11 10 "
ARRIVE
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL . . at 3.35 A M
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS . . . " 7 05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 " 9.30 "
PARKESBURG . . . " 9 50 "
LANCASTER TRAIN . . . " 12 35 P M
FAST LINE . . . " 12 55 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION No. 2 " 4 40 "
MAIL TRAIN . . . " 5 45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION . " 9 40 "
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)
For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards
JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot
An Emigrant Train leaves daily, except Sundays For [illegible] apply to
FRANCIS FUNK
Jan 26 137 Dock Street.

PHILADELPHIA WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD
TIME TABLE.
On and after MONDAY, Jan 16, 1865, trains will leave Depot corner Broad Street and Washington Avenue as follows:
EXPRESS TRAINS at 3.30 A. M. Monday excepted, for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's and Magnolia
WAY MAIL TRAIN at 8.15 A. M. Sundays excepted, for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations, connecting with the Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Milford, Salisbury, and intermediate places
EXPRESS TRAIN at 1.15 P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Magnolia
EXPRESS TRAIN at 3.35, P. M., (Sundays excepted,) for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Perryman's, and Magnolia
NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.15, P. M. for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (only to take Passengers and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace
Passengers for Fortress Monroe will take the 8.15, A. M., train.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.
Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington.
Leave Philadelphia at 11, A. M., 2, 3.30, 5.30 and 10, P. M. The 5.30, P. M. train connects with Delaware Railroad for Milford and intermediate stations.
Leave Wilmington at 6.45, 8 and 9.30, A. M., 2.30 and 6.30, P. M
THROUGH TRAINS FROM BALTIMORE
Leave Wilmington at 12, M., 4.30, 8.15, and 9.45 P. M.
CHESTER FOR PHILADELPHIA
Leave Chester at 7.45, 8.43, 10.16, A. M., 12.36, 3.13, 4.54, 7.20, and 9.05, P. M.
SUNDAY TRAINS
Express Train at 4.03, A. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman's, and Magnolia.
Night Express at 11.15, P. M., for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, (for Baltimore and Washington passengers,) Wilmington, Newark, Elkton, North east, Perryville, and Havre de Grace.
Accommodation Train at 10, P. M., for Wilmington and Way Stations.
BALTIMORE FOR PHILADELPHIA.
Leave Baltimore at 9.25, P. M., stopping at Havre de Grace, Perryman's and Wilmington. Also stops at Elkton and Newark, (to take passengers for Philadelphia and leave passengers from Washington or Baltimore and Chester, to leave passengers for the same.)
Leave Wilmington for Philadelphia at 6.30, P. M
FROM BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA
Leave Baltimore 8.25 A. M., Way Mail, 1.10, P. M., Express, 4.2., P. M., Way Train, 6.45, P. M., Express, 8.25, P. M., Express
TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE
Leave Chester at 8.37, A. M., 1.40 and 11.50 P. M
" Wilmington at 8.13, 9.40, A. M., 2.25, 5.02 and 12.25, P. M.
FREIGHT TRAIN with passenger car attached will leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate stations at 7.30, P. M.
H. F. HENNEY,
Feb 25-6mo Superintendent

DRY GOODS
AND
TRIMMINGS
SELLING AT
REDUCED PRICES.
MRS S SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
which will be sold at the lowest cash prices
Shrouding flannel cambrics etc
BALMORALS AND HOOP SKIRTS.
Hosiery Gloves etc Gentlemen's furnishing Goods Also Boots shoes and Waiters Aprons always on hand Ladies ready made clothing
N B A large assortment of fancy articles to suit [illegible]
S SHORTER HAWKINS,
613 Lombard Street Philada
Mar 4 6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR
Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN D C
No 1 Year
ONE PRICE CLOTHING
JONES'
ONE PRICE
CLOTHING HOUSE,
604 Market Street,
[illegible]
JONES
604 Market street,
One Door S [illegible]

OLIVE BRANCH
BOARDING HOUSE,
No. 814 Lombard Street Phila.
Mrs H M Clapper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first class
BOARDING HOUSE
for their special accommodation, in a central (to business or churches part of the city as a quiet retired where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M BENNETT.
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO. 408 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,
Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Diseases, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup Gravel Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors
The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrup alone are used by her She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.
NOTICE.
To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia
This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.
We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause
(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 616 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH E. BUSTILL.
WIG MAKERS,
HAIR JEWELLERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,
No. 403 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.
WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED
Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.
BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.
Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.
Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.
BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.
A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff preventing premature baldness restoring soiled garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, Tetter, &c.
HAIR BOUGHT.
Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale. sep 24-tf

NOTICE.
LEBANON CEMETERY.
All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds, will please call upon Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, so he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full satisfaction will be given in the whole matter jan—6mo
(Signed) J. ASHER.

Agents, come and Examine
AN INVENTION
Urgently needed by everybody or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which sells for $5 easily, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.
Feb 11—1yr

Cupping, Leeching & BLEEDING
ATTENDED TO BY
NATHANIEL L. DURHAM,
911½ CHRISTIAN STREET,
Also Solicitor for "Security Life Insurance Company"
Jan 7 No 6-1y

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST."
REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,
NO 615 & 617 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Where you will find skilful hands, who use superior instruments, and have the advantage of a well arranged light
☞ Pictures are made all sizes; from a Carte de Visite to a life size in oil, at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody Pictures are made life size from small Ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes. 1y

W R DECORDOVER'S
PERIODICAL DEPOT,
113 South Seventh Street, Philada
New York Ledger, Anglo African, Harper's Books, &c., for sale
Daily and Weekly papers always on hand.
ALSO STATIONERY
e2-3f

JAMES C. CLARK, M. D.
(Eclectic.)
No. 618 Pine Street Philadelphia, Pennsylv'a.
OFFICE HOURS
[illegible] A M
[illegible] M PHILADELPHIA
[illegible] M
Can be consulted at the above hours on the diseases of Women, and all other diseases without the use of [illegible] operations

Poetry.

WAITING.

BY ETTA A. ——.

Oh, softly wafted over
The Stygian wave, if power to me were given
To sing in numbers never sung before,
How would my soul, in passionate outpouring,
The eternal source of love and song adore.

A little of God's fire is dimly burning,
Within the temple of my human heart;
A little, but enough, with feverish yearning,
To kindle dreams that ever crowd and start,
That cannot leave me, but must stay forever,
Too closely blended with my soul to part.

And still the dreamy, earthly years float o'er me,
And I but catch the echo of the songs,
That backward in the past, and on before me,
Drown all my life in music, which belongs
But to my Father, and His starry angels,
And to the land where tread the spirit throngs.

Yet all unsatisfied, my earthly being
Would bathe, and float forever on the wings
Of a Divine ethereal breath, and seeing,
With deep soul-vision, hidden earthly things,
Exult forever in the power of bringing
Immortal draughts from Truth's immortal springs.

And so, now glad, now sad, I dream and wander,
Along the banks where bloom the asphodels,
While a harp, hanging on the deathless willows
That gird the strand where glory's pæon swells,
Awaits for me, till I have passed forever,
From earthly sound of weeping and farewells,

—*Rochester, Pa.*

The Family.

CHILDREN, WE HAVE MET.

BY THE REV. DEED ELSE.

SALLIE PRIDE.

Miss Pride is a very genteel and respectable lady, whom you would recognize, should you chance to meet her, more by her *walk* than by her conversation. And you would soon come to know her children by their resemblance to their parent. The lilies of the field are beautifully clad, for God hath so clothed them. The Pride family, however, have clothed themselves, with the assistance of certain milliners and others And upon the whole I believe I prefer the lilies The latter are beautiful for what they are by nature, the former for what they are by art. And it has been positively settled a long time ago, that it takes more than dress to make a boy manly or a girl pretty.

Miss Sallie Pride is the eldest of this rising family, and she is wondrous like her mother We cannot tell exactly what she thinks, but one thing is sure, that she appears to be constantly engaged in admiring herself, and inspecting her precious looks. It seems very much as if she were thinking that she was a little the nicest girl in the list of her acquaintance. Perhaps she is. But her thinking so does not make it so, by a great deal.

See her on the way to school. How primly and carefully she walks, with a lofty air and a self-satisfied expression, as if the brick pavement were not quite good enough for her, but ought to turn to marble beneath her feet. And so she picks her way along as if she were made of gold dust, and all the rest of us but common clay earth worked up into kitchen crockery She does not like to be called conceited; but there is something about her manner that tells a pretty sure tale, and makes people think a great deal more than they are willing to speak.

The peacock is a very showy bird on a fair day when there has been no rain. Yet there is something about it which makes boys particularly fond of shying stones and sticks at it, especially when it spreads its wonderful fly-brush with all the eyes around the edge. So there is something in human nature which makes almost every body feel like throwing harmless stones, or speaking jesting words about those people, little or large, who seem fond of spreading their peculiar attractions out for universal gaze.

There are *human*, as well as *bird* peacocks. And chickens of both kinds are plenty. Miss Sallie Pride is very much like one of these. It is remarkable how soon the nature of a bird or a child develops itself; how soon their natural traits begin to appear.

We are making these sketches especially for the eyes of parents. For we think the children are not much to blame, especially if, instead of being corrected for their faults and taught better, they are encouraged in them. And there are many things which tend to render this encouragement, given innocently or thoughtlessly by the parents. The very love for the child, admiration for it, and pleasure arising from its cunning ways, are very deceitful in their efforts upon the hearts and actions of parents.

But the results in the course of the child's development are unmistakable. Now, Mrs. Pride, from the days of her children's cradle-hood, has been very successfully educating them into this peacockism. Not content with having a mother-admiration for them, she has not been wise enough to suppress the constant expression of it in looks, and acts, and words. She has been telling them how sweet, and pretty, and lovely, and charming they are—like little angels. She has dressed them up as nearly like to Chinese cherubs as she could. She has paraded them before every visitor and neighbor, and exhibited them in the street, until they are as well known to every body as the village postmaster. Whatever smart thing they may have ever said or done is remarked and applauded at the time, and laughed over before their faces. And their wit is repeated again before them, and their smart ways described and imitated, while the children look on in admiration, thinking what wonderful beings they are. Brothers and sisters participate in these exercises of this mutual admiration family, and assist in this effective education.

Is it any wonder that the dear children grow up with a steadily developing self-esteem and pride, and vanity under all this pressure from without? How can they help themselves? They are under a pleasing but merciless system of instruction, which is driving them on in a way and to an end which they are too young to appreciate, and their friends too short-sighted to foresee

It is said that when Washington returned to his home after the war, with the applause of a grateful nation his mother, greeting him with great affection, merely remarked how changed was his appearance. And being congratulated by friends upon his eminence, she only replied that he had always been an obedient son. Mrs. Pride would probably have told her son that he was the greatest and most glorious person who had ever lived, and that she was now ready to die, and all that.

Now, all this hot-house development will bring a child forward wonderfully. But *morally*, at least, such children die young. Their modesty and humility, and quiet graces all expire; and we have left a bold, flaunting, premature child, putting on grown folks' airs, and wanting to be a man or woman without ever having been a youth.

This is just Miss Sallie Pride, sailing about in all her glory, exceedingly agreeable to herself, but affected, and spoiled, and [illegible] self-esteem makes her absence more desirable than her company to the rest of folks. What a pity it is that the sweet [illegible] should so often prove as snares and temptations to the ever-watchful [illegible] and child thus finally ruin their [illegible] naturally, they are beautiful. Now it is simply a *weakness* of mind not [illegible] sin for parents thus to live way to their [illegible] worthy children, and thereby [illegible] permanent [illegible] detriment to the character present and [illegible] those who are [illegible] friendship and [illegible] parents will do well to ponder. [illegible] *Times*

A FATHER of a family should be kind and liberal and not deep-minding, that is no care that he may be able to spare for money, peace make friends.—*Leather*

Child's Cabinet.

BESSIE'S MOSS PICTURE.

Little Bessie was never well. She would not run about and play like the other little girls she knew, but sat all day in her old-fashioned rocking-chair, cushioned as comfortably as her mother could do it. She had a table before her which was placed beside a pleasant sunny window, and the few little toys and comforts she possessed were always within easy reach. She learned to knit and crochet beautifully and earned a good many pennies in that way for her widowed mother.

A party of little girls were spending an afternoon in rambling through the fine old woods which stretched away south of the village. They were as gay and happy a little company as one would wish to see, and their clear, ringing laugh and bounding steps startled many a little eye-bright flitting about in his leafy nooks They gathered the few beech nuts and hickory-nuts which the first frost had scattered, and each filled her little basket with bright-green mosses and the ever green of the partridge berry gemmed with its coral beads

How nice it would be to carry little Bessie some of these pretty mosses!" said Hetty Baker, a thoughtful kind-hearted girl. "She can never run about and have such nice times as we do here in the woods. She does not even know what it is like."

The children entered heartily into the plan, and set to work forthwith to collect the emerald treasures.

"O, see what a pretty tuft!" said Mary "One would think the fairies drank out of these tiny crimson cups. That shall be Bessie's; it's the prettiest I have seen to-day. And here is some tall feathery moss which looks like little pine trees. Wouldn't it be nice to arrange all of them in a shallow box with a little rich earth at the bottom? then they would grow and keep fresh a long time, if she sprinkled water over them. My cousin used to arrange them beautifully She cut little bits of chalk out for houses, and made hills and mountains, and woods out of her moss, and little villages out of the chalk houses, and rivers and lakes out of isinglass Do let us make something of the kind for Bessie."

"I can get a nice cheese box lid; will that answer to put them in?" said little Katy Payne.

"The very thing, Katy-did," said Charlotte "Now, your home is so near, darling, don't you think you could run and get it, and let us arrange the moss out here beside this little brook? It is so pleasant, and we are all together. One of the big girls will go with you"

Little Katy-did's tiny feet were quickly dancing over the soft turf of the shady lane with Lucy Andrews by her side, both glad to have any commission that would help to make another happier. In ten minutes' time they were back again, and a company of busy bees gathered in eager consultation over the important business of the hour. First of all, the rich black mould was chosen and spread over the bottom of the box an inch deep; then followed a great deal of planning and discussing about the best method of arranging the miniature garden

"Don't you think, after all," said Lucy Strong, "that we had better lay in the prettiest mosses nicely and take them to Bessie, and let her fix them up for herself? It would give her something pleasant to do, and the days are so long to her. She told me so when I took my last Museum down for her to read."

"I think Lucy is right," said Charlotte. "It would give her more pleasure, and one that would last longer. I could make a little sketch of such a moss-garden as I saw once and she could get the idea from that. We will take her a box of this white sand and a handful or two of the tiniest pebbles we can find by the brook to make her paths of. I will tell her all I know about it, and she is so good a hand at contriving I know she will make it look beautiful."

How pleased little Bessie was when the girls stopped at the cottage with their burden and deposited it on her table! How cheering to eyes which saw so little of the beautiful earth were these bright-green mosses, so soft and velvet-like! She felt that she should never grow tired looking them over and watching their growth. But when Charlotte sat down and told her about the little fairy-garden she once saw, and gave her directions about laying out her small plat of ground in a similar manner, she was in a fever of excitement to begin that very evening.

"I will make a little picture like the one I saw and bring it to you to-morrow, Bessie; and I can get some nice pieces of mica at the stone-mason's"

Bessie thanked them all from the depths of her little lonely heart. It was so sweet to be remembered by strong, healthy girls, who could run about and had so much to occupy their time and thoughts. Did you ever think what a pleasure such little attentions give to the feeble, to little children, and to old people? Do not be sparing of them as you go through the world, when they are so easy to give

Bright and early the next morning Bessie set herself to work at her pleasant task. Lottie had been as good as her word, and brought her the little pencil-sketch, quite neatly executed, and some thin plates of mica and a few little silvery shells She showed her how the mica could be divided and subdivided and cut into any shape with the scissors. How much disappointment might have resulted from the little girl's failure to keep her promise! So many children I have known are forgetful of such things. Indeed, they get in the habit of it, so that those who are acquainted with them learn to place little reliance on their word.

"I will begin with this left-hand corner," said Bessie, "just as I do in drawing; then my hand will not injure the work as I go along. Let me see, mother, wouldn't you put a forest of three tall mosses in that corner?" and she pointed to the north-west [illegible]

Mother looked up from the work she was busting together and pleasantly approved of her plan She had a dear, loving mother, who always delighted in seeing her child happy It always doubled her pleasure to have them shared by such a sympathizing heart. It is very true that "it takes two pair of eyes to see any thing to advantage."

[illegible] row of hills or mountains was raised to join on to it Brother Lewis cracked up some white pebbles and various darker ones for he got some straight, smooth edges which Bessie took much time in arranging into cliffs and precipices, putting tiny tufts of moss about them, giving them a very beautiful appearance. Here was a little village which she promised to lay out at her leisure [illegible] A pretty pure wound along through the centre of the little land-scape, the base being fine white sand, and this thin plates of mica laid upon it made a very good representation of water. The [illegible] of the moss was then the rest of the ground, and the banks were gently sloping and emerald green except where a shining bit of pebble made a portion looking cliff

"I'll cut out a little boat and we can sail it some summer for that river," said Lewis as he looked from school. "It's the prettiest picture I ever [illegible]

[illegible] picture"

[illegible]

In the [illegible] of Bessie's pictures was [illegible] the pencil the [illegible] of the mica and [illegible] from [illegible] water [illegible] cascade with a [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] down to the [illegible] [illegible] was a [illegible] pebbles formed [illegible] the garden fence. The house itself was the work of time and patience Mother's ready scissors [illegible] out of white card-board and setting it firmly in [illegible] A little [illegible] from Lottie's bag of [illegible]

"Let us make a water-fall here in the river, if we can," said Bessie. "O, wouldn't that be lovely!"

So she went to work patiently, experimenting over it till she had it fixed pretty much to her mind. She was constantly making improvements and additions to her work, and it proved a more powerful panacea for her pain than any of the doctor's medicines.

"Just what she needed, said the good physician kindly, as he laid his hand on her head, silver-printing warmly her handiwork, something to interest her mind and take it off from herself It is better than medicine I shall look forward to the day when you can skip about and gather the mosses for yourself, little Bessie I think you have gained in strength considerably this fall"

It was delightful to hear him speak so encouragingly, and Bessie's gentle blue eyes thanked him most feelingly. People came from far and near to look at and admire Bessie's picture, and many were the little comforts and conveniences which found their way to the poor cottage that Winter. People had known and thought but little of the unobtrusive widow who was working so hard to maintain comfortably her two fatherless children One kind hearted old lady, who was passionately fond of flowers, fell quite in love with little Bessie and her pretty moss landscape. She set up one herself on a large scale, and had all the little school-girls out collecting her mosses for her, giving them a fine tea party in return for it. A basket of the choicest delicacies was sent to little Bessie, as she was not well enough to join with them. It was not every day she eat such delicate rolls and sponge cake, such delicious honey and amber and crimson jellies, with substantial chicken and oysters Lewis and she had often sat down to a supper of potatoes and salt and never thought of complaining, because they knew it was the best their mother could afford. The old lady did not rest till she had procured for Bessie one of the easiest cushioned wheeled chairs that could be got for money, and a blessing indeed it proved to the little girl. Half her helplessness seemed gone, now she could go about the rooms and help herself when she wished any thing.

When the tedious Winter days came the little garden was a double pleasure. There was no green thing to be seen, and it was so delightful to have this spot of verdure to rest the eye upon. It always spoke to Bessie's heart of the love of our Heavenly Father in providing such a beautiful covering for the earth, and in caring for every tiny spear and tuft.

"Poor Mungo Park's heart was wonderfully cheered by a little tuft of such moss as this once on a lonely African wild," said her mother as she sat busily stitching "He had just given up in despair, and felt that there was no way out of the terrible position in which he was placed. He must fall a victim to savage beasts, or still more savage men. Just at that moment his eye fell on a speck of blooming moss no larger than the end of his finger, yet its beauty and vigor made a deep impression on his mind. 'Will God take such care of a little plant away here in this wilderness, and will he forget me?' he thought. From that moment he took courage and started bravely forward once more, and he found that his faith was not deemed to disappointment.

"Are mosses of any use, mother?" asked Bessie, as she buried herself with a crochet-needle over a dainty collar from "grandma Lacy."

"Yes, my dear, every thing is of use that God has made, though we cannot always tell what The soft green moss flourishes best in the Winter, and no doubt cover up warm and snug ten thousand little germs and roots of vegetable life which come forth with the Spring-time in new beauty. Then there are many mosses which spring up on bare old rocks where only a moss could find any food. As the years roll on, the little moss dies and moulders away, and thus a base of soil is formed in which some hardier plants may thrive And so as time moves on the once bald rock is covered with verdure.—Away in Ireland the swamp-mosses have grown and decayed for centuries, till they have formed regular mines of fuel for the poor people. A great many hearths would be cold through the hard Winters, if it were not for these peat beds which God has so kindly provided. The little birds would be quite at loss for a foundation for their pretty nests, if there were not such an abundance of this material always at hand More important still, I have read that a certain kind of moss is used for beds by the Esquimaux, and is quite indispensable to them. Wherever God's creatures are placed, you see, he provides things for their comfort. This little box of mosses, though only so few feet in size, has furnished my little girl with many days and hours of enjoyment I am sure she can readily appreciate the use that they have been," said mother, as she arose and put away her work preparatory to providing their evening meal. Bessie's eyes and lips spoke back an answering smile as she kissed the loving face which bent over her.—*Ladie's Repository*

Miscellany.

POWER OF HUMBUG.

An individual who owned a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, the scene of the last great action of Napoleon, was frequently questioned as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle, and he as invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with:

"Well, then, make some relics yourself. Make some relics."

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down on that chair."

Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and inquiring for relics, was told the chair story The chair was bought at an incredible price The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink and the "Wellington tumbler" was accordingly sold The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung up his hat The fourth purchased the door posts between which he had entered, and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor upon which he had trodden

At the last advices the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit formed by selling the earth upon which the house stood.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC GRIN.

Many of us have often remarked how differ- [illegible] they do in real life. Under the above caption, [illegible] the matter and treats the subject very readably [illegible]

In turning over the leaves of an album we [illegible] different [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 3, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 22.—New Series. Whole No. 231.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern or subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder" Box No. 2015, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E Weaver, No 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2015, Philadelphia.

TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper.—six months, for six dollars paper included, three months, four dollars,—one month, $1 50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference,	REV	B. T. TANNER
Philadelphia "	"	A. L. STANFORD.
New York "	"	L. PATTERSON.
New England "	"	W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio "	"	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana "	"	ÆNOS McINTOSH.
Missouri "	"	M M CLARK.
California "	"	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

ELREY'S VERSION OF LIFE.

I wandered up and down the vast extent
Of Nature's realm. Ambrosial twigs, bedeck'd
With thornless roses, reared their fragile forms
Till there was not a space in all the
Amorphous plain. I saw an eminence
Whose height pierced the azure dome, and about
Its base a limpid stream encircled its circumference.
I beheld the plain, the ambrosial twigs
And verdure; the eminence, the stream
I crossed the stream; and when I stepped within its
Vitreous flood, the hand of time reversed
Its action! The vision of the stream changed.
A mirror, vast and wide, reflected to
My visionary mind a youth! I saw
The image of a man, weary and old
With service, to whom life's burden was a
Curse—whose silvered locks and furrowed brow told
Him—" Yet a little while, and earth shall claim
Thee back again " And a voice spoke—" Him whom
Thou now beholdest is the image of
Thy former self." I reached the eminence,
And gained its summit. I looked—and lo! a
Man approached and clasped me in his embrace!
He spoke: "The landscape which thou beholdest
Is infancy, the stream is youth, the tall
And towering eminence on which thou
Stand'st is manhood in its glory. Now turn
And view the prospect on the other side."
I turned—and lo! a dizzy precipice
Which caused my brain to grow vertiginous!
A steep descent, at whose base the same stream
Flowed, but clog'd, congealed.
The depth was now so great, that thousands who
Did make the passage of the stream, looked but
A moving congeries. I saw an infant
Famish in the shapeless plain, culling the
Ambrosial flowers—bedecking his infant
Head with wreaths of rose and jessamine, which
Did but droop and wither; and their odor
Died, while the tender leaves loos'd from their
Stem, and fled before the zephyrs to the
Stream. The infant form advanced, with smiling
Countenance, and grew in stature—and still
He culled the rose. The zephyrs caught his graceful
Laugh, and bore it up till it resounded
In the azure vaults of heaven. At length
He too had reached the stream. The garb of feeble
Infancy was lost, and youth placed on his
Brow his golden diadem.
Within the stream he stepped, his gaze fixed on
The towering eminence. Ambition
Seized and filled each channel of this being.
Upon a jutted rock, he seized that rose
From out the base, and, with energetic
Action, straining each nerve, began the steep
Ascivity. Aridious youth, still
Up, nor paused to inspire the atmospheric
Void. His animation knew no bounds, as
Up the steep ascivity he strode. A
Change! Youth deserts her native element,
And manhood reigns upon his throne. Thus on,
Still on, and upward, prosperity's
Declivious turn was near. The summit of
The towering height was gained, and he now
Stood panting 'neath the load of honors fame
Had crowned him with. Yes! yes! prosperity's
Declivious turn had come! He knew it not,
Nor cared to know. He who fame's imperial
Height had climb'd, and sat upon her brow, with
Folded arms, dream'd not that, in all life's extent,
Prosperity hath its purlieu.
The scene changed! The infant form that I had
Seen in the amorphous plain, who afterward
Became a youth, and then a man, stood not
With spine erect, as formerly—nor was with
Ambition's flush upon his cheek; but with
Spine curvatured. And on ambition's throne
Sat age, with hollow'd cheek and furrowed brow.
Again the scene did change! I stood near by
The stream—the part which had become congeal'd;
And him whom I had seen in infancy,
In youth, mid-life, and then old age, came now
With flowing locks, whitened with the frost of
Years, with orbs sightless; his ears conceived
No sound,—he was deaf! and once where light had
Been, a dark void was, deep in th' extreme
And as wide as deep, and long as wide. He
Reached and clutched the gloomy emptiness—'twas
All that answered to his grasp. He grasped and
Felt, 'till he had stepp'd upon the bosom
Of the stream. His feeble form prostrated
In the congealed stream, his spirit fled to
Mingle with its kindred. Then I awoke—and
Lo! it was a dream!

RAYMOND.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. MIGHTY CHAMPION! FREEDOM'S SON!

We clip the following beautiful lines from the *Pacific Appeal*, which will prove interesting to our readers.—Ed.

Ajar thy gate, celestial dome;
Behold! angels and archangels guide
Reviver of a nation home!
Among the just, on time's continual change,
His name shall proudly move,
As pole-star of Republic's range.
Mighty champion, freedom's son.

Longevity denied by traitors' wild, malignant rage,
In midst of high, most noble deeds,
None have surpassed on history's page
Calm, comprehensive soul, whose kindness swayed
O'er tribes, o'er nations at their birth,
Love, charity and truth its fountain made,
Nations shall mourn his sad, untimely flight from earth.

Although new dead: shot down at night,
He left behind the ruling chart
To guide the world to right;
And from his dust there shall arise
Some valiant sons to grasp his creed with might,
And gain triumphantly the prize.

But hark! methink the nation's voices ring
With anger, mingled with contempt—
For retributive justice bring,
To crush the dire infatuated fiends.
Now tremble, leaders of rebellion's host,
And view the yawning we Pandora planned,
To ingulf you and your vaunted boast.

And now, Oh, ye sons of darker hue—most loyal hearts—
Droop ye, alarmed, for fear
His loss has spent your loyal part?
No, no; look up to Him whose spangled lights adorn
Yon vaulted heavens above;
He will surely break a brighter morn,
To crown the triumph of His love

PHILANTHROPIST.

California, April 22d, 1865.

Holy Ghost, my soul inspire!
Spirit of the Almighty Sire,
Spirit of the Son divine,
Comforter, Thy gifts be mine!

For the Christian Recorder.

SMITHFIELD CORRESPONDENCE.

Smithfield, N. C., May 18th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to give a sketch of our various changes. On Monday morning, April 13th, after being escorted through the streets to the wharf where we were to embark, by a large concourse of relatives and friends, all of whom we were obliged to bid farewell, some, perhaps, never to meet again until the final judgment, we left Baltimore for Annapolis But we were not intimidated, as we followed the star-spangled banner with the motto "Freedom or Death!"

We arrived at Annapolis at 3 o'clock, P. M., remained there about three days, when we had orders to march, whence we could not tell, but, on the evening of the third day's march, we found ourselves in Washington, where we were consolidated with the Ninth army corps, and consigned to the army of the Potomac

We followed this army through the seven days' battle of the Wilderness, and up to within fourteen miles of Richmond, where we faced to the left and crossed the James river, and on the 18th of June, found ourselves neatly intrenched at Petersburg We lay there subjected to the prejudice of the white troops, which had been created through the noble work done by General Butler's colored troops on the 16th, just two days before we arrived there.

We have learned to build forts, breastworks, &c., and had enough of it to do to keep us in practice, until the 30th of July, at which time the thirty ninth regiment, together with the Division, were thrown into that terrible conflict where so many brave sons of Africa were slain, and many others fell into the hands of the treacherous rebels, as prisoners. Whoever were the cause of that badly managed affair, may God judge them according to their deeds. In this conflict, Bro. Samuel Ferguson, who was known as the leader of the Sunday morning band, of Bethel church, Baltimore, was taken prisoner, and has since died of starvation, at Salisbury.

We remained about Petersburg all Summer; building forts and breastworks, and fighting occasionally, until Fall, at which time we were transferred to the Twenty-fifth army corps, which was composed of colored troops. This was just what we had been wishing for. And I tell you, Mr. Editor, it was a beautiful sight, to see some forty or fifty thousand colored soldiers stretched along the banks of the James. Here we hoped to be secure from the frowns and prejudices of the whites; but, unfortunately, when the expedition was fitted out to go to Fort Fisher, the Thirty-ninth was numbered in the colored division. Nevertheless, we went, thinking that we were only detached from the Twenty-fifth corps, but, to our great surprise, after we had been here in North Carolina some time, it was announced to us that we had been consolidated with the Tenth army corps, and transferred to the army of the Ohio This was rather sad news to us, having now been in three different armies and corps, but, notwithstanding, I expect to wear the badge of the Twenty-fifth corps as long as I live.

We are now lying at Smithfield. The entire division is placed along the Goldsborough and Charlottesville rail-road, from this to Goldsborough. The division comprises the following regiments, viz.: first, fifth, sixth, twenty-seventh, thirtieth, thirty-seventh, thirty-ninth and one hundred and seventh.

Smithfield is a very pleasant little town. I have held meetings here; the congregations being as respectable as you would wish to see. Preaching by a colored man was something new to them, as they informed me that I was the first they had ever heard. The colored people here have no church of their own, but I hope to see one organized before long There are several very respectable families here who were free before the rebellion, and who need education only to make them our equals The slaves were told by their owners that their prayers were so much more fervent and effectual than their own, that the Yankees came into the town in spite of all their efforts to prevent them. I am glad the rebels saw that the slave offering was accepted while their own, like Cain's, was rejected.

The health of the men composing the regiment is good, and the generality of them appear to have a mind to aspire to literature. A literary association has been organized, under the name of "the Hannibal Lyceum," with the theologian Greenberry B. Martin, as President, and the great orator James H Freeman, Vice President. I hope our northern lyceums will not laugh at our weak efforts. We have a desire to show our high appreciation for the cause if we can do nothing more.

NORMAN B. STERRETT,
U S Serg 36th U C I

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM XENIA.

Mr. Editor:—We are living in a day of revolution—a day when light is triumphing over darkness; truth over error, and freedom over slavery, and the clouds that dimmed our horizon are fading away.

I am pleased to announce the fact through the columns of your paper, that the colored citizens of Xenia are drinking freely of the spirit of liberty and elevation. This spirit was most fully demonstrated on the 14th of April—the day of rejoicing over the brilliant and glorious success of the Union army, and the downfall of the rebel capital.

The citizens, led on by E C Jackson and others, raised the first flag pole ever hoisted by colored citizens in this country, in token of their high appreciation of human liberty. And the patriotic and liberty-loving ladies—Mrs K Cary, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Warrie, Mrs Welles, and others—got up a most splendid and beautiful flag.

The pole and flag were raised on Main street, before Mr. Jackson's grocery store. From this pole was extended a rope to the opposite side of the street, to which the effigy of the rebel General Lee hung by the neck The colored citizens hung Lee, and the white citizens hung old Jeff Davis. But Jeff did not die, he has run away like a petty midnight despoiler of some peaceful hen roost or solitary chicken coop. Like Richard the III., in spite of all his bombast, we see this miserable dotard now fleeing, afraid from his own shadow. He is now a fugitive from justice for whose apprehension and return the sum of one hundred thousand dollars is offered as a reward. Now is the time to make for yourself a pile of green-backs.

While the imposing pole pointed up to heaven, the proud emblem of our nationality floated gayly and gracefully on the breeze, as if in stern defiance of traitors, and in honor of the dawn of freedom.

A large number of our citizens assembled around the flag-staff, as witnesses upon the occasion, at which time several gentlemen were called upon to speak. The Rev. McKendrick led off with a heart-stirring and patriotic speech suited to the times, and was followed by Elder Pratt, E D. Davis, and another most eloquent gentleman, whose name we cannot now recall to memory

The speeches gave life and spirit to the said occasion.

What a change! But a few years since, had the colored people attempted to raise a pole and hoist a flag indicative of their high appreciation of freedom, and given utterance to such patriotic sentiments as fell from their lips on this day, showers of stones and most unwelcome rotten eggs in bountiful profusion might have been expected from every direction, and even at a sacrifice of life. But God be ever praised for the change! His hand is in the work. Freedom is on the wing, and travelling in the greatness of its strength We will prepare for its reception, and give it a hearty welcome.

E. D. DAVIS.

Xenia, May 13th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

ST. LOUIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr Editor:—I suppose you, and the numerous readers of the *Recorder*, would like to hear how things are moving on in this part of Missouri I am here collecting money to rebuild our church in Indianapolis, Indiana. To-day, as I was passing down Fifth Street, as far as the corner of Fifth and Myrtle, I noticed a high brick wall, and six soldiers, with their guns, walking about it. I asked a man what that meant, and in reply, he said:

"Did you ever hear of Lynch's slave pen?"

"Yes," said I.

"That is it," said he. "Some five years ago, it was full of slaves for market But now the thing is changed, and it is full of rebel prisoners."

Then my soul praised the Lord for that change. Mr Editor, there is no more buying and selling of human beings as goods and chattels, in St Louis. There is no more parting asunder the husband and wife, the brother and sister, the babe and the heart-broken mother. O, no! this state of things is done away with for ever There is no more closing up of the colored people's churches, to keep them from Divine worship. No arresting colored people for coming into this State contrary to law Colored people are not arrested here for being out after ten o'clock at night. They are not prohibited from entering the city when they please so to do.

I must close by saying that the citizens here, both white and colored, are making preparations for a grand jubilee, over the surrender of Petersburg and Richmond. May the Lord of battles ever give success to our Union armies.

Most respectfully,
W J. Davis.

St. Louis, Mo.,
April 12, 1865.

This letter was detained by being mislaid. Editor.

For the Christian Recorder

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS JULIA C COLLINS

CHAPTER XV.

The Veiled Picture

In the soft, early twilight, Mrs Tracy and Claire sat hand in hand, For a long while neither spoke, but a subdued expression rested upon the face of each Mrs Tracy passed her hand caressingly over Claire's glossy braids, and murmured softly,

"Sweet Claire, you know not half how dear you are to me. I have learned to think I could not live, bereft of your presence. There is something in your voice and manner that draws me irresistibly towards you, and I hope you will never think of leaving me."

"Dear Mrs. Tracy," replied Claire, her sweet voice tremulous with emotion, "it would be unkind, as well as ungrateful, for me to leave you. I have no mother to care for me, no home where kind and loving friends impatiently endure my absence, and anxiously await my return. You have been kind, very kind to me, and I already love you as a dear mother, and you have taught me how great was my loss, in never knowing one whom I possessed a right to call by the blessed name of mother. You have been kind in allowing me to love you," and the proud Claire, who was cold and indifferent to all others, was weeping bitterly, her proud head pillowed upon Nellie Tracy's gentle breast, who talked in low, soft tones, tender and endearing words, until Claire was soothed and lay like a weary child for large tender eyes, with a shadow resting upon Mrs Tracy's pale, placid face.

"Claire, I will tell you of my married life. I have suffered, God alone knows how deeply. I could not confide my life history to an indifferent person, but with your kind, sensitive heart, I know you will sympathise with me."

Claire's eyes were full of interest and as Mrs Tracy proceeded, she drew instinctively nearer, her crimson lips apart, and the color deepening and fading from her cheeks. She was strangely interested in the fate of Richard and his slave bride. What was there in that history, and though it was, to make the blood thrill through her veins, and her heart to throb almost painfully. When Mrs Tracy finished speaking, Claire pressed her hand fondly and imprinted a warm kiss upon her white brow, which delicate manifestation fully expressed her beautiful sympathy.

"Claire, dear, you remind me, in a thousand ways, of my poor absent son. Your face, voice, and manner are so like his that I almost fancy he is speaking to me through you. It is a fond fancy perhaps, but I have dreamed that a nearer and stronger tie than mere friendship, bound us together. This strange resemblance first created my affection for you but I love you for yourself alone, since I have learned to know your gentle heart."

The two, so strangely yet strongly attached, conversed long. Claire repaid her friend's confidence by giving a history of her lonely and almost friendless childhood. Mrs. Tracy listened with breathless interest, and it was quite evident her thoughts were busy with the past.

"Stay with me always, Claire, and you shall never again sigh for a mother's love."

Gratefully the great, sad eyes were lifted to her face, and Claire murmured her thanks in a low tone After a pause, she said

"You spoke of Richard's picture. If you would only let me see it," and her voice was singularly pleading.

"I am pleased that I can gratify you," replied Mrs. Tracy. "The old library has been unopened for years, except when visited by myself. The picture is veiled. I have one of the boys, the other was unaccountably lost. But you can take mine. You must be careful not to be seen visiting the library by Col Tracy or any one of the servants. He has forbidden any one to visit the library, and should any of the negroes observe your visit, they would not fail to report the same to him, and he would be greatly displeased." Gentle Nellie Tracy stood somewhat in awe of her lordly husband. "If you are not timid, to-night, after all have retired, would be the best time. I always go about midnight, and if you desire it, I will go with you."

Claire was pleased, and thanked her. Together they sat, sometimes silent, sometimes conversing in low tones, until the great bell in an adjoining yard tolled the hour of twelve. Mrs. Tracy arose, handed Claire a small lamp, took a large key from a private drawer, and prepared to lead the way to the old library

Lightly they sped along the dark halls, streaked here and there by the pale yellow moonbeams Arriving at the door, they listened breathlessly, until assured they were unobserved, and then inserted the key The door was with difficulty unlocked, and swung back upon its hinges with a dull, grating sound Claire looked around with blanched face, and frightened air. Mrs. Tracy reassured her with a smile, that fell athwart the gloomy apartment like a ray of bright sunlight Mrs. Tracy closed and locked the door after them, and withdrawing the key, laid it on the heavy oaken desk The key once withdrawn, the little guard fell over the keyhole with a sharp click, totally excluding every ray of light from penetrating the great, rambling hall without.

Mrs Tracy drew aside the veil, and together they stood before the picture, that seemed lifelike and breathing, in the flickering, uncertain light of the small lamp The handsome face seemed to smile down serenely upon those two women, who gazed upon it with such deep emotion Claire's eyes were riveted upon that striking face. Eagerly she drank in its dark, noble beauty, with quivering lips and flushed cheeks. What awful mystery was it, at which she vainly clutched, and so vainly sought to unravel? Mrs Tracy gazed attentively upon the two faces, which seemed an exact counterpart of each other. Her eyes rested first upon her son and then upon the beautiful, trembling girl at her side. Claire turned, their eyes met. One earnest, searching glance, and they read each other's thoughts. Claire exclaimed, excitedly

"Mrs. Tracy, who am I? Oh, that face has haunted me in my dreams since my earliest recollection! Can it be that——?"

The sentence died upon her pale lips A cautious step was heard traversing the hall. Nearer, nearer, it came, and slowly approached the library door, and stopped. A key turned in the lock, the door swung heavily back, and the affrighted women stood face to face with Col Tracy, whose pale, haggard face bespoke great mental suffering. The trio gazed upon each other with equal consternation

[*To be continued next week*]

MEETING OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

We copy the following report of the proceedings of the above named Conference from the columns of the *Charleston Courier*. We are much pleased and gratified to know that the *Courier* has made such full and favorable notices of each day's proceedings. How much does this demonstrate the progress with which the world is moving onward! It shows that, after all, the black element is of great importance in this country

Our special thanks are due to Rev. James Lynch for sending us a copy of the report. May this kind brother's consideration be rewarded, and may success attend the efforts of [illegible] thren. Brother Lynch never forgets the noble Recorder.

SECOND DAY.

Conference met pursuant to adjournment at Zion a church, Calhoun street,—

Bishop D. A Payne presiding

Religious services by Rev R H. Cain

Charles Bradwell, of the Savannah Quarterly Conference, was admitted into the Itinerancy.

Wm. Bentley, James Hill, Glowster Taylor, N Murphy, Wm. Steward, Robert Taylor, R Vanderhost, John Graham, were admitted into the Conference as local preachers

Theophilus G. Steward, Jas. H A Johnson, Wm Bentley James Hill R Vanderhost I [illegible] Graham Wm Steward, were elected to Deacon's Orders.

Rev James Lynch offered the following preambles and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we have witnessed to a me[illegible] and have also been informed of the vast educational work in progress among the freedmen of the Department, carried on and sustained by Northern charity,

Resolved, That we express our high regard for the Christian agencies engaged in this great work, and commend them to the confidence of our people

Resolved, That we, as ministers, co-operate with the teachers, when necessary, and encourage by our influence those engaged in this glorious work

Resolved, That our grateful acknowledgment be tendered to the American Missionary Association and N R F. Association for the aid they have granted to our missionaries

After the transaction of other miscellaneous business, Conference adjourned to meet the next morning at ten o'clock.

THIRD DAY

The Conference met pursuant to adjournment Bp. D A Payne in the Chair

The roll was called and the Minutes read and approved

Rev. Jas Lynch, Chairman of the Committee on Missions, reported the following:

[illegible] was stated that certain members of the Conference were elected to Elder's orders It should have read, "Deacon's orders."

FOURTH DAY

Conference met pursuant to adjournment, at 10 o'clock, Bishop D. A. Payne, D. D., in the chair The Conference spent the first hour in prayer

After the transaction of some miscellaneous business, Rev. James A. Handy offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, We have learned with deep regret of the assassination of the President of the United States, A Lincoln, by that fiend in human shape, J. W. Booth, under the most foul and treacherous circumstances wherever civilization has reigned, and as this untimely death of the nation's head has cast a deep gloom over our entire country,

And Whereas, This assassination may be truly termed the last, yet the most bitter, the most secret effort of treason and rebellion to subvert the principles of Free Government, to sever the unity of our common country—perpetuate the hideous crime of negro slavery, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of A. Lincoln, the country has lost a true patriot, a great, good and wise man a righteous Executive and our people a true friend and emancipator and second whose name shall ever cluster our dearest considerations and warmest feelings.

Resolved That we, a part of the Christian Church, bow to this great national calamity, as we trust God will overrule for good

Resolved, That we pledge our comfort, homes, lives and sacred honor, if need be, to the support of the President, A Johnson, and the Government of the United States

Rev James Lynch arose to second the resolutions, and said:

Again we recur to the sad event that but a few days ago spread deep gloom over the people of this Department, and of the whole United States. While [illegible] as loyalty itself, it might not be in good taste to make comparisons of the sad effects of the sad intelligence in different sections, but the circumstances by which the freedmen [illegible] were surrounded at that time [illegible] the government, had caused them to hold for Mr. Lincoln a reverence next to that felt for the blessed Saviour. They had viewed him as divinely appointed, protected and inspired, and with aching hearts they cried unto God, "How couldst thou suffer this to come to pass?"

Mr. Lincoln had led them through the red sea of blood to freedom—the wilderness of uncertainty of the nation's future had been almost passed, and he stood on the sublime height of [illegible] South, where the harvest should hide the Accidense of war—where every man should be free, and loyal hearts and intelligent minds should build up the nation's greatness, and every epoch of [illegible] the world. His shod blood sealed the covenant of the nation with the colored man, and henceforth, when [illegible] the starry standard, the blood of Abraham Lincoln will speak His name is immortal. his patriot, bard, and minstrel will catch up the glowing theme and send it echoing along the archways of time.

Resolved, That in the death of A. Lincoln, the country has lost a true patriot, a great, good and wise man a righteous Executive and our people a true friend and emancipator and second whose name shall ever cluster our dearest considerations and warmest feelings.

Resolved That we, a part of the Christian Church, bow to this great national calamity, as we trust God will overrule for good

Resolved, That we pledge our comfort, homes, lives and sacred honor, if need be, to the support of the President, A Johnson, and the Government of the United States

Rev James Lynch arose to second the resolutions, and said:

Again we recur to the sad event that but a few days ago spread deep gloom over the people of this Department, and of the whole United States. While [illegible] as loyalty itself, it might not be in good taste to make comparisons of the sad effects of the sad intelligence in different sections, but the circumstances by which the freedmen [illegible] were surrounded at that time [illegible] the government, had caused them to hold for Mr. Lincoln a reverence next to that felt for the blessed Saviour. They had viewed him as divinely appointed, protected and inspired, and with aching hearts they cried unto God, "How couldst thou suffer this to come to pass?"

Mr. Lincoln had led them through the red sea of blood to freedom—the wilderness of uncertainty of the nation's future had been almost passed, and he stood on the sublime height of [illegible] South, where the harvest should hide the Accidense of war—where every man should be free, and loyal hearts and intelligent minds should build up the nation's greatness, and every epoch of [illegible] the world. His shod blood sealed the covenant of the nation with the colored man, and henceforth, when [illegible] the starry standard, the blood of Abraham Lincoln will speak His name is immortal. his patriot, bard, and minstrel will catch up the glowing theme and send it echoing along the archways of time.

Resolved, That this first Annual Conference of South Carolina make an expression on these questions, for the satisfaction of all parties.

Resolved, That this Conference learns with deep regret, that such an opinion has gained existence in this community, that we entertain any prejudice on account of color; and we do denounce any such imputation as wicked and malicious [illegible] unwarranted by any [illegible] Christ [illegible]

Resolved, That we believe [illegible] what [illegible] other [illegible] have ever maintained, that ours is a Church without distinction of color—accepting gladly all men who believe in Christ, and work for the elevation of our race.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference, that [illegible] States will guarantee [illegible] the enjoyment of their property [illegible] citizens in the [illegible]

Resolved, That we believe [illegible] church [illegible] and they have [illegible]

Speaking very highly upon these frequently [illegible] men learning to think and to act. He declared that the government was willing to protect the rights of colored men as it had the white man.

Rev. M. M. Lee [illegible] were to elevate our people than any other agency in this land. It extended from the Canadas to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific

Bishop D A Payne [illegible] with his characteristic dignity and [illegible] concerning the origin and [illegible] of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He explained that it was not for the purpose of separating colored men from white men that the African Methodist Episcopal Church was formed, men, who could and [illegible] and who [illegible] could worship at a common altar, the African M. E. Church and the M E Church would be an [illegible] that God may [illegible] that colored man could be [illegible] who conducted [illegible] pew, and submit to [illegible] in the house of God

In the M E Church which he loved, revered and had warm personal friends, colored members were not permitted to worship on terms of equality with the whites; in the [illegible] some places in New England, where colored men were few in number. He said there must be no controversy on this matter, he should never cease, but simply exercise his high mission by planting missionaries [illegible] wherever they were needed, and pleasing as best he knew for the evangelization of his race, giving a brother's hand to any who differed in the mode of doing, but were resolved to labor for God and humanity. The Bishop spoke at length, and as the words, so sweetly and meekly spoken, fell from his oracular lips, the solemn silence that pervaded the house was oppressive

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Four o'clock in the afternoon the following preachers were ordained deacons

James H A Johnson, Theophilus G Steward, William Bentley, James Hill, William Steward, R Vanderhost.

The ordination sermon preceding the ceremony was preached by Rev. James A Handy. He gave a lucid exposition of the duties of a minister and effectively spoke [illegible] of a faithful performance

Conference adjourned to meet on Friday morning at ten o'clock

FIFTH DAY

The Conference met, pursuant to adjournment

Bishop D A Payne in the Chair

Religious services by Rev James Hall

The minutes of the preceding session were read and approved

On motion of Rev James Lynch it was resolved that a Conference Missionary Society be established and a committee of three be appointed to draft a Constitution

Mr. Lynch urged this on the ground of the necessity of the colored people becoming self sustaining as soon as possible He said this, every three must have a beginning, and he planned efforts should now be [illegible] the support of the Gospel The resolution was passed

On motion of Rev R H Cain a Literary and Scientific Society was established, and a committee of three appointed [illegible]

On motion of Rev James A Handy a Preachers' Aid Society was established [illegible] a committee of three appointed [illegible]

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered by Rev. James A. Handy and adopted [illegible] of the South Carolina Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church:

Whereas the first half century of the existence of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be consummated on the 18th of April, 1866, and whereas, it is important that the South Carolina Conference should celebrate this the fiftieth anniversary [illegible] Christian [illegible] Annual Conference [illegible] to celebrate this great day, by the appointment of a committee to make suitable arrangements therefor,

Resolved, That this Conference join our sister Conferences in this celebration.

Resolved, That the Chairman be and is hereby [illegible] with the committees of the Baltimore Annual Conference, and to make the arrangements within the bounds of this Conference.

Rev. Jas Lynch, missionary to the department of the South, offered for ordination as Local Deacon, Wm. Gaines, who had been for over four years a local preacher

He remarked that Wm Gaines' case would prove an exception to the custom which requires an examination of the candidate for ordination [illegible] that provision be made for the examination of the candidate after the adjournment of Conference, as he was necessarily absent at this time He was elected to the Diaconate.

The Bishop took occasion to [illegible] the [illegible] Conference

Rev James Lynch submitted the following, which was adopted:

[illegible] bounds of the Conference, which was adopted:

Union A M E Church, (formerly Andrew Chapel,) and Wesley Chapel, to constitute the Savannah City Station

Charleston, South Carolina, the Charleston City station.

Raleigh and Wilmington each to constitute Stations.

Hilton Head, St. Simon's and St Catharine's Islands to constitute the Hilton Head [illegible]

Beaufort city, Hall way House, Ladies Island and St. Helena to constitute the Beaufort River Circuit

Edisto Island to [illegible] the Edisto Circuit

John's and [illegible] Island the [illegible] Circuit

Georgetown, South Carolina, to constitute the Georgetown Circuit

[illegible] Conference [illegible] take the [illegible] Conference

Missionary [illegible] the [illegible] and are to [illegible] North and [illegible]

SIXTH DAY

Savannah city Station.
Charleston city Station
Wilmington city Station

Raleigh city Station
Hilton Head Circuit
Beaufort River Circuit
Edisto Island Circuit
Cooper River Circuit
Goldsboro' Circuit.

An ordination of two of the Preachers as Elders will take place at Trinity church, Sabbath next, at 10½ o'clock A M. The ordination [illegible] by the Bishop Payne, D D.

[illegible] by the ministers of the Conference in the afternoon and evening, at the different churches where colored congregations worship, on Sabbath next.

Major M R Delany, U S A., lectured to a large audience at Zion church, yesterday afternoon

A report of the lecture will appear in our next

Conference [illegible] Rev. Mr Lynch a vote of thanks [illegible] the Major and a copy requested

[illegible] Major [illegible] a sprinkling [illegible] Major [illegible] features was [illegible] Major and one Captain

Never was greater remedies displayed by the colored race in the work of their development [illegible] and the most hopeful [illegible] of the freedmen.

HOW SHALL COLORED CITIZENS GET THE RIGHT TO VOTE?

We [illegible] will [illegible] editorial from [illegible] and hope all of our readers can peruse it.

It is generally admitted among thoughtful and patriotic men that the principles of justice and the general safety require the extension of colored citizens to the right of suffrage on the same terms and [illegible] the [illegible] to it at all, it is obviously best that it should be done at once, in the very outset of the work of reconstruction And [illegible] that it should be [illegible] so as to prevent vexatious delays and [illegible] the mode of a law. [illegible] We have not seen the way [illegible] to the point from which this very desirable [illegible] to be effected in practice. Perhaps [illegible] may aid [illegible] upon the question.

It is conceded on all hands that the states recently [illegible] have now no legitimate government. [illegible] to be [illegible] the Union, but the governments [illegible] are illegal and the only legitimate [illegible] are those of military rule

It is conceded that the governments of these states [illegible] United States Government has the right of conquest by the law of nations, and also the right of civil justice as the supreme government of the country, bound to see the laws of the land [illegible]

Great and difficult emergencies call for the exercise of great and unusual powers, and these are to be sought in the law of nature, of nations, and of the Constitution, any or all. He is the statesman of a great occasion who is not hampered by mere usage, bigotry, or narrow technicality [illegible] to find a mean of the whole hunting after a precedent by which to carry it. The expedient must be new, but it must be conformable to some law, or as to satisfy reasonable minds.

[illegible] the question to look to in the letter of the constitution as to the powers adequate to the [illegible] The constitution of time a government and this government thereupon becomes [illegible] of all the executive powers inherent in [illegible] as far as it is [illegible] by the [illegible] of the constitution was framed after the state governments were in existence, and therefore regulated the right of suffrage by the state constitutions and state laws. But now that these state constitutions are superseded by the conquest [illegible] the right of the conquering power to prescribe the method of reconstructing civil government. It is not a violation of the constitution, but meets a case which is not provided for by the constitution. It is extra-[illegible] Congressional action

The right is [illegible] to keep as near as possible to the [illegible] and letter of the constitution. The powers not conceded to the national government are expressly reserved to the states or the people thereof. In the case the states are in the supposed case, to [illegible] their governments are the [illegible] to be [illegible] The right of [illegible] to the legal [illegible] of the state so far as the constitution is concerned, that is to the whole people recognized by the United States without distinction of color, to the [illegible] power, hold the [illegible] to be [illegible] and how [illegible] to reconstruct a [illegible] and to prescribe the time and mode of action. There being no state authorities to originate the process of election, it must [illegible] the [illegible] regulated action of the people, as under regulations of the conquering power. Without the consent and approval of the United States, it is impossible for the people to act at all, because they cannot get together to hold meetings except by such consent. It is more orderly and regular, as well as more [illegible] that the [illegible] should take [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] It is within the prerogative of [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] which has been made but the [illegible]

[illegible] South Carolina [illegible] government [illegible] the state chief in the [illegible] upon the [illegible] by [illegible] at the places where they are [illegible] for the purpose of choosing other delegates to a convention corresponding in numbers with the usual number of members of the most numerous branch of the

legislature, or the usual officers necessary to carry on a State government Suitable and faithful persons should be appointed by the same authority to preside at the election and certify the returns If necessary, a sufficient military force should be provided to protect the citizens in their rights, so that none but loyal men shall vote or be voted for.

All the world are agreed on the point, that there has been war with belligerent liabilities as well as belligerent prerogatives The right of blockade, of capture of enemies' property on the ocean, of supporting armies on the country they march through, all without respect to the loyalty of individuals, are as fully recognized as the exchange of prisoners and the sanctity of flags of truce. The rights of conquest are equally unquestionable, to the full extent established by the laws and customs of nations It is idle to insist upon the constitutional rights of those whose property you capture on the high seas as lawful prizes of war. The people of the rebel states, having been conquered in war, are at the mercy of the conqueror, and have no other resource but in his clemency, to be exercised according to general usage, as seen in history The restoration of the states to their rank in the Union, is an act of pure clemency; of course the entire details as to the manner and form rest in the discretion and judgment of the conquering power. At the same time, the legal liability of each individual who has been guilty of 'levying war against the United States,' or of "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," remains unchanged by the recognition of belligerency, excepting where it has been modified by the prisoners' parole, or cancelled by amnesty

There is, therefore, nothing of the nature of legal or constitutional obstruction to hinder the President from taking a bold course in the reconstruction of state governments And, if this course be pursued, we may calculate upon a complete pacification within the year, on a basis which will give the least possible chance for political controversies in the future All the states now in rebellion will have loyal governments, elected by loyal citizens, and the whole country will enter at once upon its destined career of harmony and prosperity.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 3, 1865.

CORRECTION.

A False and Ignorant Issue taken against the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and a Correction thereof.

There seems to have been a false issue taken, either through malice or ignorance, in regard to the shade of color or hue that constitutes and is to constitute the membership of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. We stand here, at the head of the Church paper, to advocate and assert her rights as an Evangelical Church, and to correct all false issues that may be taken against her spiritual progress, or in any other sense pertaining to her interest as a Church of God.

And first, there is not a single syllable in our Book of Discipline, from beginning to end, against either blacks, whites, Mulattoes, Indians, Dutch, French, Portuguese, nor Japanese; but, quite to the contrary, they can all join and become members of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, on equal terms, provided they comply with her rules and regulations, as laid down in the Discipline.

We have had experience sufficient to know what are the rules and regulations of our beloved Church.

Some few years ago, we were stationed in the city of Chicago, Ills., and, during our administration there, took into membership several whites, both males and females. Furthermore, we had the pleasure of licensing a young white brother, who, by the way, was quite an apt and intelligent person.

When unthinking persons take it upon themselves to make assertions in reference to any well-organized Church, they should be amply qualified to vindicate their position, and also to show their authority for making any statements in question.

The principal reason why the sainted ALLEN left the Methodist Episcopal Church was, that the Mother Church made distinction as to color Her colored communicants were excluded from a common level at the sacred table of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, until after all the whites were served. Then the colored members would be invited to come up to the table. Here and there there was an exception to the general rule.

It was the same way in regard to seats in the church. During times of worship, the whites, whether they were members or not, it making not the slightest difference, monopolized the front seats, while the colored members—refined and intelligent, and devoted Christian men and women, would have to take seats near the door, unless in cases where the church had galleries, and then they were compelled to take seats upstairs, whether they desired to or not. False theorists would do well to remember this fact It may prevent erroneous assertions in future by persons whose ignorance of the matter serves but to make them ridiculous in the eyes of those who are better "posted."

Bishop Allen, in the honest and trusting convictions of a manly and generous heart, neither could nor did believe that the great and omnipotent God of Justice and Equality sanctioned a course like this. He believed that there would be no reserved seats in Heaven. He believed that God was no respecter of persons, neither as to rank or color, but that He is ever ready to accept on equal terms all who seek him. Yes! he believed that we were all but brief sojourners here, fast hurrying onward to the dark vale of death!

A TARDY JURY.

On last Thursday, 25th inst., five old colored residents of this city were returning from their day's work, (cleaning a load of carpets,) and when crossing the corner of 10th and Washington Avenue met with a painful accident, by which two of the number lost their lives It appears that a locomotive belonging to the Phila W and B. R R was running up and down the track with no cars attached As the wagon containing the five men and the carpets was crossing the track, one of the men, Horace Potter, who is well known in our midst, spied the locomotive and gave notice of the same, jumping from the wagon on the instant The driver then lashed the horse in order to clear the track, and it is not positively known whether the two men seated in the rear end of the wagon, (Wm Rhodes and Alexander Thompson,) jumped or were thrown from their seats The driver, Horace Cotter and Thos Rhodes escaped uninjured, but the locomotive passed immediately over the bodies of the two men above named

The coroner's jury have not yet at this writing, rendered their verdict The reason of this we know not The cause of the accident lies with the company, since, so far as we have learned, there was not the slightest signal given of the approaching train. It is customary to sound the bell in that locality, but somehow the person who has that duty to perform seems to have neglected it. It remains for us to hear the decision of that tardy jury. If it be a fact that the engineer ran his engine through the streets without giving proper notification to cc tizens, the company should suffer for the same, which would serve as a warning to negligent officers

The charge made by a daily paper that the men in the wagon must have been intoxicated is altogether out of place, for their sobriety can be vouched for by hundreds of our citizens. However this may be, it does not excuse the company for not giving proper warning to citizens and we are anxious to hear the decision of the jury, only hoping that they may do justice without regard to caste or color.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We learn from some of the papers going the rounds, that the Chief Justice sent a letter, which was read by Mr Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, at the American Congregational Reunion, on the subject of the right of franchise. Mr. Chase can be relied upon, on any subject relating to the rights of the colored people. He has not just awakened to his duty, and we feel as though he spoke the sentiments of President Johnson. We believe that the President is satisfied that God has decreed that the colored people in this country shall have every right that any other class possesses. And if we don't get our rights, this country never can, nor never will prosper.

At the American Congregational Reunion, last week, Theodore Tilton read the following extract from a letter from Chief Justice Chase:

"I would like to say to the Christians who shall assemble at your reunion, an earnest word on the present great national duty of granting to the freedmen of the South, the right of self-protection by the ballot. * * My last communication on this subject with the good President whom we have lost, was on the morning of the black day, and I may say that he was nearer right on this subject, according to my views of right, on that last day of his life, than on any other day before. *Our new President, I have the happiness to say, is a man whose democracy is as broad as the democracy of the Declaration of Independence.*"

The closing sentence has great significance. Of course, the Chief Justice would not make such a statement without full authority, and we accept it with gratitude and with confidence, not alone on the authority of Mr. Chase, but because it is confirmed by our own advices from Washington. Indeed, we have long been satisfied that President Johnson can logically come to no other conclusion than that the restoration of the power of the government in the "seceded" States can only be accomplished by giving the suffrage to the blacks. His doctrine is, that the loyal men of the State constitute the State. Robert Small says—and he is good authority—that there has been but one loyal white man in South Carolina for the last three years, and he died two years ago—Mr. Pettigru There can be no loyal constituency for the State of South Carolina, for a generation, without suffrage for the blacks. Therefore South Carolina must be held as a territory or a military dependency, or the blacks must vote.

AT BETHEL CHURCH.

Rev. William Offer, who intends sailing for California shortly, will preach in Bethel church on Sabbath next, at 3 P. M. Go and hear him.

HURST ST. WESLEY CHURCH.

Divine service will be held in this church as usual, three times a day, the good Lord permitting We shall preach a sermon on Sabbath next, with Divine permission. We hope to see present, not only all the regular members, but every friend who may feel inclined to meet with us The subject chosen is, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation?"

THE COLORED LINCOLN MONUMENT.

The colored people intend erecting an Educational Monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, to be located in Washington, and known as such. The officers who have been selected are as follows:

President. Rev. H. H Garnet Vice Presid'ts, James Wormley. Rev. Stephen Smith, Treasurer. Walter Lewis, Assistant. Mr Lewis A Bell, Recording Secretary William J. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary

We shall take occasion to speak of this great subject again. Want of space forbids in the present number.

PERSONAL.

Rev Dr. A. T. Wood, of the Indiana Conference, arrived in our city, last Sabbath morning. He came to our residence while we were engaged in family devotion, and took a seat until after prayer, after which we had a hearty shake hands He preached a very fine discourse on Sabbath morning, in Bethel Church, and in the afternoon in Wesley Church.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

It will be seen that this Conference has progressed finely, and exerted a wonderful influence in the city of Charleston. But we are sorry to see the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, behave the way he does, if our correspondent be correct in his statement. We hope that the brother will not interfere with Bishop Payne's arrangement, and let the colored people of the Methodist persuasion go where they can enjoy all the rights and privileges of freemen.

EXCHANGE.

We have received Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. I. of the *Louisville Weekly Union Press*. We will be glad to receive it in exchange for the *Recorder*, and wish the publishers great success.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

We see from our New Orleans *Weekly Tribune*, that the Rev. J. J. Clinton, Superintendent of the Zion Church, was to hold or organize a new Conference, in that city.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The colored people of Cincinnati are alive to their rights. The league meetings are doing all they can in prosecuting any case concerning the colored people, which we learn from the *Colored Citizen*, of which Mr Sampson is the editor.

ADDRESS.

Bishop Wayman's address before the Conference, may be found in another column of our paper

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

We have received several letters from some of our brave boys in the 24th Regiment, and our prayers are that they may succeed well, and that their officers may treat them according to the rules of military regulations

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT

The editor of the *National Baptist*, in speaking of the support of ministers, says, "There is no class of professional men, who are so poorly compensated as ministers of the gospel While that is true, we ask, Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING AND BOARDING HOUSE.

Mrs. Anne K. Foster, formerly of Baltimore, but now of this city, has just opened a first-class boarding house at No. 1733 Addison street, Philadelphia. Persons passing through our City of Brotherly Love, as well as our permanent residents, will find every accommodation at this establishment. Mrs. Foster, being a Baltimorean, of course, well understands how to serve up things in the very best style. Give her an early call.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP WAYMAN'S ADDRESS

To the members of the Philadelphia Annual Conference on the 23d day of May, 1865.

DEAR BRETHREN:—It is usual for the presiding officer to deliver an address at the opening of the Conference, but I have deferred what I have to say until the close.

Twenty years ago, I stood at the altar of this Conference, and took upon me the vows of an itinerant preacher. There are but two travelling preachers now present, who were members of the Philadelphia Conference then. The rest are all gone It is reasonable to suppose that I should feel some attachment for the members of this Conference, for wherever a man spends his youthful days, that is the place he loves the most. In 1848 I was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, where I remained until May, 1861, when I was called to another position

The first thing to which I would call the attention of the younger part of the Conference is the studies laid down by the General Conference Those books recommended are among the most popular works in the Protestant Churches in this country. The General Conference of 1844, laid down the first course of studies for the ministers of our Conferences. But the Conferences have failed to put these studies into systematical operation The result has been that the candidates would study one thing, and then would be examined upon something else. I have felt it to be my duty to arrange the young brethren into classes, 1st, 2d, 3rd, and 4th, with committees appointed to examine each class, at the next Conference. Now let the members of each class study the books recommended by the General Conference, and they will find at the end of the year, that they have accomplished a great work, and then let the Conference call all of them that their continuance on trial or election to deacons and orders will depend upon their mastering those studies laid down by the General Conference. The result will be, in a few years, a great change

Young brethren, make a trial of it, and you will see the glorious results Abandon your pipes, cigars, and tobacco, and go to the work like men

Dear brethren, I would have you all remember that you occupy responsible positions. You are shepherds, watchmen, and pastors. You are to be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves. You should love the gospel you preach You ought, my dear brethern, to live so holily, that a light may follow you wherever you go, by day and by night, at home and abroad, and when your lips are sealed in death, that it may shine more and more unto the perfect day, and then in heaven to shine as the stars forever and ever Like the mariner, you are about commencing another year's voyage It is calm now, but what will it be on to-morrow, none can tell. I refer you to the promise of Christ, as found in his word, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

You are a class of men who demand sympathy, for no one knows what you have to undergo The people you serve are sometimes poor and scattered, yet they are kind My brethren, your presiding officer has a heart that sympathizes with you. Oh, brethren, go to your work like men, and I believe me when I tell you that I have tried to please you all the best I could, and if I could have done better, I would have done so I say in conclusion go, my brethren, and the God of peace go with you all

For the Christian Recorder.

CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENCE

Progress of the new Organization of the South Carolina Conference—Interesting Scenes—The Enthusiasm of the People—Ordination of Deacons and Elders—Rev. T. W Lewis of the M E. Church—His efforts to Discourage the People, and to Prevent them from Joining our Church—He takes the Property, and closes the Doors of Old Bethel against us:

MR EDITOR:—The new era has dawned, the sun has lit up the horizon, and humanity is rising in a just appreciation of the times Monday, May 15th, 1865, marks an epoch in the history of our race in this country Forty years ago the African M E Church was established in this city. Morris Brown, the second Bishop of our connection, was one of its founders A house was erected, to which the lovers of Christ and of religious liberty, bowed in humble acknowledgment of God's mercy to them For six years the little church continued to prosper under the benign influence of the Lord when the hell-hatched demon, slavery, conspired to sweep it from the earth

Bernard Vesey (immortal name) conceived the mighty idea of liberating his race. The consonance of his great thought of liberty with the ultimate end and workings of the A M E Church, placed her in juxta position to his plans and her destiny was sealed with the fate of his enterprise. He suffered, and all who had any thing to do with him, as martyrs to human liberty. Our Church was demolished and blotted out of existence, and from that day to this our people have had to wear the accursed yoke of religious bondage; paying for all the church property belonging to the Methodists, and supporting the bloody handed monsters, who have administered unholy doctrines.

The fall of this city opened the way for the return of Joseph, in the person of Bishop Daniel A. Payne, to his brethren, he having been made ruler over all the Church *in the land of Mizraim*. He returns to establish Zion in the mother city Conference opened on the 15th The heaven bending heavens seemed propitious; the hearts of the people were moved, while their souls magnified the Lord, because He had manifested his loving-kindness to his Church, and fulfilled his promises. Many old mothers, bending towards the ground, came to the Conference every morning, and listened with rapturous delight to their deliberations, and when some remarks were made presenting the greatness of God's mercy, in bringing them deliverance, their joy was unbounded, and they would lift up their voices in fervent thanksgiving When Conference was over, they would come forward and embrace us, and pour blessings upon us, and even kiss our hands. Never did a class of people, situated under similar circumstances, so universally rise to the full comprehension of God's hand in their deliverance.

The ordination of Deacons was one of the most impressive ceremonies I ever witnessed.—The house was crowded to its utmost capacity during the performance of the rites of ordination, by an intensely interested audience. Bishop Payne, inspired by the importance of the occasion, rose with the dignity characteristic of a great mind, while the brethren, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of their high mission, moved in harmony with their venerated chief. The scene was sublime beyond description and will be long remembered by the people of this place.

On Sabbath day, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., Bishop Payne, D. D., preached the ordination sermon, in Trinity Church, Hasel street. Revs. J. H. A. Johnson and Theophilus G. Stewart were ordained Elders. This service was quite as impressing as that held in Zion Church. The impression made on the people was very great, and altogether, brought our Church and her tenets into great favor.

The Rev. T. Willard Lewis, who has assumed to be the pastor of all the Methodists in Charleston, and who had been received and honored in our Conference, and who had invited the Bishop to have the ordination in this Church, seeing the impression made on the minds of the members, called them all down into the basement and harangued them with a tirade of abuse against the African M. E. Church, and besought the people to have nothing to do with it, but to wait until things became more settled, stating that our Church was based on the distinction of color; that we were another denomination; that in the North there was no distinction in the M. E Churches; that colored people have the same rights and privileges as the whites, and that if they left him they would lose their Church property; that the property belonged to the M. E. Church, and that he would hold it for that body. His whole effort was to distract the minds of the people, and create the impression amongst them that our organization was founded on the principle of all black people, to the utter exclusion of white, and brown, and mulattoes. I never listened to a man who took such particular pains to misrepresent a cause, and gave utterance to such a string of falsehoods. I arose from my seat with feelings of mingled pity and contempt for such a prodigy—such a wolf in sheep's clothing. But to crown all, at night he visited Old Bethel to hear brother James A. Handy. His discourse was masterly, and consoling, touching the deep Christian feelings of our people. Here again this miserable creature began his old practice of abusing and traducing us, simply because we had some here to look after the welfare of our people. He forbid them holding any meetings in their Church without consulting him, and acted more like Barnwell Rhett with his slaves, than a minister of Christ

Such has been the conduct of this Judas, who comes here to rule over our people with his Yankee rod of iron And what intensifies this wrong still more is, that all the time he protests that he has nothing against our establishing a Church here, and while he is declaring openly that he will do all in his power to forward the good work, he is secretly plotting to hinder us from accomplishing any good. He has given the colored people the old churches, and reserves New Bethel for the whites, yet tells them they are equal with the whites in all things! But, if the colored people go to New Bethel Church, they must go up into the gallery as they formerly did.

Such is New England Methodism, as carried out by the Rev T. W. Lewis, of the M. E Church, in Charleston, South Carolina But Bethel is formed, and forty leaders have identified themselves with her, and over a thousand members will enroll themselves under her banner to be swelled to five times that number in this city, while all the islands adjacent will attach themselves to us, under their respective leaders, possibly bringing the number of members up to ten thousand in the aggregate The people are now poor, but when their crops shall be gathered and placed in the market, things will move along more smoothly

More anon,

R H C.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

To His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

HONORABLE SIR:—Your excellency's public career has shown you, sir, to be a friend and a champion of the honest citizens and patriotic heroes

Sir, your extraordinary rigor towards traitors and tyrants, murderers, robbers, forgers, and perjurers, prompted me to apply to your excellency for a trial of the aforesaid classes, who have perpetrated their enormous cruelty and barbarity upon our loyal citizens and noble, patriotic soldiers, who have so readily responded and heroically offered their lives in defence of our dear country

Such great and highly appreciated patriotic service, year after year of privation, suffering, peril, and bravery has resulted finally, in the vindication of our honor and national power.

Two of our captains and one lieutenant have been dishonorably mustered for wholesale robberies. But Captain M. S., and his aiders and abettors, who are members of the order of Knights of the Golden Circle and have been proved guilty of wholesale burglaries and robberies, since February, 1864, are unpunished to this day, after having murdered many noble heroes, by confining them, when sick and dying, for weeks, day and night, in quarters full of white and yellow pine snakes, when there were good quarters, empty and idle, on the spot, and also, when within a few yards of a city, and, indeed, within one mile of two hospitals, where there were many empty beds.

Captain S. kept W's money for weeks, and then denied having it. He the paymaster, Major W United States Army, soon brought it to us to prove Capt S a thief, though Capt P and P aware that Capt S had paid private W, and put it in his hand and purchase a pass

Capt S. forged the rolls of the company, New York State, and General Government. Major O. W. examined the two thieves, on what he knew to be a stubborn fact

Major O. W. ordered a private to write charges against Captain S., which proved that he had put the private in a wet cell, where his blankets were as wet as water could make them, for fourteen days and nights, on bread and water, but when the hero of many a Union battle field asked to be tried by a General Court Martial, both Major O. W and Captain S. damned the United States Army regulations, and said they were nothing

Captain S. has murdered a loyal citizen, and has written a forged, wilful and absolute falsehood, stating in his report to Washington, D. C., that a Court of Inquiry had been held, August 6th 1864, which there never was

Captain S. has drawn rations from the United States Commissary, for men who never yet enlisted. Sometimes he would keep the company without bread, and other times without meat, which has been proved before Major O. W He has robbed men of their money, and dared all the men to utter a word against him.

The Major, Lieut. Colonel, and Colonel, know all this, which they say is nothing Even murdering a loyal white man is nothing with them, one and all.

For our country they have been enormously and disgracefully idle and mean. In November all the men were called out to defend an important post against the rebels, when we had not one cartridge at the place. At a more important post, we had not even one cartridge, nor an embrasure to place a cannon, in May.

The soldiers are not drilled to use muskets or cannon. They are kept busy each day and week, building quarters for drunken officers.

Captain S. would not allow a soldier, who was a Union man, from Texas, to bring the surgeon to his dying wife. He prevented the surgeon from seeing the sick woman for sixty days. He and the Lieut. Colonel put her husband in prison for doing his duty when she was dying. She was so weak that she could not turn from one side to the other without help, and yet she was left alone.—a noble, patriotic, frank, kind, pious woman. Oh, humanity shudders at the recital. chivalrous courage is shocked, not only that Captain S. went to her house when she was dying, and ordered her away, but that he refused several times to sign his name to an order for a pound of beef to make tea for her, which she offered to pay for.

One day Captain S swore, in the presence of three officers, that her husband was a first class soldier. The next thing we hear of his being put in the wet cell aforesaid, for fourteen days and nights. I am sorry it is my most painful yet solemn duty to state that these facts, and others of equally enormous cruelty, have been reported through the proper channels to the War Department, time after time, since April, 1864; yet we never had even a Court of Inquiry, and if your Excellency will please to order one forthwith, justice may be meted out to the murderers and wholesale robbers,—all which I beg to solicit.

I am, most respectfully,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
PHILIP PATRICK GORDON,
Co. D, 13th N. Y. Vols.

Fort O'Rouke, near Norfolk, Virginia.
May 10th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, XENIA, O.

MAY 24th, 1865

MR. EDITOR:—Your Wilberforce correspondent, if such he may be called, sits at this late hour of night to write you a few thoughts, the last time for a season

Were I to give way to my feelings, I would not write to you, but as we have just closed our term to-day, it seems proper that your readers should hear something of the exercises connected therewith. Suffice it to say that the second commencement of Wilberforce University was celebrated to-day. All did well save one. He would have done well also, had not the laughter of some ill-bred person confused him.

The Rise and Fall of Slavery; The Progress of Freedom; The Rights and Duties of Colored Men; The Necessity of Education; The Coming Future; The Death of Lincoln; We are Passing away, and the Voice of the Zephyr, were the most interesting topics.

"An Apostrophe to Wilberforce," by Miss Phillips, could not but touch the sympathies of all

"In God we Trust," by Jas E Carter, bade us have faith in God, that, in the midst of our afflictions, we would be made to rejoice.

Only twelve days have the scholars had to prepare—yet they merited the plaudits of the people, and, as says one of the Trustees, they compared favorably with any institution in the land

Nearly all of the students will leave, yet we hope they leave only to return in September.

Let not the readers of your paper forget to lay up something for Wilberforce Contribute largely, donate liberally. Let every one feel alive to the duty resting upon them, and put forth every energy to rebuild another house, dedicated to the educational interests of our race.

FRED B WARREN

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE.

MR EDITOR:—The momentous importance of the great events now taking place around us have as well as their nature has impressed me with the idea that some slight mention of them might prove entertaining and instructive to the mass of your readers

There is at the present time the most wonderful shifting and changing of homes going on among the colored people of this city that ever was heard of before in these parts. Old homes have been deserted to occupy new ones. The sirens are thronging the Provost Marshall's office every day and leaving the city and State for other parts Some go East, some West and a great many go North None are refused a pass Every man, woman and child who applies for a pass, invariably receives it A late order of Major General Palmer is to the effect that every one making application for a pass shall be accommodated, and that persons liberty be granted all to go in any direction they please, in order to seek homes and procure an honest livelihood This order has caused a great deal of uneasiness among the slaveholders and especially those who are not willing to see their chattels leave their employ.

In some cases the abandoned slave is followed by the master, but there in most cases the fugitive is lost sight of by his pursuers forever. He crosses the river, and sets his face northward, never again to return, at least until Kentucky is made a free State The river crossed, the slave is FREE!

The colored people residing here in this city are better satisfied now than ever they were before—and well they may be, for we have the best commanding General and the best Editor; that is, we have more Editors than one. But I have yet made the acquaintance of only one, namely, the Editor of the Louisville Daily Union Press, who is a perfect gentleman in every respect, and a great and true friend of the colored man—and I would here take occasion to urge upon every colored person residing in Louisville and out of Louisville, who feels himself able to take a daily or weekly paper, to subscribe at once to the Louisville Daily Union Press, and read the rich contents for himself. The cost of subscription is but trifling, and the outlay will never be regretted. By all means, let our friends give it a fair trial

Business is becoming very brisk here indeed, and the demand for houses is such as has never been known before; and there is said to be twelve thousand colored persons now in this city Our schools are doing well, every thing considered I saw a report of the colored schools in this city, by the committee of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, who visited this city in the early part of April last, which I consider very imperfect. That report says: "There are eleven colored schools in Louisville, such as they are, taught by incompetent teachers." We would like to know how this committee could report upon the quality of the schools or the teachers without visiting them? There is a school taught by J. H. Cook, a graduate from Oberlin, Ohio, at Quinn Chapel, on Walnut street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, which now numbers over one hundred scholars, which is certainly managed splendidly, by Mr. Cook and his assistants. The Rev. J. R. Waldes, corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Relief Association, visited this school, one day this week, and spoke in high terms of these teachers, and of the good order with which the school was managed. Now, for the committee above-mentioned to report that the eleven colored schools in Louisville "such as they are, were being taught by incompetent teachers," and to say all this under the circumstances, is what I consider almost an outrage. And, beside this school at Quinn Chapel, conducted by J. H. Cook, as already described, the Rev. Henry Adams, who has taught in this city for the last twenty or more years with great success, is still conducting two day-schools, which are both doing well, being conducted with good order. To be sure there may be a portion of the eleven schools referred to, which I have not seen. But I will not set as the committee referred to, and condemn those I have seen and those I have not seen, and tell the public that the teachers are incompetent, and that the order of the schools is like ancient Babel. Not having seen all the schools nor teachers, I will not pursue any such course. I would rather encourage the poor downtrodden, despised race, in their endeavors to do good, as far, at least, as I could honestly, rather than be found on the side of the oppressor. I do not pretend to say but that there may be a want of ability to teach and properly to manage, with some of the colored teachers of Louisville, but I would not presume to say that this is the case with all of them. I have had the privilege of visiting some of the best schools in this country—schools taught and managed by as competent teachers as any we have, and, of course, know whereof I affirm.

T. STROTHERS,
Louisville, Ky.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Danville, Ky., April 29th, 1865.

MR EDITOR:—Allow me to state in your paper that we are again in sadness and in tears, on the death of our beloved brother, Amanser Burns, pastor of the colored M. E. church, Danville, Boyle county, Ky. He was taken ill on the 29th of March, and fell asleep in the blessed arms of Christ on the 21st of April.

A few days before his death he was in a very strange condition:—he lay, from two A. M. till ten the same evening, in a trance; at ten o'clock he revived, and called all his friends and brethren to his bed side, and told them he was near his Father's kingdom Telling all to be faithful and to meet him in Heaven. Exhorted sinners to flee the wrath to come He also called for a brother with whom he had lived six years. He told him to take care of his family, and attend to all of his business, for he was going home, and he said, "I want you to sing for me I would not live always," and then I shall be gone."

He was about twenty-eight years of age and has been a faithful member of the M E. church thirteen years. He was licensed about two years ago. He leaves a wife and three children, the youngest four weeks old, and many warm hearted friends and his church to mourn his loss But we do not mourn as those who have no hope, for we hope to see him again.

Though I had from Monday, the 17th, given him up in the hands of the good Lord, and expected that He would soon take him to Himself, yet his departure was quite unexpected

His experience of the abundant goodness of God in time past assured him, as he told me, to look for his mercy to eternal life He had resigned himself to the Lord, and awaited His will with the greatest patience The only wish he made was that his friends would take care of his wife and three little children, and from the beginning of his affliction to the end this was the ruling desire of his heart

My feelings at this bereavement you can better imagine than I can express We have known the beloved brother Burns in his Christian walk But alas, he is gone. He was a blessing to Society, but to Him, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts it seemed good to recall the favors he had lent It was very hard for me to bid him a hasty adieu We are all sad, but we will to the end, bless the Lord, and live more consecrated to His name

I need not tell you that his wife is greatly distressed, and that all the church are in the greatest sorrow. They bear it patiently, though they cannot but mourn the loss.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for thus indulging so long, but my heart is sad for the good brother May the good Lord keep all of his children in that way that our last days may be as the beloved Amanser Burns

May grace, mercy and peace be multiplied to you and yours in the Christian hope

MALCOLM AYRES.

The above article was delayed by a rush of matter, and accordingly it was mislaid.—Ed.

For the Christian Recorder

MR. EDITOR:—I have to announce (with the sad intelligence that Mr Thomas Hamilton, late editor of the *Anglo-African*, and brother of Mr. Robert Hamilton, the respected editor of that paper, departed this life yesterday morning, Monday, May 29th, 1865, after a short illness of one week and one day's confinement to his room.

His sudden death has really taken all the members of his family and familiar friends by surprise, being wholly unexpected

The sad tidings will fall heavily upon the ear of his brother, Mr Robert Hamilton, who is, at this time, somewhere in the Western States canvassing the country on behalf of the Anglo-African. Since his absence on the present tour, a daughter, mother, and brother have departed this life, within a period of less than six months. On his return to his home, he will have sorrow upon sorrow, no doubt.

This intelligence concerning the death of Mr. Thomas Hamilton, was received by the writer at the office of the Anglo from the sisters of the deceased.

J. P. C.

SERMON BY BISHOP CAMPBELL.

"THE WAR AND ITS ISSUES"

Such was the theme of Bishop Campbell's lecture in Zion Church, on Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Powell street African M. E. Church. There was an audience of perhaps 200 persons, about a score of whom were white people.

The Bishop said it was a great and noble theme, in which every patriotic heart in the land was deeply interested. Justice demanded that the subject should be in abler hands than his; but having been dragooned into the service, he would do the best he could, without attempting to exhaust the subject, for he was no lecturer—that was not his business In the hands of such lecturers as Dr Cheever, Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglas, his audience might hear the truth and the whole truth concerning the war. He would to God that he could do half as well; but he had not been able to prepare himself as thoroughly as he could desire, and yet he would endeavor to present a few thoughts which would pass current, though they might not be new

War as carried on between nations is an evil, and only evil continually But civil war, between State and State, was a horrible idea, and fraught with all the unequalled evils of which the mind could conceive. The Peloponnesian war lasted 27 years, seven times as long as the present war in this country has existed. The history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire was a fearful picture He would not have the friends of monarchical governments think that civil wars were peculiar to republics. They sometimes appear under monarchies in as fearful and disastrous a form as under republics.

The Bishop said that he had been pleased with an editorial which he had recently read in one of the daily papers; he did not remember which, but perhaps it was the *Bulletin* He then proceeded to read an extract from the article, which was to the effect that civil wars grew out of a long-continued peace, in which the country had become corrupt, and acted as a natural purifier, just like the storm which succeeds a calm sultry spell of weather, etc. So it is, he said, with the life of a nation, and our experience has added truth to the remark. Who believed, ten years ago, that this country would be where it is today, in the midst of terrible bloodshed? No one knew it, no one saw it, if we may perhaps except Captain John Brown, freedom's martyr. [Applause.] But here it is, and we are in the midst of it. Nearly four years ago, treason fired upon Sumter, and the deep-toned thunder of that cannon's roar reverberated throughout the entire country, and awoke a nation from its peaceful slumber to the fearful realities of war. The flag of our country trailed in the dust by rebel hands, was more than patriotic hands could endure. Army after army has gone forth, and the work of death has been going on without abatement until the present time.

The Bishop then inquired into the causes of the war He referred to the pro-slavery acts of Congress as one cause; to the disappointed hopes of the black man in the Revolutionary War as another cause. To keep the British from enticing them into their service, we promised them their freedom on the termination of the war, but failed to keep the promise. And in the prosperity which peace brought to the country the chains of the slave were riveted afresh. The increased importance of the cotton crops, the expansion of the country, all had added to the rigors and strength of slavery. The slaveholding party dictated the policy of the Government from the adoption of the Constitution down to the election of Lincoln, when that party was defeated, and the record of half a century of pro-slavery acts was brought to a sudden and abrupt conclusion. When these acts of Congress ceased, the anti-slavery acts were introduced.

Reference was then made to the three-fifth rule of 1792; to the law passed the same year for the rendition of fugitives; to the 6th article of the ordinance of 1781 in regard to the extension of slavery, etc. At the time of the passage of these acts the friends of freedom were not awake. They did not suppose that efforts were being made to strengthen the bands of slavery. It was one of the complaints of the colonies against England that she encouraged the African slave-trade Slavery was forced upon this country contrary to its wishes; and the negroes were encouraged to fight against England by the promise of their liberty But after the declaration of peace, the devilish slave mongers went to work again—secretly, of course. They got ambiguous provisions inserted in the Constitution; they blinded the eyes of the fathers of the Constitution by their agreeable manners. Our revolutionary sires did not believe in slavery. George Washington, the father of his country, did not believe the institution ought to exist. [Applause.] The South then begged that slavery might exist, and now they are fighting for its existence. But it will die; it will be buried, and he trusted in God that he should live to attend its funeral [Loud applause.] In 1820 slavery wanted more room—it requires a great deal of room in which to live—and the Missouri Compromise was passed. A compromise between slavery and freedom is a libel upon God and humanity.—[Applause.]—and can never succeed to the advantage of the compromisers [Applause.]

The Nullification Act of J. C. Calhoun, whom Jackson regretted, on his dying bed, that he did not hang as high as Haman, and the Fugitive bill of abominations "signed by that unholy demagogue, Millard Fillmore," were then referred to in no measured terms of condemnation. God was displeased with this nation for these things Her cup of iniquity was full and running over, and the righteous judgment of the Almighty followed. The North began to feel that she was yoked with slavery, and that the time for reaction had commenced. They had begun to see that Slavery was degrading to free white labor, and that it must be got rid of, or it would overflood the free and expanding territory of the country. The agitation of the subject resulted in the triumph of the Republican party in 1860, and placed Abraham Lincoln, the immortal, the true and the faithful, in the Presidential chair The South saw—and well she might see—that in Mr. Lincoln's election she had been rebuked for her audacity. (Applause.) She saw that her power was gone, never to return. What did she do? She did not hesitate as to what to do She withdrew from the Union, for which she had been preparing for thirty years, unknowingly to the true friends of the North. She made haste under the rebel Buchanan to run away from the Union Under him she could call her State Conventions, pass her ordinances of secession and form her Southern Confederacy, without his even saying, "Oh! don't do so." Under him she could steal her millions from the Treasury of the Union to fight against it; under him she could take arms and ammunition from the North to some island not yet discovered and array herself against those from whom she stole; under him she could arrange a plot for the murder of Mr Lincoln as he passed through Baltimore to the White House But the plot failed. (Applause.) She gloriously failed; and this failure was only the precursor

of her subsequent ones. (Applause.) The rebellion was originated to overthrow the Government, and the North did not seem to realize it until after many men had been slain. In fact the North and South did not know each other. The South thought it was only necessary for them to begin the war to enlist a strong sympathy in the North for them. They felt that they had a strong claim on the Democratic party. In this they have signally failed. Patriotic Democrats told them that they could only help them while they remained in the Union, and to-day they are bearing arms with all the true sons of the revolutionary fathers. They told their southern brethren that although they had been defeated at the election, they could not go against the Union. As for party differences, they would talk about them after the war. But for the present they wanted to have peace, and they must have peace, if they had to fight for it. (Applause.) The South did not expect such treatment. The North, also, had been greatly disappointed in the military strength of the South. They thought they were all gentlemen down there, and that they would not and could not fight—that it was only a breakfast job to go down there and whip them into obedience. The South told us that this was easier said than done, and our experience during the past three years has demonstrated the truth of their remark. And now, if we make them behave themselves better in three years, we shall do well.

At first we tried to put down the rebellion without touching slavery, but God would not consent to the arrangement. His decree had gone forth, that slavery must be abolished or the country destroyed. If the nation does not now get rid of slavery, it will get rid of itself, for God will destroy it. The soldiers were careful at first to state that they did not go to war to fight for the freedom of the slave, but for the Union; now the issue is distinctly between freedom and slavery, and the soldiers now gloried in fighting for the abolition of slavery. The progress of the war has developed the need and practicability of employing colored troops. The objection to them has been done away, and now they are pressed into the service, and are paid the same as the white soldiers; and they fight as well, too. In the beginning, colored men were not regarded as citizens; now Attorney General Bates has declared that they are citizens, and what is better yet, the people say, that's right. This was a glorious revolution—a heavenly revolution. (Applause.) We ought to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc.

A few years ago the pulpit was silent on the subject of slavery, and the press regarded the institution as a necessary evil. But now we have got rid of that kind of religion, which was full of saving souls, but cared nothing for the bodies of men. Even Mr Lincoln has changed his mind in reference to the perpetuation of slavery, and now says it shall be abolished.

The Bishop then alluded to the anti-slavery acts of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth sessions of Congress. These have been great gains for the negro during the last four years. Hayti and Liberia have been acknowledged, and Ministers received from them. He was afraid that the effort Georgia was now making to get back into the Union was that it might thereby save the "institution" in that State. It would not be so if our old friend Sen. Butler was at Savannah. (Applause.) He trusted it would not be so now.

Another feature of the progress was the fact that colored people were now allowed to testify in the Courts, and, in Washington and Alexandria, to ride in the street cars. He believed they had been allowed that privilege here by Judge Pratt's decision. He told them how he got on a car in Washington before colored people had been allowed by law to ride in the cars of that city, and the discussion he heard going on between the conductor and driver touching the bill then in Congress to allow colored people to ride in the street cars, and that if it ever passed there would be a rebellion in Washington. Only think of it! A rebellion to be inaugurated by drivers and conductors of street cars! (Applause.) The law passed, but who ever heard of the threatened rebellion?

He also told his hearers of the advantages which the black man had in travelling in the vicinity of the war. A few years ago, if a black man in Washington wanted to visit Baltimore, it was necessary to get a pass from a white man, or from a man who called himself white. Now the tables were turned. He had travelled from Washington to Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Philadelphia without a pass. He had seen those who were once the black man's masters attempt the same thing and fail. (Applause.)

He told his brethren that while they should rejoice in the advantages they had gained, they should hold to them, and seek for more, until all the objections against their color were removed. The black man, as a barrel, had been rolled to the bottom of a hill. They could not be kicked any lower, and now they were being rolled up the hill. Revolutions never go backwards. We should elevate ourselves, now that the obstacles to our elevation are being removed. Five Slave States have already been made free, each of which have entered upon a new and glorious career. We should appreciate these things. There is a future before us which will be very much modified, for weal or for woe, by our own conduct. Let us act worthy of our new and growing privileges.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIPPE.

Headquarters Camp Casey, 24th U. S. C. T.,
May 19th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—I take the liberty of writing a few lines which I consider worth relating relative to the young men enlisted in Philadelphia for the 24th U. S. C. T., and organized at Camp William Penn.

There is Sergeant Stephen F. R. Burdy, Sergeant Simpson, and William H. Rox. All of these named gentlemen have proved themselves to be men and soldiers in every respect by their praiseworthy efforts to elevate their race. I do think it no more than right and proper that these smart and intelligent men should be promoted to a higher office, if a colored army is retained,—and I do most cordially recommend them as being worthy of promotion. They are now engaged in teaching school, and instructing the uneducated; and as for instructions in the manual of arms, there are none to surpass them. They are worthy of the fullest confidence.

Yours respectfully,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIPPE,
Commanding 24th Regt. U. S. C. T.
Camp Casey.
CHAS H. PORTER, Acting-Adjutant.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Asberry or Rousbey Henry, who was sold from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Tallahasse, Florida, in 1838. When last heard from, in 1847, he was at the latter place.

Any information of his whereabouts will be most thankfully received by his father,
Rev. THOMAS W. HENRY,
Care Rev. E. Weaver,
Box 2275 Philadelphia, Penna.
June 3—3t

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of Mrs Sally Wallace, wife of Armstead Wallace, formerly of Brentsville, Prince William County, Va. Her former name was Beckley. Also, of Kitty Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, formerly of Dumfries, in the same county and State, whose former name was Beckley. Also of their two brothers, Wm and John Beckly, all born in Virginia, with the writer and sister, Angeline, who now lives in Hannibal, Missouri. The writer visited and left them in Virginia, about 17 years ago. The war, however, has parted us.

Should this meet the eye of any one acquainted with either of the above persons, a lasting favor will be conferred by addressing

ELIZABETH ANN JACKSON,
Crawfordsville,
Indiana.

June 3—3t.

NOTICE.

First class accommodations for boarders and lodgers, by MRS. MARY STROBER,
1132 Lombard St.,
Philadelphia.

May 20—3t.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Freehold, N. J., Mrs. J. A. Ludlow, $1 25; Denver, Colorado, W. J Harden, 1.50; Davenport, Iowa, P. C. Cooper, for self and W. Vanderse, 1.25 each; City Point, Va., Corporal W. Gipson, for Mrs. E. J. Gipson, 2.00; Delaware Water Gap, Pa., C. V. Smith, 1 25; Memphis, Tenn., Rev. A. Woodfork, for books, 71. 75, Williamsport, Pa., A. J. Stake, 1.25; Logansport, Ind., Rev. W. Jackson, for J. Brooks, 2 50; West Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Peter Gardner, for Hannah Butler, 1.25; Smithville, N. C., Serg't-Major N. B. Sterrett, 39th U. S. C. T., for Serg. Tildan and Quarter-Master Serg't Martin, each, 2 50; Barrancas, West Florida, Rev. Enoch K. Miller, Chaplain 25th U. S. C. T., for one hundred and ten subscribers in the Regiment 275.00.

Our Country.

The Gettysburg Cemetery.—This fine cemetery is progressing rapidly towards completion and during the coming summer will probably be finished. The substantial granite wall, extending along the west side, is completed. It is of superior finish and workmanship. The heavy iron fence extending from the granite wall on the west, to Evergreen Cemetery on the south, and the iron railing dividing the National from the Evergreen Cemetery, are both finished. The latter is constructed of gas pipes and metal posts, and will be lined with shrubbery. The gateway, also completed, is a beautiful structure. On each side of it are three massive iron posts, on which are perched two American eagles, majestically looking down on those who pass the portals to this sacred spot. The principal avenue is undergoing macadamization, and the trees and shrubbery are being planted. About ninety-five different varieties of trees have been selected. The contractors for setting the head-stones have also commenced.

Dr. Mott's Loyalty and Patriotism.—The views which such a man would hold of our national affairs cannot fail to interest us, and we find that "patriotic, he was Union to the last. On being asked at the commencement of this great rebellion, what his prognosis was, his answer may be well remembered as the best that even now, four years after, could be made: 'Sir, I grant you that the body politic has been severely lacerated, and I doubt not that the wound will heal eventually, but it will be by the second intention. There will always be a scar to mark the union of disevered parts.'"

His testimony to the barbarous treatment the Union prisoners received from the rebels, in his official form, has already been made public; but the following comparison of the misery he saw there with a life-long experience in the hospitals of two continents, is noteworthy:

"On Dr. Mott's return from an official visit in company with other surgeons, to the starved Northern prisoners, a report of which has been published by the United States Government, I paid him an evening call. The subject of conversation soon turned to his recent examination of the dying soldiers.

"I asked the Doctor if the newspaper reports were exaggerated or not, as regards their appearance.

"'My dear boy!' he exclaimed, with emphatic horror, 'you can form no idea of the poor, shrivelled, wasted victims. In the whole course of my surgical experience, not excepting the most painful operations or deformed limbs, I have never suffered as much in my life at the sight of any thing; I care not what it is. It unnerved me. I felt sick.'"

The death of this great and good man coincided itself with the great national loss which befell the country on the 15th of April.

"I have been informed," says Dr. Francis, "by Dr. Mott's immediate family, that he never recovered from the sudden intelligence of President Lincoln's base assassination. His barber, while shaving him on the morning of the 15th of April, told the sad story to him; when he instantly sought his wife, in an adjoining apartment, exclaiming, 'My dear, I have received such a shock. President Lincoln has been murdered'—and sitting down with a countenance deadly pale, he looked up in great pain, and said feebly, 'Oh, my back.'"

The system of the aged patriot was not able to sustain the blow, and upon the fourteenth day from hearing the sad intelligence, upon the 26th of April, 1865, he expired. He was buried on Sunday, April 30th, from the Church of the Transfiguration, where two weeks before, on the Easter Festival, he had for the last time partaken of the Holy Communion.

A New Detergent.—A new material product of California, possessing detersive properties, is thus described by a cotemporary:

A few months ago, some persons engaged in making turpentine in Plumas county, tapped some pine trees of a species new to them. The fluid flowed abundantly, but it had a peculiar odor, and when taken to the turpentine stills in the neighborhood nothing could be done with it. At last it fell into the hands of a man who managed to distil the liquid, which proved to be a new discovery. Instead of the disagreeable odor of turpentine, it has a fragrance like citron, and is free from all resinous matter.

Ten gallons of it weigh as much as six gallons and three quarts of pure water. It dissolves all animal and vegetable oils, and leaves no stain of its own, nor does it affect any of the colors used in dyeing, and thus it is an excellent substitute for benzine, without the odor which makes the latter substance so offensive. It is also much cheaper than benzine. The new liquid is called "orasine," because of its value for cleansing. It evaporates rapidly and burns well, but is more expensive than coal oil. This novel product of California is now in the market.

A Truthful Prophesy.—The eminent Bishop Capers of the Methodist Church in a speech delivered at Sumterville, South Carolina, on the 9th of April, 1861, made this remarkable and truthful prophecy:—"If (secession) must prove ruinous; the General Government will put it down; Charleston and the State will be ruined; all will be sacrificed—the green hills, the verdant plains, the crystal streams, the cypress shaded graves of mouldering patriots, the hearth-tone of the wife, the treating tree of the daughter, will be bathed in blood."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THERE is a great increase in live stock in Michigan. The increase of cows this year, as compared with 1864 amounts to 20,10; the increase in sheep amounts to the enormous figure of 1,555,589; and the increase in horses amounts to 9,600.

THE BUSINESS WEALTH OF THE NORTH.—The Mercantile Agency of R G Dun & Co., New York, in a circular issued by them at the beginning of the year, state that there are 168 925 business houses of merchants, manufacturers, and traders in the North, whose estimated wealth is $4,944,766,000, mostly invested in personal property. Assuming the low estimate of ten per cent. as the average profit of trade, and we have $494,476,000 gained the past year by these business interests; showing the self-supporting character of this, which is but one element of the strength of the country. In New York there are 80,932 business house with an estimated wealth of $1,647,204 000; in Massachusetts 17,302, worth $686,815,000; in Pennsylvania 22 951, worth $733,296 000. The total failures in the northern States in 1864 were 510, with liabilities amounting to $6,579 700; a very large diminution since the rebellion began. In 1861 there were 3,935 failures for $176,632,170; in 1862, 1,652 for $23,049,900; in 1863, 495 for $7,009,000.

DEATH OF A WEALTHY FORTUNATE.—A letter from Raleigh, N. C., says: "James C. Johnson, one of the wealthiest men in the South, died on the 12th inst., at his house near Edenton, in this State. He disinherited all his relatives, because they left him, and identified themselves with the rebel cause. His property amounting to many millions of dollars, he left to a few personal friends. His immense possessions on the Roanoke river comprise the richest lands in the country. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he told his slaves numbering nearly a thousand, that the war would make them free, and that they could remain with him or go where they pleased. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay, whose indebtedness, which amounted to over $30,000, Mr. Johnson is said to have cancelled without Mr. Clay's knowledge, who was never able to ascertain who his benefactor was. He was about eighty years of age when he died, and was a devoted Union man up to the day of his death."

DEATH OF AN AGED ELEPHANT.—The celebrated performing elephant Hannibal died at Centreville, Pa., on the 7th inst. Hannibal was the largest elephant ever exhibited in this country. His height was 11 feet 8 inches, and his weight was ascertained to be 15,000 pounds or 7½ tons. He consumed 390 pounds of hay, 6 bushels of oats, and 45 gallons of water per day. He was supposed to be in his 66th year at the time of his death. For 36 years he traversed this continent, at an average of 3,000 miles per year. He walked in one of the late processions in this city in honor of our victories, and attracted much attention.

UNDER the new postage law, all letters on which the postage is not prepaid, go inevitably to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington.

WE HAVE now ten territories waiting to be made States. They are Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

RECOVERED.—Seven thousand six hundred and thirty-six full barrels of crude oil, and over thirteen thousand empty barrels, which floated away at the time of the flood at Pittsburgh have been collected by a committee appointed at that time.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—The Duke of Northumberland, recently deceased, was one of the richest men in England. His landed property alone amounted to 187,000 acres. He was benevolent and liberal as well as wealthy. He expended over a million of dollars in building cottages and schools for those whom he employed. He built the Tyne Sailors' Home at a cost of $32,000; established life-boat stations at several points on the coast of his estates, and was earnestly engaged in his latter days on an extensive scheme for the education of seamen and fishermen among his tenantry. The endowment of four schools for them was completed before his death.

OLD TREE.—The Stuyvesant pear-tree, in New York city, is in full blossom for the two hundred and twentieth season.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The World's Fair for 1867 will be held at Paris, and the building for it will cost from $6,000,000 to $8,000 000. The building will be made to hold 200,000 people, and every thing will be on the grandest scale possible.

BIG TREE.—The "old maid," one of the immense red wood trees in the famous grove in Calaveras county, California, fell down not long ago. It was 325 feet in length, and 35 in diameter at the foot.

A PROTESTANT church is in process of building at Naples. Only $30,000 are wanting of the $200,000 needed for its completion. Contributions have been solicited from various neighboring governments, and that of Zurich has voted 600 francs toward the enterprise.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS OF JESUITISM.—The Jesuit fathers have just published at Rome a statistical table of the members of their body. Their number in the Roman States is 475, of whom 345 live in the Holy City, the others in the colleges of Comarco, Velletri, Frosinone and Viterbo. At the close of the year 1864 the total number of members of the Society of Jesus was 7728, 196 more than in 1863. The Jesuits have extended their labors into 21 provinces; 4 belong to France; 5 to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, 2 to Spain, 5 to Italy, 1 to Mexico, and the others to England, Ireland, and the United States. The total number of Jesuits engaged in foreign missions is 1532, 140 more than in 1863. There are 23 missionaries in Europe, 296 in Asia, 213 in Africa, 736 in North America, 199 in South America, 53 in Oceanica, and 16 on their way to their destination. In 1841 the Jesuits in the whole world numbered only 3563; at present, as before stated, there are 7728, more than double their number less than a quarter of a century ago.

THE GRAND REVIEW.—The armies of the Republic were reviewed at Washington on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Great preparations had been made for the grand spectacle. Stands were erected in front of the White House for the President and his Cabinet Generals Grant and Sherman, the Diplomatic Corps, &c. Another stand opposite was erected by private munificence for sick and wounded soldiers, and another for members of Congress and other distinguished persons. About 50 000 strangers were in the city. The whole of Pennsylvania avenue was in gala dress. The troops commenced to march at 9 A. M. on Tuesday, and the procession occupied two entire days in passing. The soldiers will pass to their respective States, where they will be paid off and mustered out of the service. They will never cease to receive their pay in the gratitude of generation after generation of those whose government they have so nobly delivered from its peril.

ARRANGEMENTS are said to have been entered into between the United States and Switzerland whereby the Polish refugees now in Switzerland are to be provided with homes in the Far West.

A NEW CLOCK.—At the meeting of the Society of Natural Sciences of Versailles, M Jeannon presented a clock, which requires to be wound up but once a year; and it appears that, without making the clock to differ from one of the ordinary kind, he could construct it to go for a much longer period. He does not change the mechanism; the pendulum is merely replaced by a horizontal lever, which is made to oscillate by the torsion of an elastic metal wire suspended vertically. In the clock presented to the Society the lever makes one oscillation to six seconds; by varying the dimensions of the lever and of the elastic wire the length of the oscillation is changed. The simplicity of the contrivance is said to exceed any thing hitherto known.—*Scientific Review.*

THE late conflagration in Richmond developed a curious incident and fact, which may be valuable if remembered. A week or ten days after the fire, the iron safe of the Enquirer office was opened, when, immediately on the admission of the air, the smoke and papers were ignited and consumed. And such was the case of all other safes which were not in brick vaults.

The same result was realized in the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., in July last, but few of the safes that were exposed to the fire proved of any value. Fire-proof vaults were alone found to be serviceable.—*Ed. German Reformed Messenger.*

THE Washington *Republican* says: "We saw on duty at Fort Washington recently Sergeant Joseph Cameron, who has been in the service since 1806, two years longer than Gen. Scott. He has been on duty at Fort Washington constantly during the last thirty six years. Sergeant Cameron was born on the 19th of April 1789."

Married.

On the 27th day of April, 1865 by the Rev. William Murphy, William Matthews to Rachel Johnson, both residents of Chichester, Pennsylvania.

May 4th, 1865, by Rev. J. C. Cornish, Mr. Henry Lyons to Miss Mary Wright, of Germantown, Pa.

Died.

Killed, by being run over by a locomotive of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, on the 25th day of May, William Rhodes and Alex. Thompson, both old residents of Philadelphia.

Advertisements.

BANIKER HOUSE,
CAPE ISLAND,
NEW JERSEY.

MRS. TEAGLE
OF THE BANIKER HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, NEW JERSEY,
Would respectfully present this Circular for your favorable consideration, and informs her friends and the public, that she will re-open her house

On the 20th day of June,

for the reception of persons who may desire to resort to this beautiful watering place.

They will find that every care is taken to accommodate them and make their visit pleasant during their stay at this house. It contains several very spacious, airy rooms, and in addition to the accommodations, a splendid Piano Forte, and a fine Tee Pee alley, where every effort will be made to render satisfaction to all who may desire to amuse themselves therein. Mrs. T. solicits the patronage of her friends. Terms reasonable. jel-3mo

To The Travelling Public.

I most respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have taken the large and commodious dwelling,

No. 1733 Addison Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
And have opened it as a first-class
Boarding and Lodging House,

and will be happy to see all of my old friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

Your influence is respectfully solicited. I beg leave to refer to Mr. James W. Brown, Philadelphia.

MRS. ANN E. FOSTER.

N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths. Terms reasonable. jel 1y

628 Hoop Skirts. 628

HOPKINS'
"OWN MAKE" OF
HOOP SKIRTS.
The best Assortment, and best Quality and Styles in the City

Have Trails all lengths and sizes, from 18 to 35 springs, from $1 75 to $4. Flash ch ap, all the new shapes and sizes, from 19 to 40 springs, from $1 40 to $3. Skirts of extra heavy steel and extra tapes, from 20 to 35 springs, from $1 90 to $4 75.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

of every grade, from 4 to 35 springs, from 4 to 8 cents per spring. They have no equal. Agents for the

New Flexible Skirt

the most pliable HOOP SKIRT made, and fully equal to the Duplex Elliptic Skirt, and at much lower prices. Also, constantly on hand full lines of low priced

New York Skirts,

Kid padded and Metallic fastened—15 springs, 38cts.; 20 springs $1; 25 springs, $1 15; 30 springs, $1 25; and 40 springs, $1 50. SKIRTS made to order, altered and repaired, at 628 ARCH STREET. my13 6mo

Spring Dress Goods
OF NEW STYLES,
OPENING DAILY.

SILK GRENADINES, Superb Styles
Spring and Summer POPLINS.
ORGANDIE LAWNS, neat and beautiful
White and Colored PERCALS and PIQUE.
BLACK SILKS, all prices
THIN SHAWLS in great variety.
Spring DELAINES, CHALLIES and CALICOES.
MOLINE and FLANNELS of all kinds
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, at
JOHN H. STOKES',
my20 3m 702 Arch Street, Phila.

Henderson's
CAPITOL CLOTHING HOUSE.
610 *Market St., first Clothing House ab 6th.*

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM.
[By our National Poet, Dr. Geo. Allen Spangler.]

It was in the merry month of May,
The moon so gently beaming;
Here and there and every way
Was as the sunlight dreaming.

Around the flower that bloomed that day,
My memory fondly closes;
But never can it fade away
From the Queen among the roses.

I saw her in her laurel crown,
Her dress with silver stars so bright,
And the way she sat with her purple hat
Holding the golden cords of light.

'Twas Independence Queen, I learned—
A garland of bright poems
For our brave boys when they returned,
To crown them with sweet roses.

N. B.—This Establishment keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of men's and youths' fashionable Clothing, at prices to suit the economical.
may20—6m E. HENDERSON, Proprietor.

COLORED
DOMESTICS
As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.,
can find good situations, free of charge, at the
Freedmen's Employment Bureau,
No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,
Opposite the City Hall,
BROOKLYN.

Basement on Joralemon Street.
No. 11—3 months

BOARDING
AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

Miss JANE JOBS wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sandy Hook Bay, convenient to both Salt and Fresh BATHS. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continued liberal patronage from the public.

A CARD.

MRS H. T. O'DONNELL,
Formerly of No. 740 South St., Philada.,
Has removed to No. 913 Lombard Street, and has opened
A BOARDING HOUSE

For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and also those who may wish to spend some time in our city. Mrs. O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, so far as she possibly can. Give her a call.

May 1—6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE
DR. J. W. CREEK,
Physician & Apothecary,
Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
THE MAIL. SENT BY EXPRESS, OR THROUGH

1855 1865

"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed-Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, etc

"18 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.
11 Beware of all worthless imitations.
See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.

HENRY R. COSTAR,
Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.

HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use COSTAR'S EXTERMINATOR. We have used it to our satisfaction—and if a box cost $5 we would have it. We have tried poisons, but they effected nothing. But Costar's article knocks the breath out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—*Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.

FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should recollect that hundreds of dollars' worth of Grain, Provisions, &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Ants, and other insects and vermin—all of which can be prevented by a few dollars worth of Costar's Rat, Roach, Ant, &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely.

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

Sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers. Ap 29—6mos

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
Offered by Perry & Co
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.

No. 302 Chestnut St., above Third
No. 609 Chestnut St., (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South-east Corner of Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones')
Messrs. Perry & Co. have undoubtedly the largest stock of ready made clothing, and finest variety of styles now presented to the public in this city. Their stock is now, bought at the lowest rates, got up in the best manner, and sold at

Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices
Wonderfully Low Prices.

Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves, and be convinced that it is to their advantage to deal with us.

Attention is also called to
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
our Custom Department,

In connection with such establishment, where we have constantly on hand
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,

And can guaranty to our customers entire satisfaction in every respect.

No. 302 Chestnut St., above Third
No. 609 Chestnut Street, (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South-east Corner Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones')
Perry & Co.

RESTAURANT,
Confectionery and Dining Saloon,
Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,
BALTIMORE.

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds. This is an Old Stand. I have spared no pains in refitting it up.
dec31—no 6 6m
DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,
News and Periodical
DEPOT,
20 *Commercial Place, and 85 Baronne St.,*
NEW ORLEANS.

A large assortment of School Books, French Books, School Tablets, Phonetic Journals Slates, Novels, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c.
No 4—1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.

The Second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line, Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Seventeenth and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and allow about 30 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS the cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7.55 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.25, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mann's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No. 21 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

LEAVE.

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10 00 "
FAST LINE	"	12 00 M
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	8.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "

ARRIVE.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	6.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7 05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.30 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.30 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.50 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	5.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan 26 131 Dock Street.

DRY GOODS
AND
TRIMMINGS
SELLING AT
REDUCED PRICES.

MRS S SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Shrouding, flannel, cambrics, etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand. Ladies' ready-made Clothing.

N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand,
S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*
to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D.C.
No. 10 1 year.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING.

JONES'
OLD ESTABLISHED
One Price
CLOTHING HOUSE,
604 Market Street,
(*Above Sixth.*)

At JONES' Crescent One Price Clothing Store, the low est selling price is marked in plain figures on each article, and never varied. All buy alike, whether judge or not. The stock is gotten up in a superior manner, expressly for retail sales. Those wanting a good, substantial and fashionable article, should not fail to go to

JONES',
604 *Market Street,*
One Price Store.

Ice Cream Saloon.

J. J. LYONS,
No 1023 *Lombard Street, Philada.,*

Invites all lovers of Ice Cream and other delicacies to give him a call. may25—3m

Sterling's Ambrosia.

"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."

And STERLING'S fragrant AMBROSIA will render strong, wiry hair, soft, silken, and glossy, and eradicate dandruff. apr29 1mo

COAL! COAL!!

Coal delivered to any part of the city, by large or small measure, by

T. J. BOWERS,
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot,
No. 634 *Lombard Street.*
April 15—tf

Private Boarding
AT 633 PINE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

The Subscriber, having FITTED UP HIS HOUSE with care, takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and acquaintances travelling that he is prepared to accommodate them when visiting the city.

Warm and Cold BATHS.
R. H. GLEAVES, Proprietor.
April 29—6mos

SHROUDING
AND
LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.

MRS. MARIA HIGHGATES
Most earnestly solicits the patronage and attention of the gentlemen undertaking and her friends, as she is now in the constant practice of shrouding and laying out of the dead and will give all needful satisfaction. Residence

No. 1026 Barley street,
tf bet. 10th & 11th, & Lombard & Pine Sts.

OLIVE BRANCH
BOARDING HOUSE,
No 814 Lombard Street, Phila.

Mrs. H. M Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class
BOARDING HOUSE
for their special accommodation, in a central (to business or churches) part of the city, as above named, where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M. BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO 403 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Indigestion, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 819 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH E. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS,
HAIR JEWELLERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,
No. 403 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED
Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.
BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEBOLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A celebrated preparation, for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff, Pimples, Blotches, Scurfiness, Obscurity, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

Composed of the most powerful vegetable ever offered for decomposing the hair removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, restoring gradually the parasitic, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, &c.

HAIR BOUGHT.

Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale. my 24-tf

NOTICE.

LEBANON CEMETERY.

All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds, will please call upon Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, as he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full satisfaction will be given in the whole matter. jan—6mo

(Signed) J. ASHER.

Agents, come and Examine
AN INVENTION

Urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.
Feb 11—1yr

C

Poetry.

FORGET.

It is easy to say "forget," and to let the heart grow cold,
To find another face as fair, to change for a new the old
To look as long into other eyes, with as fond, and earnest gaze
To steal the soul against the thought of better and happier days

It is easy to say "forget," the world has others as fair,
There are others with eyes that shine as bright, and just as beautiful hair,
If one wont listen, another will, and we need not pine for love,
If one star disappears from the sky, there are many left above.

It is easy to say "forget"—to join in life's gay dance,
To clasp the hand of every one, and look with a tender glance,
Or laugh in a cold, and careless tone, schooled in lessons of art
And never to let the worldling's eye see that you have a heart.

It is easy to say "forget," but ah! if ever you knew
The love which sprang from a gentle heart, that was good, and pure, and true,
That taught you to look to better things, and a world of higher bliss,
You could never change your holy faith, for a doctrine false as this.

And me, you can never forget; it will come when least you think,
The thought will check your wandering step upon destruction's brink,
Han eyes will beam on you then, her voice will fall on your ear,
And like a guilty thing you will start, and think to find her near.

Yes! the echo of that love, like the restless moan of the sea,
Will follow you through the future years, wherever you chance to be.
You will find the gay and fickle world, will be *false* to you at the last,
And turn with an aching heart, too late, to that beautiful dream of the past.

SONNET

BY LYDIA M. BENO

Bright May is wandering over the fresh green earth
And by the laughing streams, and in the vales
Her fairy feet trip softly—lovingly
To the low measure of the sweet south wind
Oh, come with me come o'er the budding hills,
We'll trace her footsteps through familiar haunts
And places sacred to the memory
Of our glad childhood with its early dreams;
Come, for the fragrant breath of violets
Is lingering in the valleys, from the hills
Nodeth the feathery forest-leaves Musical
Soundeth the pattering rain I bare my brow,
And cool, soft drops fall o'er it, tenderly
As the caressing touch of loving hands.

—*Rochester, Pa*

The Family.

HENS AND CHICKENS.

Gail Hamilton, in her old, charming way, discourses of poultry in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly, under the title "A press Henriade," the title being the only unsatisfactory thing about the article.

The time of the singing of birds is come, and the time of the cackling of homely, honest barn-yard fowls, who have never had justice done them. Why do we extol foreign growths and neglect the children of the soil? Where is there a more magnificent bird than the Rooster? What a lofty air! What a spirited pose of the head! Note his elaborately scalloped comb, his stately steppings, the lithe, quick, graceful motions of his arching neck Mark his brilliant plumage, smooth and lustrous as satin, soft as floss silk. What necklace of a duchess ever surpassed in beauty the circles of feathers which he wears, layer abutting over layer, up and down, hither and thither, as amber waterfall, swift and soundless as the light, but never disturbing the matchless order of his array? What plume from African deserts, can rival the rich hues, the graceful curves, and the palm-like erectness of his tail? All his colors are tropical in depth and intensity. With every quick motion the tints change as in a prism, and each tint is more splendid than the last; green more beautiful than any green, except that of a duck's neck; brown infiltrated with gold, and ranging through the whole gamut of its possibilities I am not sure that this last is correct in point of experience, but it is correct in point of sense, as any one who ever saw a red rooster will bear witness

Hens are not intrinsically handsome, but they abundantly prove the truth of the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does" Lord Kames describes one kind of beauty as that founded on the relations of objects And I am sure that the relation of a hen to a dozen fair, white, pure eggs, and the relation of those eggs to puddings and custards, and the twenty-five cents which they can have for the asking, make even an ungainly hen, like many heroines in novels, "quite beautiful but very interesting" "Twenty thousand dollars," said a connoisseur in such matters "is a handsome feature in any lady's face" And the "cut and cut can not cut" of a hen, whose word is as good as her bond for an egg a day, as a handsome feather in any bird's coat

I have lived among hens lately, and I know whereof I speak. They are just like people Not a few only, but the whole human race are chicken-hearted

Hens are fond of little mysteries With tons of hay at their disposal, they will steal a nest in a discarded feeding trough With nobody in the world to harbor an evil thought against them, they will hide under the corn stalks as carefully as if a sheriff were on their track They will not go to their nests while you are about but tarry midway and meditate profoundly on fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute till you are tired of watching and waiting, and withdraw No, you did not know it all before The world is in a state of Cimmerian darkness regarding hens There were never any chickens hatched till three weeks from a week before Fast Day How should you, my readers, know any thing about them? No doubt, and I will enlighten you.

Hens must have a depression where the lump of locality should be, for they have no manner of tenderness for old haunts "Where are the birds in last year's nests?" queries the poet, but he might have asked quite as pertinently, "Where are the birds fit last month's nests?" Echo, if she were at all familiar with the subject would reply, "The birds are all right, but where are the nests?" Hens very sensibly decide that it is easier to build a new house than to keep the old one in order, and having laid one round of eggs, off they go to coop or rather to excavate another dwelling You have scarcely learned the way to their nook above the great beam when it is abandoned, and they betake themselves to a hole at the very bottom of the hay stack. I wish I could tell you a story about a Hebrew prophet crawling under a barn after hens' eggs and crawling out again from the musty darkness into sweet light with h - clothes full of cobwebs his eyes full of dust, his hands full of eggs, to find himself winking and blinking in the midst of a party of ladies and gentlemen who had come hen-hunting from a farm-house. I cannot tell you, because it would be a breach of confidence; but I am going to edit my Sketch-Book Life and Letters, if I live long enough, and he does not live too long, and then you shall have the whole story, with names, dates, and costumes

Another very singular habit hens have of dusting themselves. They do not seem to care for bathing, like canary birds, but in warm afternoons when they have eaten their fill they like to stroll into the highway, where the dust lies ankle-deep in heaps and ridges, and settle down and stir and borrow in it till it has penetrated through all their inmost feathers and has filled them, that, when they arise and shake themselves they stand in a cloud of dust Like me: like this baker in the hens, yet I observe how a correspondence exists in all the Vertebrata, for do not fine ladies similarly dust themselves? They do not, indeed, sit in the road *à la Turque*. They loot up the dust, and take it into their dressing-rooms and because Nature has not provided them with feathers, ingenuity uses these to supplies the deficiency with the softest of white down brushes, that harbor and convey the coveted dust I doubt not through the races one remembering purpose runs; and many a stately matron and many a lovely maiden might truly say unto the hen "Thou art my sister!"

Did I say I knew all about hens? The half was not told you for I am wise about chickens too I know them tribe from "cogg to hurr," as the country people say, when they wish to express the most radical sweeping acquaintance with any subject, a phrase, by the way, whose felicity is hardly to be comprehended till experience has unfolded its meaning

When hens have laid a certain number of eggs—twelve or twenty,—they evince a strong disposition, I might almost say a determination, to sit. In every such case it is plain that they ought to be allowed to sit It is a violation of Nature to cause them in cold water in order to make them change their minds; and I believe, with Marcus Antoninus, that nothing is evil which is according to Nature. But people want eggs, and they do not care for Nature; and the consequence is, that hens are obliged to undergo "heroic treatment" of various kinds Sometimes it is ice-cold bath, sometimes it is the hospital Once I used to the bottom of a post of the standards, but eager to escape, and ignorant of the qualities of cord, she flew up over the top rail, and, the next time I entered the barn, presented the unpleasing spectacle of a dignified and deliberate fowl hanging in midair by one leg. Greatly alarmed, I hurried her down. It was not a thin I, except in that one leg I rubbed it tenderly till warmth was restored, and then it grew so hot that I feared inflammation would set in, and made local applications to reduce the tendency, wondering in my own mind whether, in case worse should come to worse, she could get on at all with a Palmer leg. The next morning the question became unnecessary, as she walked quite well with her own.

The remaining hens were put in hospital till they signified a willingness to resume their former profitable habits,—except one who was arbitrarily chosen to be foster mother of the future brood Fifteen eggs, fair and fresh reserved for the purpose I mounted out and put into her nest; and there she sat day after day and all day long, with a quietness, a silent, patient persistence, which I admired, but could not in the least imitate, for I kept continually poking under her and prying her up to see how matters stood Many hens would have resented so much interference, but she knew it was sympathy, and not malice; besides, she was very good-natured, and so was I, and we stood on the best possible footing towards each other A G says, "A hen's time is not much to her," and in this case his opinion was certainly correct.

One morning I thought I heard a faint noise floating out the good old creature, that I might take observations. eggs still, and no chickens, were discernible, but the tiniest, little, silvery, sunny-hearted chirp that you ever heard, inside the eggs and a little, tender pecking from every imprisoned chick, standing at his crystal door, and, with his faint, fairy knock, knock, knock, craving admission into the great world. Never can I forget or describe the sensations of that moment; and as promise rapidly culminated in performance,—as the eggs ceased to be eggs, and analyzed themselves into shattered shells and chirping chickens,—it seemed as if I had been transported back to the beginning of creation Right before my eyes I saw, in my hands I held, the mystery of life These eggs, that had been laid under my very eyes as it were, that I had my own self hunted and found and consecrated and restored,—these eggs that I had broken and eaten a thousand times, and learned of a surety to be nothing but eggs,—were before me now; and lo, they were eyes and feathers and bill and claws! Yes, little puff ball, I saw you when you were hard and cold and had no more life than a Lama bean I might have scrambled you, or boiled you or made a pooch egg of you, and you would not have known that any thing was happening If you had been cooked then, you would have been only an omelet; now you may be a fricassee. As I looked at the nest, so lately full only of white quiet, now swarming with downy life, and vocal with low, soft music,

"I feel a power life in every pole."

Oh, no one can tell, till he has chickens of his own, what delicious emotions are stirred in the heart by their downy, appealing tenderness!

Swarming, however, as the nest seemed, it soon transpired that only seven chickens had transpired Eight eggs still maintained their integrity. I remarked to the hen, that she would better keep on awhile longer, and I would take the seven into the house, and provide for them She assented having justly enough, all confidence in my capacity, and I put them into a warm old worsted hood and brought them into the house But the hood was not a hen, though it was tucked in and thumped almost to the point of suffocation, and they found the long earth down their backs,—"cyprus," it is called in the rural districts. Nothing would soothe them but to be huddled together in some city's bag and brooded with a cuddly, clucking I thought myself peculiar when the way now comes to a sharp old spell, and I take a vessel of milk for them chickens—I mean peasant hens, that you are really making a present here happy The hen thinks grass and dandelions and fun in a hole are what they want, hardly two which was white, of the hen They would all fall asleep in a soft string, lying heads and claws up with no appearance of life, but as suddenly and simultaneously as the drum had beat a reveille and go foraging about in a most enterprising manner One would creep at a time under the impression that it was the hardest kind of concealed milk on record, they were not restrained from showing the attack to equals at irregular intervals When they first broke camp we put cracked and uncracked corn in the tray, but when they got used to it we put in the cracked corn only, and they learned to eat it as well as the uncracked, and in fact preferred it, as it was more convenient to pick up. Their meals were very frequent, and consisted of cracked corn and bread soaked in milk, and boiled potatoes mashed up with bread and milk. Their drink was milk and water. Later, chicks may eat. She scatters the dough about with her own bill, that it may be accessible to the little bills, or, perhaps, to teach them how to work. The wire worms the bugs, the flies, all the choice little tidbits that her soul loves, she divides for her chicks, reserving not a morsel for herself. All their gambols and pranks and wild ways she bears with untiring patience They hop up by twos and threes on her back They peck at her bill. One saucy little imp actually jumped up and caught hold of the little red lappet above her beak, and, hanging to it, swung back and forth half a dozen times; and she was evidently only amused, and reckoned it a mark of precocity

Yet with all her intense, absorbing parental love, she has very serious deficiencies,—deficiencies occasioned by the same lack of modification which I have before mentioned. Devoted to her little ones, she will scratch vigorously and unerringly to provide them food, yet fails to remember that they do not stand before her in a straight line out of harm's way, but are hovering around her on all sides in a dangerous proximity. Like the poet, she looks not forward nor behind. If they are beyond reach, very well; if they are not all the same; scratch, scratch, scratch in the soil goes her great, strong, horny claw, and up flies a cloud of dust, and away goes a poor unfortunate, whirling involuntary somersets through the air without the least warning. She is a living monument of mischief that may be done by giving undue prominence to one idea. I only wonder that so few broken heads and dislocated joints bear witness to the falseness of such philosophy. I am quite sure, that, if I should give the chickens such merciless impulses, they would not recover from the effects so speedily. Unlike human mothers, too, she has no especial tenderness for invalids. She makes arrangements for a healthy family. If a pair of tiny wings droop, and a pair of tiny legs falter, so much the worse for the poor unlucky owner; but not one journey the less does Mother Hen take. She is the very soul of impartibility; but there is no coaxing Sick or well, chick must run with the others, or be left behind. Run they do with a remarkable uniformity. I marvel to see the perfect understanding among them all. Obedience is absolute on the one side, and control on the other, and without a single harsh measure. It is pure Quaker discipline, simple moral suasion. The specks understand her every word, and so do I —almost. When she is stepping about in a general way,—and hens always step,—she has simply a motherly sort of cluck, that is but a general expression of affection and oversight But the moment she finds a worm or a crumb or a splash of dough, the note changes into a quick, eager "Here! here! here!" and away rushes the brood pell-mell and topsy-turvy. If a stray cat approaches, or danger in any form, her defiant menancing "C-r-r-r-r!" shows her anger and alarm.

To personal fear, as I have intimated, the hen-mother is a stranger; but her power is not always equal to her pluck. One week ago this very day,—ah, me! this very hour,—the cat ran by the window with a chicken in her mouth. Cats are a separate feature in country establishments. In the city I have understood them to lead a nomadic, disturbed, and somewhat shabby life. In the country they attach themselves to special localities and prey upon the human race We have three steady and several occasional cats quartered upon us. One was retained for the name of the thing,—called derivatively Malt-ese, and Molly "for short." One was adopted for charity,—a hideous, saffron-hued, forlorn little wretch, left behind by a Milesian family, called from its color, Aurora, contracted into Rory O'More. The third was a fierce black-and-white unnamed wild creature, of whom one never got more than a glimpse in her savage flight Cats are tolerated here from a tradition that they catch rats and mice, but they don't. We catch the mice ourselves and put them in a barrel, and put a cat in after them; and then she is frightened out of her wits. As for rats, they will gather wherever corn and potatoes congregate, cats or no cats. It is said in the country, that if you write a polite letter to rats, asking them to go away, they will go. I received my information from one who had tried the experiment, or known it to be tried, with great success. Standing ready always to write a letter on the slightest provocation, you may be sure I did not neglect so good an opportunity. The letter acknowledged their skill and sagacity, applauded their valor and their perseverance, but stated, that, in the present scarcity of labor, the resident family were not able to provide more supplies than were necessary for their own immediate use and for that of our brave soldiers, and they must therefore beg the Messrs. Rats to leave their country for their country's good. It was laid on the potato chest, and I have never seen a rat since!

While I have been penning this quadrupedic episode, you may imagine Molly, formerly Maltese, as Kinglake would say, bearing off the chicken in triumph to her domicile. But the alarm is given, and the whole plantation turns out to rescue the victim or perish in the attempt Molly takes refuge in a sleigh, but is ignominiously ejected. She rushes *per saltum* under the corn barn, and defies us all to follow her. But she does not know that in a contest strategy may be an overmatch for swiftness. She is familiar with the sheltering power of the elevated cornbarn, but she never conjectures to what base uses a clothes pole may come, until one plunges into her sides. As she is not a St Mildred Convictionist, she does not like it, but strikes a bee-line for the piazza and rushes through the entire work into the darkness underneath We stoop to conquer, and she hurls threek fire at us from her wrathful eyes but cannot stand against a concentrement of poles which vex her soul With teeth still fastened upon her now unresisting victim, she leaves her place of refuge which indeed was no refuge for her, and gnaws through the yard and across the field; but an unseen column has flanked her, and she turns back only to fall into the hands of the main army,—too late, alas! for the tender chick, who has picked up his last worm and will never chirp again But his death is speedily avenged. Within the space of three days, Molly, formerly Maltese, is taken into custody, tried convicted accordingly, remanded to prison in an old wagon-box, and transported to Botany Bay, greatly to the delight of Rory O'More, formerly Aurora, who in the presence of her overgrown contemporary was never suffered to call her soul her own much less a louse or a crust

Little chickens, tender and winsome as they are, early discover the same disposition. When one of them comes into possession of the fortunes of a fly, he does not share it with his brother. He does not even quietly swallow it himself He clutches it in his bill and runs around in circles and irregular polygons. Into one distracted, trying to find a corner where he can gormandize alone. It is no matter that not a single chicken is in pursuit, nor that there is enough and to spare for all. He hears a voice we cannot hear, telling him that the Philistines be upon him. And every chicken snatches his morsel and hates from every other as fast as his little legs can carry him. His solitude appears his sense,—which is, indeed, a very equal portion for [illegible] is very strong and his sense is very weak. It is no wonder that Hopeful was well nigh moved to anger and quarrel, "Why art thou so tart, my brother?" when Christian said to him... "Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the shell to this very day" To be compared to a chicken is disparaging enough; but to be compared to a chicken as very young that he has not yet quite divested himself of his shell, must be as Pat Murphy would say, what Nature "could not endure." A little chicken's greedy crop finds its eyes to every consideration except that of the nearest mustering in his bill. He is beautiful and round, and full of cunning ways, but he has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his rock long and be quite out to sea, though only two steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines. He is impetuous and timid and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern between bread and lies. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen Her cluck will be follow to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed. I am afraid that the Interpreter was putting almost too fine a point upon it, when he had Christiana and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lift up her head and her eyes towards heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up.'" Doubtless the chuck lift her eyes towards heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put any thing but acknowledgment in the act. A gratitude that thanks Heaven for favors received and then runs into a hole to prevent any other person from sharing the benefit of those favors, is a very questionable kind of gratitude, and certainly should be confined to the bipeds that wear feathers

Yet, if you take away selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and falsity from his intellectual, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social ways. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies Their toilet performances are full of interest They trim each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity, much better indeed than they dress their own heads,—for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk They do not really walk. They sight their object, water, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus is lost, generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go. It is delightful to watch them as drowsiness dims their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony. How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a room so close, it is difficult to imagine "They certainly deal a staggering blow to our preconceived notions of the necessity of oxygen and ventilation, but they make it easy to see whence the Germans derive their fashion of sleeping under feather beds. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother heart and the broad mother wings take them all in. They penetrate her feathers, and open for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmest and softest nook. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body, but it soon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirr grow still. You see only a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan tree, and presently even they disappear, she settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence, And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence, I can but remember that outbursts of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to earth from a dwelling place of ineffable glory, called nothing unclean because it was common, found no homely detail too trivial or too homely to illustrate the Father's love, but from the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy and the iniquity gathered before Him,—seeing too, alas! the calamities and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a God-like pity overbears His righteous indignation, and cries out in passionate appeal, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Child's Cabinet.

CHILDREN, WE HAVE MET.

BY REV ORBY CLIFF
MISS MAGGIE WHINE.

She is her papa's pet and her mamma's pride She is the darling of the household, the privileged and favored one. She is the youngest of the family, perhaps, when others are much older She can do, and dares to do what none of the others were ever permitted to attempt. Some how there is something about her witching eyes and pouting lips and cunning ways that extracts the sting from reproof and the firmness from resistance

She overrides opposition with a gallant smile, as if conscious of her power; and inwardly rejoices at the defeat of parental law. It is not in a spirit of bitterness that she does this, nor of strong will merely; but because she sees that she can do it with impunity against weak remonstrance,—for children all naturally take delight in doing what is forbidden them. often just because it is forbidden. Stolen waters are sweet And the very best way to invite and encourage them to a wrong course is to oppose them in it with a slight force which they see that they can resist.

It is not the violence of the child to sin, half so much as the yielding of the parent to the child after a slight but effectual half earnest conflict, that touches it lawlessness. You make a conflict I will with your child over a mere trifling matter, and after a moment's contest you give over to the dear pet" And sin have allowed it to [illegible] when [illegible] take away He has learned his power and will be ruled sure entirely sure with a careless dresser — to try the same thing soon again

But hence a yet worse is that she is sickly and feeble a tender little bud But some of the sweetest children we have ever seen have been such little frames that were scarcely ever free from disease The lessons of life are to be early learned I guess that your heart wants some [illegible] and so you say that [illegible] does not feel well and [illegible] to take it And she goes whining about it for two half hours and the other half is gay

We love the Miss Maggie's and the best behaved child's book is a [illegible] and humored child are bright and [illegible] They shine like the rising sun in spring time, and lift up in the morning [illegible] and the violet in the garden. Their very eyes sparkle like the dew drops on the bushes and they make the birds on the branches I never heard of any little sparrows going about creeping up and down the bushes as if they had no life in them refusing to sing saying, "I don't want to" no" I don't feel [illegible] Please, mamma may't I stay at home from school to day?" I never heard of any little dears waking up late in the morning and rubbing open its eyes while it yawned saying "Mamma dairy, I don't want to lit me to dess yet [illegible] me keep my little leaves all folded up, and let me hide my colors from the sun" They may have done it. But we do not find any account of it on the books

But Miss Maggie Whine is neither a bird nor a daisy And she does go about in some such way as this. You hear that she is up and ready to come down stairs. You expect to see her come bounding into the room all full of life and laugh and cheerfulness running up to kiss mamma and throw her arms about papa's neck for a regular ten-pounder salute, and saying, "Good morning," with a sweet smile for all

But oh! you are sadly mistaken. Maggie does not make her appearance in this way. The door slowly opens, and a little old woman of a girl, with a crumpled half ready to cry face comes drawling in. Her head is on one side, and she looks with her hands at the chair and the [illegible]

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS J BOWERS,
(At 634 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)
has constantly on hand the best
Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,
At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand by small measure.
Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.
Orders received at No. 115 South Second Street.
No. 1—3 mos

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER,
RAGS, &c
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
[*No. 32 South Sixth Street*]

TRIMMINGS
AND
Fancy Goods.
633 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES
Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop skirts
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.
COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.
Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under shirts, Collars and Neckties.
A general assortment of Stationery.
Ladies Dresses and Under clothing made to order.
Oct 17 6mo

ICE DEN

GLOBE HOTEL.
WILLIAM P POWELL,
Proprietor
No. 2 Dock Street, near Franklin Square,
N E YORK

[illegible]

LAST NOTICE
HELP WANTED
AT
Madame Tilton's Agency for Employment
No 70 East Thirteenth Street
(One door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

[illegible]

Nurses, Seamstresses, and Ladies Maids, &c. &c.

Fare close Mon Co for Ladies and Gentlemen's yachts, &c.

Particular attention paid to the Washing Season

N B These qualities of Help are the only ones that can find constant employment and receive the highest prices.

All applications must be accompanied by the cash

Mrs L TILTON Proprietress
Office hours from 7 A M to 2 P M
Apr 1 1865

MATLACK'S
MENS AND BOYS'
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 904 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large assortment of
MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
now on hand, READY MADE, embracing every variety of style and quality, and will be sold at small advance for CASH
Our entire attention paid to all orders, so as to ensure satisfaction
E MATLACK Ag't
1004 Market Street

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,
Fifty Years among the Baptists,
The China Mission,
Oriental Acquaintances,
Political Essays,
Letters from Switzerland,
Mabel, or Heart Histories,
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,
In and Around Stamboul,
Tribune Papers,
A Life Struggle,
Two Eras of France, by Auber
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Parlow,
St. Paul to St. Sophia,
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,
Fresh Gleanings,
The Exile of Florida,
Columbus,
Summer Pictures,
Anticipation of the Future,
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,
Large Family Bibles, &c
Freedly's Practical Treatise on Business,
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,
Lowell's Young Speaker,
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,
Jefferson's Manual,
Lady of the Lake,
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,
Webster's Consumer School Dictionary,
Pronouncing Bible,
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,
History of Methodism, 2 vols.,
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,
Positive Theology,
The Poet Preacher,
Saints' Rest,
Pilgrim's Progress,
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,
Life of Wesley,
Coral's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,
Cole's Concordance,
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,
Our Friends in Heaven,
The Sacred Heir. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,
Shiloh Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,
Missionary among the Cannibals,
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,
The Missionary in Many Lands,
Rudiments of Public Speaking,
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,
The New Lake of Zion. For Choirs,
Memoir of Carvosso,
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,

BIBLES.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,
" " without Clasp,
The Prince of Hymn Books,
" "
Sheep skin, "

New Discipline,
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,
Clark on the Promises,
Theological Compend,
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,
Local Exhorters' Licenses,
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,
Harry Budd,
Village Blacksmith,
Infant Teachers' Manual,
Claude's Essay,
Gerald and his Friend Philip,
Daisy Dawns
Girls at School,
What Norman Saw in the Week,
Juno Atherton's Year at School,
Little Tiger Lily,
Sweet Corn Bell
Hannah Lee,
Barrymen's Daughter,
Fletcher's Appeal to Common Sense,
Christian's Philosophy,
Memoir of Mrs Rodgers,
Light in the Valley,
Holy Angels,
Sy via Austin,
Resurrection of the Dead,
Bible Pictures for Children,
Margaret Maxham. A book for Young Ladies,
Stories in Verse,
Home Pictures,
Minnie Wingfield,
Young Gold Seeker,
Self-willed Susie,
Life of Whitefield,
Fletcher's Perfection,
Christian's Pattern,
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,
Gold Dollar,
Daisy,
Hard Text,
Jessie,
My Missionary Book,
Our Father in Heaven,
John Bliss,
Stories in Rhyme
Aesop, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,
" No. 2, "
" No. 3, "
Questions on the Old Testament,
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,
Questions on Matthew
" Mark,
" Luke,
" John
Sabbath School Almanacs,
Miss Missionary Tracts, etc.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

[illegible] and Rhetoric,
[illegible] English Composition,
[illegible] per dozen
Present Common School Arithmetic, per doz.,
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen
Outlines of Lectures in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen
Quackenbos' U S History, per dozen,
A Compendium of U S History, per dozen,
Smith's Grammar,
Progressive and Etymological School Book,
Analysis Algebra,
Key to do
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Barnes's Notes on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,
Notes on the XXV Articles,
Summers's Popular Theology,
Lowrey's Positive Theology,
Watson's Commentary,
Watson's Dictionary,
Life and Ministry of Mr Adard,
Clarke's Commentary,
Clarke's Sermons,
Clarke's Miscellaneous Works,
Wesley's Sermons,
Fletcher's Works,
Watson's Institutes,
Watson's Sermons,
Watson's Life,
Benson's Commentary,
Benson's Sermons,
Benson's Life,
Life of Wesley,
Life of Coke,
Life of Asbury,
Life of Hedding,
Life of Bangs,
Life of Olin,
Life of Summerfield,
Life of Fletcher,
Life of Emory,
Life of Pierce,
Life of Roberts,
Life of Hamline,
Life of Janes,
Life of Capers,
Life of Soule,
Life of Redman,
Life of Lee,
Life of Jesse Lee,
Life of Garrettson,
Life of Hunter,
Life of Peck,
Life of Bascom,
Life of Lovick Pierce,
Life of Kingsley,
Life of Bishop Andrew,
Life of Bishop Morris,
Life of Bishop Hamline,
Life of Bishop Janes,
Life of Bishop Capers,
Life of Bishop Soule,
Life of Bishop Roberts,
Life of Bishop Emory

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 10, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 23.—New Series. Whole No. 232.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern or the paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2015, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in one city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2015, Philadelphia.

TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We publish Advertisements of all descriptions, calculated to do a religious circulation, which will be published as follows:

Ten lines or less (nonpareil, measured the usual way), for the first insertion, one dollar, the subscriber, paper furnished; or, six for a dollar without the paper.—Six months, for the dollars, paper included.—Three months, four dollars.—One month, $1.50, paper to each one furnished.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference, REV. B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia " A. L. STANFORD.
New York " L. PATTERSON.
New England " W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio " SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana " ENOS McINTOSH.
Missouri " M. M. CLARK.
California " T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

[Selected for the Christian Recorder by E. M. Ward.]

THE DEAD BROTHER.

CHILD.

Oh! why does Brother William sleep
So long upon his little bed?
And why, dear mother, do you weep?

MOTHER.

My child, your little brother's dead.

CHILD.

I thought, when dead, my mother,
That angels bore us to the sky;
But Brother William still is here!

MOTHER.

Oh, no, my child, he sleeps on high!

CHILD.

I feel his cheek, his hand I hold—
Oh, William, do get up and play!
Why is your head so supported?

MOTHER.

Your brother hears not what you say.

CHILD.

And will he never wake again,
And spend his playthings on the floor,
May walk with us along the lane?

MOTHER.

We here shall see his face no more.

Now, son, that body must be laid
Beneath the cold and silent clod.
His spirit angels have conveyed
To live forever with its God.

For the Christian Recorder.

PRESIDENT ON RECONSTRUCTION.

An Oration, Delivered by P. H. *Jackson, at Wilberforce University, May 24th, 1865.*

We cannot be too deeply impressed, at the present time, with the necessity of education. The Lord has indeed set before us an open door, and no man can shut it. But we ourselves may shut it, by neglecting to improve the opportunities now afforded us of taking our position amongst the nations of the earth. This we never can do, until we do it by the force of intellect. Why have we, as a people, been kept down by the iron hand of oppression, for the last two hundred years? Why have all of our God-given rights been taken away from us? Why have our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, been snatched from us, and sold in the distant South, there to labor in slavery and degradation for the white man? Why have we submitted to this? Is it not chiefly because we have been denied the privilege of education?—because we have been denied those rights and privileges which God has given to all men? They have been forcibly taken away from us.

In some parts of this country we have been denied the privilege of serving God. But thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, the time is now come for us to prove to the world that we are able to compete with any other nation, in literature and science. Why has America prospered? Why does she command the respect of the world? Why has she become one of the greatest nations of the earth? Because her people are educated. England owes her commanding position among the nations of the earth, to her progress in science and literature. Suppose that these nations, and others, that hold prominent positions, had been denied the privilege of education, do you think, for a moment, that they would command the respect that they do? No!

For example, look at the cities that once held the most prominent positions in science and literature. Where are they to-day? Where is all the learning that they once boasted of? Gone! Other cities have taken their positions. I speak of Rome, Carthage, and Athens. Why do they not still hold their positions? Because they neglected to educate and improve the mind, and as soon as they left the glorious boon go, they fell. We see from this, that education makes the man and the nation.

It becomes our duty then, as a race of people that has long been kept down, to educate ourselves, and take our position amongst the nations of the earth. This great duty devolves upon the rising generation, our fathers have been denied the school privileges that we now enjoy, and it remains for us, the rising generation, to prove to the people of this country, and to the world, that we can and will educate ourselves. I am not now asking for social equality, but I want political and educational equality, and the rest will come without our seeking it, for we know that education will command respect.

It has been asked by the white men of the South, If you free the negro race in this country, what will become of them? They are ignorant,—they cannot be taught any thing. Our lives will be in danger. So, therefore, we must keep them in utter darkness. The Northern copperhead says, Send them out of the country. What for? Have we not lived here for over two hundred years? Do we take up any more room now, than we did when we were working and toiling for the white man? I think not. But like Pharoah of old, when he saw the increase of the Lord's people, he issued a decree that all male children under a certain age should be killed. Why was this? He saw with fear and trembling the increase of the Lord's people. So with some in this country. They see that we are bound to educate ourselves, and they tremble, fearing that we will prove to them that we are able to do so.

There is a strange feature in the Southern doctrine, and that is this, they maintain that we are unable to master the arts and sciences, yet they have denied us the rights of school. Why, oh, why did they keep books from us? They well know that ignorance was a supporter of slavery, and as long as they kept us in ignorance, they could hold us in bondage. Why do you find upon almost all the statute books of the South, laws prohibiting, upon the pain of death or imprisonment, the teaching of letters to the colored man? They well knew that as soon as the letters were learned, they would also learn to read God's holy book, which Southern preachers have expounded according to their own views, and which they have so often perverted and falsified, declaring that it upheld and sanctioned slavery. But as soon as the slaves learn to read for themselves, that out of the dust of the earth God created all men free and equal, they will no longer stay and work for those who steal their labor, but go where they will be treated like men. But, thank God those days are past. He has raised up for us a Moses in Abraham Lincoln, who has brought us in sight of the sweet land of freedom, and has gone to reap the rich reward of all those who do their Master's will, and has left in his stead the noble statesman and patriot, Andrew Johnson, who will carry us into the land of freedom. But we will have to strain every nerve to remove the prejudice that exists towards us in this country, and, in the language of an able writer, "We must educate! If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave! If, in our haste to become rich and mighty, we outrun our religious literary institutions, short will be our race of freedom. For unless we do educate, we will be reduced to worse servitude than before. Therefore, it becomes the duty of every young man and woman of color in this country, to educate themselves, and to become teachers of their race who have just emerged from a state of darkness and degradation. Let us prepare ourselves for the work that is before us. Our much neglected and long despised people, are calling unto us for assistance, for teachers, ministers and counsellors. Shall not their wants be supplied? Let every young man and woman consecrate himself or herself to God, and to the great work of elevating and enlightening the oppressed and down-trodden.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Head-Quarters 1st Regt. U. S. C. T.,
Goldsboro', N. C., May 26, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Living, as we are, in a dispensation pregnant with events, and pending with immortal issues, the expansive mind, amid the silence and vicissitudes engaging its miraculous progress, soars over and anon to be trying to balance itself like a ship rocked to and fro by the uncertain waves of an angry ocean, yet helmed with fear, doubt, and timid apprehension. Was ever earth swept before by such a varied succession of revolutionizing eventualities as now spread themselves before the astonished gaze of mankind, even to those who have looked and waited with breathless suspense for the dawn of brighter days, much less the crude, ideal, and corporeally-formed minds of that retrogressive class who live and die in the masquerade of their own selfish propensities? Nothing less than some magic scroll, indented by the touch of some ancient demi-god or semi-devil, and worked by the invisible and fantastic force of a superstitious agency, could have embodied and broad-castly scattered revelations so joyful to-day, and so appalling to-morrow. That seemingly drastic and rejuvenescent tree, which, but yesterday stood studded with inflorescent charms, so enrapturing to the eye, to-day bends under a blighting curse, and wears the black drapery of blasting death, to the ghastly horror of the same spectator. Such divergent extremities to meet in one panoramic view, the startled observer, in the same train, and managed by the same God, adjusted by the same Providence, tending to the same ends, and consummating the same great, grand, and noble object, makes this (all things considered,) one of the greatest epochs known since the world began.

Weighty and forcible analogies might be adduced to bear out the above remarks, if argument were necessary. But as these fluctuating transitions stand out in such unclouded glare, and as political changes and diplomatic watchfulness all seem to loom up with an operating agency, through forces marshalled under such divine display, that the idea rises so sublimely grand, and ravish all human conception so transcendently, that to attempt a practical illustration would be like trying to recognize a single gem amid the glitter of ten thousand.

So we will omit to specify much of interest in the grand wheel of progression, for the ultimate conclusion of all must lead to the fact, that the instrumentalities, which seemingly are so heterogeneously at work, and are so diametrically opposite in their characters, are unswervingly tending to the glorious and benign consummation of justice, right, and equity upon an eternal bastion immovably, irresistible. Consequently the startled beholder looks on in astonished wonder at the mysterious providence of God in events like a complicated machine diverse in its parts, yet halted in mercy, and webbed with a singular and significant conglutination.

But suppose we leave this train of ideas and turn to occurrences actually transpiring, as they are much more interesting at this time than our metaphysical ramblings could be made, however gaudy or florid their adornment.

Only a few weeks ago we were at Warsaw Depot, where I had quarters in a house with an old man and his son-in-law, both of whom had always been slaves. The old gentleman was rather antipathetically disposed towards the flogging fun, and consequently had spent about one third of his life in the woods, bidding defiance to slave hunters, negro hounds, or any other salome they might try to enrich him with. But after we went there and assured him of his freedom, and had left, several rebels went through that vicinity beating the colored people, and making them resume their former servitude. So one with his natural sense of indolship, well armed and equipped rode around to this old gentleman's home, and after a ventilation of orders and threats, the old man (Uncle Bill Hill,) and his son-in-law, nabbed him, took his gun, pistol, horse, and tied him with ropes, and marched him on a double quick, some ten miles, to our troops, and then accompanied him to Goldsboro', where the General received the scamp, and paid the old man the highest compliment.

This is not the only instance by far, where the colored people are giving evidence of commendable manhood. That innate principle, guaranteed to all men by their Creator, is fast quickening into life, and rising from the slumber that has shrouded them for many ages; and when once the impulsive race of color has regained its natural promptings and aspirations, woe be to those who would dare to desecrate the sanctity of their rights by intruding their selfish and diabolical schemes to thwart, through force or any ambidextrous treachery, the ends and ultimate designs of God in their creation.

There are a great many deaths in and around Goldsboro', the principal portion of whose are chimpo. The most prevalent disease appears to be a physical prostration, growing out of a want of vegetable food. Sherman's army, while recuperating in this place, destroyed every vestige of vegetation, and burned every fence surrounding the gardens, fields, &c. Many, however, are at work trying to reestablish those horticultural institutions which have been disorganized by the pillage (as the secessionists call it,) of Sherman's Army, who, I trust, will be able, in a few weeks, to supply all necessary demands; but at present there is a terrible state of scarcity.

I must, with much regret, say that white troops are not fit to garrison the country, because there is not one in twenty who will do justice to the colored man. If there were no prejudice growing out of color, it would be quite different. But many, I am sorry to say, will curse, threaten, and, as I learn, even whip colored persons, where they think they will escape detection, to gratify some "secesh belle," or to keep the good will of some Southerner who can keep a sumptuous table. I have been told, over and over, by colored people, that they were never treated more cruelly, than they were by some of the white Yankees. But the colored troops treat the colored troops respectfully, and have nothing to do with the whites at all. Besides, the white people here prefer the colored troops, from the fact, that they are respectful and orderly, and are not rambling through their houses, nor troublesome to their wives and daughters, &c., neither do they stand by the wayside to taunt or blackguard those who are passing, as I have heard the whites do. Some of these disorderly white soldiers passed through here a few days since, and forgot where they were. They once commenced their habitual custom, by cursing the negroes. Some of the colored soldiers came up, and began to return the cursing compliment, which much enraged the white soldiers; a fist fight ensued, which lasted some time, and resulted in knocking several down, and placing the whole party under negro guards. There is seldom any disturbance where colored soldiers are guarding a place; but with the whites there is an endless bow-wow over and about some great big nothing.

There was a Union meeting held in this place a few days ago, which brought together some of the hardest-looking men I ever beheld. They came in from the adjacent country, representing its various districts in the capacity of delegates. Their speeches were quite patriotic, however, and savored of a willingness to abide the consequences of laws repugnant to their former institutions.

Thousands of poor white people are coming in town daily, and drawing rations. Women come from forty miles off, travelling for days, to and from the town, to find something to eat. Others take the advantage of this benevolence on the part of the Government, to traffic, and satisfy their roguish ambition by whining for rations, and then speculating with them.

But, as I am bothered so, I cannot write, owing to so many calls, I will stop for this time.

E. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

LOUISVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Louisville, May 27th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Dear Brother: The signs of the times here still continue most propitious and favorable for the present and future welfare of our people. In the first place, our third Quarterly Meeting has been very interesting. We opened our meeting on Friday, the 12th ultimo, and had quite an outpouring of the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. Many penitent sinners pressed around the altar, crying for mercy, and numbers have found mercy and pardon through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Others are still seeking for redemption.

During the course of our meeting we received twenty-nine persons into the Church and Union, the last quarter we received fifty-six. So you see that the great Lord of Hosts is present with us here.

Elder T. Strother is making his mark in our city, for he, by Divine assistance and favor has paid off the last debt standing against Quinn Chapel. For many years this debt has hung over our Church but it is now removed. What a blessing! Why, I really feel like shouting with them.

Now for other matters. I am happy to say that we have one of the best men that the country can produce at our military post in this city in the person of General Palmer. I will just note one of his great and humane acts towards our people. A few days ago the City Council had before them the subject of the crowded state of the city by our people. They therefore feared that some grievous pestilence would eventually follow such a state of things. With this idea in view they petitioned General Palmer to allow and assist them to rid the city of this class of people and also, as another means to dissipate, allow them to enforce the registration law upon our people.

The General in reply issued an order to the Provost Marshall that he should give passes to every colored person who made application for them. The order extended to steamboats, ferry boats, railway cars, and all manner of public conveyances, that they should accommodate all persons in the presentation of their passes and affix a penalty in case of refusal or overcharging of fare.

This has opened up a wide gate that lets out our confined people by the scores and hundreds. This among his other great acts of kindness toward us, has endeared General Palmer to our people.

The worthy and talented editor of the "Union Press," of this city, Mr. Civill, has done much for us here. He has ably and fearlessly defended our people ever since he commenced his editorial career. His sheet is increasing in influence and circulation, and he is just the man to drive a pen, though this community. There is no such word as fail in his vocabulary. Success must crown his efforts.

Please let us know through your columns what our people are doing in the East for the uniting of the two Conventions.

Please send me two more numbers of the Recorder, for Mr. Willis Talbert and Mrs. Maria Bisard. Enclosed is the subscription.

B. L. Brooks.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CURSE OF CANTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Restored.

Our readers, no doubt, are asking, what has become of Col. Tracy? With your permission we will invade the colonel's sanctum, or, as Lloyd called the new library, "Pa's Retreat." Col. Tracy sits in the huge arm-chair, the bright, joyous sunbeams streaming in at the west window, fall warmly on the once raven locks, now closely threaded with silver. The little sunbeam all unnoticed, slides slowly down, and at last rests, quivering, deepening, and fadings upon the bright carpets. The colonel is thinner and paler than when we first knew him. His proud form is slightly bowed, and his searching, black eyes have an eager, restless, glance, that but too truly betokens a mind ill at ease.

The colonel is living under a shadow, and has lived under it for years. But the iron will, the over-weening pride, which gave him strength to do and dare all things, was fast giving way, and the proud man felt as we all must feel some time: he was growing old.

How vain were all his vast possessions, as long as they failed to bring him *happiness*. Yes, there was the great secret. He had lived in vain. He had buoyed himself up with the belief that he was happy, while all the time the knowledge of ruin was nestled like a canker worm at his heart. But he had resolutely banished all thought of that one dark epoch in his life's history.

The colonel had become strangely unlike himself of late. He was unusually taciturn when in the presence of his family, and spent hours alone in his retreat, communing with his own sad thoughts. He would allow his mind to wander far back through the dim shadowy vista of the past, which was thronged with accusing spirits. Remorseless memory dragged to light those scenes he had been for years striving to forget. Long silenced conscience was doing her work, and *remorse*, if not *penitence*, was fast tugging at the heart-strings of the stubborn old man. He groaned aloud, and perspiration bathed the pale brow, and saturated the heavy masses of hair.

"Why is it," he exclaimed excitedly, "the pale face of Clara Neville haunts my sleeping and waking hours, follows me like an avenging spirit?" Her voice and smile maddes me. Fool that I am to allow myself to be thus imprisoned. And the colonel made a desperate but vain attempt to rally his spirits.

"This is more than useless," he exclaimed. "Oh, Richard! my son! my son! my punishment is indeed greater than I can bear!" "A thousand times have I bitterly execrated that deed!" "My curse has recoiled upon my own head." "Oblivion would be a heaven, but upon that is denied me." He bowed his head upon his hands, as if to shut out the horrid picture that would present itself to his perturbed imagination. What was it to the guilty, wretched man, if the beautiful sunbeams deepened and faded, if the birds sang cheerily, and the flowers diffused their rich fragrance throughout the apartment? What was it to him if the wealth of mind, of poet sage and statesman, loomed above him? He heeded not the setting sun, as the rays of his glory departed, and were hid behind a bank of gold and purple clouds. He heeded not the cool twilight, freighted with the chirpings of myriads of insects. And all unheeded, the little stars came trooping forth, and pale Dian shed her mellow rays upon all God's creatures. The high and lowly, the happy and miserable, the good and wicked, alike shared her beneficence. Truly the hour of retribution comes to all.

Hours passed unheeded, the conscience stricken man sat motionless, absorbed in grief. Years had passed since he had looked upon his son. Strange that he had never thought to visit the picture in the old library. Years had passed since he had crossed that threshold. An irresistible inclination to visit that picture seemed to take possession of him. On, he would go. But it seemed very like weakness. He did not wish to be observed visiting the old library, which the negroes regarded with superstitious dread, and conversed in suppressed whispers as they passed it. So, it would not do to allow any one to know of this visit and as a safe guard against unpleasant comments, he considered to wait until the inmates of the house hold were buried in slumber then unobserved steal his way to the library.

Music, mirth and laughter were wafted to his ears on the night air, from the parlors. Evidently there was no sorrow there. At length the music and laughter were hushed. He heard the "Good night," spoken in many tones as the group in the parlor separated for the night. It would an hour longer, and taking a small lamp with cautious steps, the colonel his way through the shadowy halls. It was rather humiliating for a colonel through his own house like a thief at midnight. He cautiously approached the door, paused and listened. In the night was almost certain that he heard voices within. Listening, a moment longer and he might hear, he thought if only a freak of his perturbed imagination. Inserting his key in the lock with one effort the heavy oaken door swung back, and, closing, to his astonished gaze his wife and Clara Neville standing before the veiled picture, their faces white with terror. What had brought those two women to the blood-stained library, at that hour? Again, the likeness of Clare Neville to his son, arrested his attention. He gazed alternately, with glaring eyes upon the portrait of Richard, and the pale, trembling girl. It must be; it must be, he muttered, half audibly; but the proof, the proof.

Mrs. Tracy, from weakness and excessive fright, had fainted, and now rested like a broken lily upon Clara's bosom, who turned her imploring gaze upon Colonel Tracy, and said: "For the love of heaven take your wife; I fear this fright will kill her."

To be continued next week.

For the Christian Recorder.

SOUTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENCE.

Beaufort, S. C.,
May 27th, 1865.

Mr. Editor.—I arrived in Beaufort April 18th, and shortly after my arrival, I heard that you had just left. I was very sorry that you had left so soon, or that I did not arrive sooner. I found the condition of our people here much better than I expected. There are a great many here who are really well to do, so far as property is concerned.

I came here for the purpose of teaching in a colored regiment, and I teach two hours each day. The men are all anxious to learn and do learn with great rapidity. The schools on this island are in a very flourishing condition. I think it highly important that our schools at the North should be improved; for all things down here appear to be moving in the right direction. On the 14th of May we had a visit from Chief Justice Chase and Dr. Fuller, the great slave owner of the South, who, several years since, became converted to the principles of freedom and emancipated his slaves. At 4 o'clock, P. M., there was a dense crowd of about six thousand persons convened, and were entertained with singing from the school children. At 4½ o'clock three regiments of colored soldiers marched around the crowd. A few moments after, the Chief Justice, his daughter, Gen Saxton and lady, and Dr. Fuller took their seats upon the platform. Dr. Fuller was then introduced. He delivered a very able and eloquent address, advocating the suffrage of the black man, but declaring a literary qualification, or rather extending to every colored man the right of suffrage who could read a chapter in the Bible. He said if that were the case, in less than one year every colored man would read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

The Chief Justice was then introduced. He said when he started from home it was not his intention to make speeches, but coming in contact with such great masses of the freedmen, he just felt like advising and encouraging them, and that he was proud of the opportunity to do so. He spoke for about forty minutes, giving the best of advice, and declaring that if he had the power in his own hands, every colored man should vote. Next was singing by the children, and the meeting broke up with singing and rejoicing over Dr. Fuller, by some of his former slaves, or rather those whom he once owned as slaves. It was rather an interesting scene. It is certainly striking when we come to realise fully the great change in these Southern States. Four years ago who would have believed, or who could even imagine that in 1865, colored mayors, colored captains, colored lieutenants, colored physicians, and a colored lawyer, would all be in practice in South Carolina? But it is so to-day. When the first colored regiment was raised, called the First South Carolina, the nearest it was deemed safe to bring them to town, was ten miles. But now the whole district of Beaufort, and almost every city and town South, is guarded by colored soldiers, and it is almost impossible to go a half mile without meeting one of those colored guards.

Yours truly,

J. J. Wright.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM DARBY.

Mr. Editor:—On Thursday evening, the members of the Penn Temperance Association gave an Emancipation Jubilee in Town Hall Darby. Long before the commencement of the exercises, the Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. A goodly number of our white friends were present, and took great interest in the proceedings.

After singing and prayer a fac simile of the Emancipation Proclamation and a portrait of our late beloved President were presented to the Association. The first was presented by Georgianna Thompson and the latter by Lydy Dingle, after which Isaac Carr was introduced to the audience as the first speaker. His subject was suitable for the occasion.

The next speaker was Samuel Thompson. Although this young man had never before appeared upon the stage in public, he yet performed his duty with as much firmness as an experienced orator or statesman. His composition was such as to make many one believe him to be a man of extraordinary talent.

George Caldwell, whose subject was "The Rebellion is Ended," gave us quite an intelligent and lucid outline of the war for union and liberty.

Konrad Gibbs followed, amongst whom was rendered sublime from the army and N. Y. Dingle. The former gave us quite an interesting and amusing lecture. The latter gave a very genteel and touching discourse concerning the black man. The speaker, during his discourse was often interrupted by the applause of the audience and left the platform much to the displeasure of the eager and appreciative looks of hearers.

A party of singers from Philadelphia were present upon the occasion, who discoursed some of the sweetest and most delightful music that could be wished for.

After the speaking was ended, a collection was taken up for the President at Monument. The Benediction was then pronounced and the exercises dismissed.

The subject was a little difficult. Treason of the deepest dye, and which the heart to be fairly beats as often as upon a time seen and pleasant was in the city heart of Mr.

Yours, E. T. F.

For the Christian Recorder

CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Charleston, S. C., May 29, 1865.

Mr. Editor.—*Dear Sir:*—How shall the colored man be treated here in the accursed State, is a question that is to-day commanding a good deal of attention, and causing a good deal of feeling on their part, as you will see, by a careful perusal of the message I send with this letter.

As your readers will see, there are men here in Charleston, wearing the uniform of the United States, and drawing pay from the same source as the brave men that came to us from old Massachusetts, the 54th and 55th regiments, who are giving their lives for the honor and glory of our common country, side by side with the thousands of other noble and patriotic spirits that compose the nation's defenders, and yet the loyal man here is used as though he alone was the traitor, while his white-faced master, just returned from the field of conflict, and wearing the gray coat of the rebellion, walks the streets, and is alike honored by the government officials and their kindred rebels.

Strange it is that men will always lend themselves to that which is wrong and agree to that which is right. If a man or woman, I care not how low, or how deep their hands have been steeped in the blood of our ill-fated prisoners, who suffered so cruelly at the hands of the same persons who are to day treated with as much respect as if they had been all their lives trying to save the nation, I say, if they want a home, it is granted, and the true loyalist is thrust aside, and if he does not move quick enough to suit those gentlemen, he is treated to a boot or perhaps the point of a bayonet. Shame on such men, and double shame on the officers of a regiment, that will allow such miscreants to go unpunished.

As regards the future of our race in South Carolina, no one that is not blind to the interests of the country will for a moment doubt the great future that is opening to the true and steadfast loyalists of this State, and when we look around, and compare our present condition with the past, it seems as though all our race had been asleep, and were not awakened until they heard the rebels cry, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!" Then it was our eyes were opened, and we saw ourselves as so many of God's creatures awakened from a deep sleep, and then, too, in the midst of our surprise. But, thank God, the chains have been torn from off us, and we are to-day a free and independent people.

Redpath has thrown open the doors of the school house to us, and our children tread the same road with our former masters' children.—Our churches are coming up to the allotted work, with but one object in view, the benefit of our race.

We have formed ourselves into a Union League, and are going to work in a manner that causes our old enemies to wonder if we are indeed the former slaves, and if that grand body of men were the former out caste of their slave-pens. But, thank God, Massachusetts has at last come to the assistance of South Carolina, and through her noble sons, shown, as the true path to honor and usefulness. Let the credit of our lifting up be to him who comes from the Old Bay State, and standing here in this scourged city, boldly announce that all men are free, and that never again shall we call any man master, but will so carry ourselves that respect shall come from friends and foes alike. Let not our race forget our Redpath and our unconquerable Hurley; they have been to us friends, by day and by night, in public and in private.

We will endeavor to inform you, from time to time, of the onward progress of our people in this State. Yours, truly,

James M. Sanders.

For the Christian Recorder

LOUISVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—My regular communication comes this week again. We are in the midst of thriving times here. Every thing is moving ahead well. Our colored friends are still leaving the city and State by hundreds a day, and the owners of some of those are trying very hard still to get their slaves back, but it is all in vain. Other slave-holders again, in the city and State are driving their slaves from home, to seek homes where they may and no they continue to come and go by thousands and a great many stop here. The city is now running over with them.

The Rev. Mr. Butler of the Zion A. M. E. Church, arrived here a few days since from the East, to take charge of the congregation at the Centre Street Church which has recently passed from under the whites over to the Zion Connection. I have made his acquaintance and had him yesterday with me in my pulpit, assisting and thanksgiving morning. He seems to be a perfect gentleman and the Centre Street people seem to be well pleased with him as their pastor.

Our city at this time is full of various amusement. Miss Mic Read is reading in the Fifth Street Baptist Church, for the benefit of the Fifth Street Baptist Church, for the benefit of the organ at said Church, for the night of the 23d inst., which was well attended, and the performances were pronounced as being well conducted, and every way delightful.

Rev. H. H. Brooks opened a fine Fair at his church, on the 1st evening, which seems to be doing well. The crowd on last night, was large, considering it was the first night.

I might also mention that there has recently arrived in the city, a number of emancipated colored teachers, who I am glad to see. I am also glad to say that these teachers are all finding employment. We also learn a number of agents in our midst at this writing. Among them are the Rev. W. I. Davis of the Indiana Conference who is on an agency for the Indianapolis people who were so unfortunate as to have their episcopal church which destroyed by fire, and the Rev. Mr. Hamilton of N. Y. the singer of the Legal Tenders, is here operating in behalf of his paper. A success to him, for I think he richly deserves it. He is stopping with me at present. Quinn Chapel is at last completed by the liberality of the Louisville Leader. Abe Lincoln Avenue has changed its name into Freedmen's Aid Avenue, which change was made by the leader Gen. Fisk and county. Hence we have now instead of Abe Lincoln Soldiers Aid Society, the Louisville Freedmen's Aid Society.

Yesterday was a great day with us. We know of no church in the city, colored or white, that did not have divine service, in obedience to the proclamation of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. As regards spiritual matters, I believe we may say that we are about holding our own, and possibly advancing some.

Mr. Editor, I wish just to state here, that we, at Quinn Chapel, raised $100 in greenbacks, for the benefit of Wilberforce University, and sent it to them, and we have not heard any report of it yet. Yours truly,

T. Seymour.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN APPEAL

To the Ministers and Members of the African M. E. Church.

Beloved Fathers and—God in His Providence has opened to us a large and effectual door to preach the Gospel to our brethren who have long been in chains.

Long have we been deprived of the privilege of meeting our brothers face to face. Those restrictions have been removed, and our brethren come to us without money, clothing, and in many cases without food. Our Church is doing all she can to aid them. The Baltimore Conference has done much, has done well, and is alive to the work.

The Board of Managers of the Parent Society recently met in Baltimore city, and agreed to raise, this year, $10,000, to meet current expenses, and apportioned to each Conference the amount which they expected them to raise.

As the Conferences meet immediately, there is no better time than now to act. Will each one devise plans by which their district may do their duty and do it well? Brethren, the work is our mission to leave one stone untarned. The calls come up to us from every region, and the people, to meet same, are too poor, at once, to support either ministers or teachers, their wants appeal to us. They come to us in need of every thing. Shall their wants, and their appeals to us go unheeded? Brethren, it is for you to say. Will you be true to yourselves, true to our race, and true to the cause of Christ?

Will not each individual Church organize Missionary Societies of men, women and of the Sunday-school children? Will not all go to work in order that a fund may be created and forwarded to the Treasurer, Mr. James H. Davis, No. 12 Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md.? Responsed, friends, at once, in money or clothing.

Remember we have many workers in the field, many of whom are dependant upon your hearty silence. Respond immediately.

Any person wishing to write to the Corresponding Secretary, can do so by addressing

John M. Brown, Corresponding Secretary of Parent and Foreign Missionary Society of A. M. E. Church. Box 209, Norfolk, Va.

May 15th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

A GOOD LETTER FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE ARMY.

Fort Barrancas, West Florida,
May 17th, 1865.

Dear Bro. Weaver:—Since writing to you last, many and varied have been the experiences of our nation. In the early part of April the great Babylon of slavery fell, before the mighty blows of the lovers of freedom and progress, and within a few days the vast armies of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan have compelled the submission of the armies under Lee, Johnson, and Hragg. While in our department Mobile, and the forces under Dick Taylor were compelled to surrender. What a glorious record for us as a nation! But in the midst of our rejoicing, what a deadly blow was aimed at the heart of the nation!

Abraham Lincoln, the beloved leader of our people, the most incorruptible public man of modern or ancient times, has fallen before the stroke of the assassin. It seems to us, that in our nation, there must be as much mourning as there was in Egypt the morning after the pass of the destroying angel to every house. We have lost, indeed, the great benefactor of our nation. The awfulness of the calamity was truly appalling. When first the news reached us, many refused to believe the report, but the confirmation of it at last compelled us to believe the unwelcome tidings. We comfort ourselves by putting our trust in God for the future, knowing that He who has protected our nation in past time will still bring good out of evil, and peace out of discord.

And now for a little concerning our own regiment. By the kindness of our Colonel we have the use of two large hospital tents for chapels; in which assisted by the boys, I have arranged a floor and seats. We have been worshipping in this for about five weeks. The week after it was given to me I organized a Sabbath school, to which I invite all of the children in the vicinity of the fort. We have an attendance of sixty children and a more eager, hungry set of children after knowledge I never saw. They have already learned to sing correctly several pieces of Sabbath School music, and many of them are making rapid progress in learning to read. I am assisted in the good work by the Colonel's wife, and also by the quartermaster. The Rev. Tyde Whittier, Agent of the U. S. Christian Commission, also aids in the good work.

Do not forget our school in your prayers. I hope before this reaches you, that you will have received the sum of $275, (two hundred and seventy-five dollars,) which I expressed to you last Saturday. It gave me much pleasure to be able to settle with you for the papers you have so kindly furnished us during the past six months. From various causes there were six of the subscribers who did not pay their subscriptions, besides those of our others who only paid part; but I paid the deficiency from my own pocket. It seemed to me as though it would be asking too much from you after all your kindness, to stand the loss.

There is one matter in regard to your paper I do not understand. I sent you nearly three months since a list of names of the friends of soldiers to whom they wanted their papers sent, and they all tell me that their friends have not received the paper. I did not receive pay for these, hence I kept out the money for the number usually received here.

You may send if you please one copy of your paper to Mrs. Sarah I. Miller, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, after sending that, please send one less to my address.

If you have been sending those papers to the addresses I forwarded some time since, please inform me, so that I can collect for you

A good deal of money was sent home from the regiment, and plenty has been foolishly squandered, but, on the whole, pay-day has not had as bad an effect as might have been expected.

The health of the regiment is pretty good, though, if we remain here, the scurvy, the scourge of this climate, is to be dreaded

The weather is now very warm; the mercury stands at about 85° in the shade, and from 95° to 100° in the sun.

Better news still, if true, has just arrived here viz: that Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet have been captured. We can almost see home.

But I must close with my kindest regards

Enoch K. Miller,
Chaplain 25th U. S. C. Infantry

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 10, 1865.

THE RIGHT OF FRANCHISE.

We ask at the hands of this American government the right of franchise to the colored people in all the southern States, which will necessarily be re-constructed before they can be legally be received back into the Union. We ask it, first, because it is just that all men should enjoy equal rights before the law. We ask it, because God says in his holy word, that "you should do as you would have others to do unto you." Ask yourselves the question whether you would be, or are willing, in any sense, to be deprived of all your rights or any of them.—Whether you think it just to deprive a class of people of the right of suffrage, who were born and brought up here, and whose interests are in sympathy with the interests of the country, on account of color.

In the second place, we ask it at the hands of the government, because we come to the rescue of the country in time of great danger, and bravely breasted the fire of the country, notwithstanding the insults and slurs that have been heaped upon us, without cause or provocation. We demand it of the government, because all the most important plans and defeats of the enemy have come through and by the information of the colored people. It is as clear as the sun-beam, that with the enemy at the South and the hidden foes in the North, this country could never have succeeded in conquering such a peace as we are now enjoying, if it had not been for the colored people.

Our lamented illustrious President, whose body is now mouldering into dust, was satisfied that the Union army could not have succeeded but for the aid of the black man. We demand these rights at the hands of the government, because hundreds and thousands of colored men have sealed their blood for the sake of the Union and universal freedom. We demand them in the name of humanity and the God of nations.

Thirdly, We demand these rights at the hands of the government in the reconstruction of all the heretofore slave States, because among all classes of men, and women, throughout the whole country, none have been more loyal than the colored people. If there was no other reason given under heaven, why this people should have all the rights of citizenship, this of itself is sufficient for men of honesty and dignity to concede to our just demands at once, and not enter to ignorance and stupidity. We trust, and believe, however, that while such men as President Johnson, Chief Justice Chase, Secretary Stanton, senators Sumner, Wilson, Wade, Judge Kelley, and other men of note occupy prominent positions and trusts in the affairs of the government, the rights of the colored people will be attended to.

But while we ask the government to do justice to the colored people in the reconstruction of the southern States, we do not forget the many wrongs heaped upon the colored people in the North. We appeal to the governors of the northern States, and to all who hold office, either under the general or State governments, to give to our people even-handed justice. Remove all barriers in the way, so that we may stand equal before the law. We have helped to fill up the quota of every State in the North, and thousands have volunteered and gone forth with brave hearts and strong arms, to do battle for the Union and freedom. In view of these facts, we appeal to you to remove the word "white" from your State constitutions, and make your laws to treat all alike, without distinction

Is there a governor, or a member of the Legislature of this or any other State, who, with all these facts before him, will shrink from the responsibility, and not at once favor the equal rights of every man before the law, and use his utmost influence to that effect? If you have heretofore done an injustice, we will forgive you willingly, if you will do right by us in the future. As a watchman upon the wall, we shall take occasion to observe the course of our leading men.

THE NEW SCHOOL GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

And the insult thrown out by one of the newly made members of that body, Rev. Mr. Thompson, (colored) of New Jersey, during the session held in Brooklyn.

We have nothing to say against the New School Presbyterian Church, but we have some thing to say against any one of its members, or any other person, who may cast odium upon our church and people, without any provocation whatever

Bishop Campbell handed us, yesterday, a copy of the Brooklyn Daily Union, dated May 24th, and on reviewing its columns, we came across the proceedings of the New School General Assembly, and among the remarks made by different members of that body, we find the following which emanate from the lips of the Rev. Mr Thompson:

"The record of the Church bring us into peculiar relations to the freedmen. We can do more for them than any other Church, but we are slow to move toward the work The Old School has organized and are working efficiently but they have not occupied the position that this Church has, and have not its influence. They are just coming around to a point where we have been for four years The Methodists and Roman Catholics have been proselyting among us, but to the negroes a Roman Catholic means an Irishman, and our people are not necessarily Methodists Methodism does not elevate; it really degrades our people, not on account of its own nature, but on account of theirs. It acts on their sensibilities, and they do not want to have these acted upon. I find that black men are better as Presbyterians than as Methodists or as Baptists, and this is one of many reasons why we should push our operations among the freedmen."

Now, so far as the other denominations, of which Mr Thompson has so significantly spoken of, are concerned, we presume they can very easily defend their own rights Therefore, we shall speak for ourselves. Brother Thompson is quite a young and inexperienced brother in the ministry. It has been only a few years since we met him at Oberlin, Ohio, where he was trying to procure an education to assist him in the work he says he is called to do. Now brother Thompson says, "The records of the Church bring them into peculiar relation to the freedmen" Why? Have brother Thompson and his Church done more for the freedmen than the African Methodist Episcopal Church has done for them, to say nothing about the other denominations? A Church which is older than brother Thompson, and which has done more good for our poor, oppressed people, before he was born, than he has ever done for the cause since he has come into the world. When he says that his Church has done more than any other Church, he says a great deal, and exaggerates much. Yes, that's a big word—"more than all." We suppose brother Thompson did not mean to say that.

The next point we notice is this: He says "that the Methodists and Roman Catholics are proselyting among us." Well, we have nothing to say about the Catholics now, but what inference does Brother Thompson wish to convey by this assertion? Is it that we, as Methodists are proselyting among the members of his Church. If he does, we demand proof at his hands, or we shall consider it any thing else but the truth If persons will follow the Methodists, because they believe in a missionary spirit, like that of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Brother Thompson should be the last one to make objection to that.

Thirdly, we notice, that when he says "Methodism does not elevate our people, (meaning colored people) but degrades them," he is saying a little too much for a minister to say, who has hardly been outside the gate of his yard, and has not had experience enough to be able to judge of the progress or qualifications of any branch of God's Church. It is an insult for him to say that a pure evangelical Church does not elevate its people If he admits that Methodism has ever been the instrument, through God, of the conversion of one sinner, then he must acknowledge that conversion to be a very important step towards the elevation of mankind.—"Degrade them!" What does he mean by this? Does he not think a minister of the gospel stoops very low, when he utters such an assertion against the largest body of ministers of Jesus Christ in the world, of any faith, and that without a shadow of proof? We hope that this may be a lasting warning to our brother, that he may not be so hasty in his expressions hereafter, and that without a thorough knowledge of what he is saying.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

The Christian Commission of the United States, with its illustrious president, George H Stuart, Esq., at its head, should ever be held in remembrance by all good and loyal people Through its noble president and other officers connected with him, it has been a source of great comfort to thousands of our brave soldiers, white and colored. It was never too wet, nor too dry, for this Commission to send aid and comfort wherever a battle was fought by our men. It was never too hot nor too cold for them to fly to the rescue of the sick and wounded. We repeat again, that this Commission should ever be kept in remembrance by every loyal man and woman. But we have heard a rumor that Mr Stuart thought of having this great Commission abandoned. We hope not, for several reasons And the first we give is this: It may be said that war is over, and the largest portion of the men is being mustered out of service Very well! Then there is at least one third remaining in arms, scattered through the Southern country. Now, what is to become of them? Do not they need as much attention now, as they did when all the army was in full force? Most assuredly! Then we hope, if upon no other ground, that this God-sent Commission will not give up the good work.

Again, it seems to be the policy of the Government to keep probably two hundred thousand colored troops, and one hundred thousand whites, to garrison the forts, and man the navy We should not neglect them They should be cared for in times of peace, as well as in times of war. There is as much need of saving these souls now as there ever was before. We should be glad if the Commission could send to these two hundred thousand colored, and one hundred thousand white soldiers, at least two thousand copies of the *Christian Recorder*. What says our esteemed friend, Mr Stuart?

Let the Christian Commission remain in existence while our soldiers are on duty, and we would recommend that all the Churches throughout the country would take up special collections for the Christian Commission If its noble President will call for collections, he will get them.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

On Friday evening May 26th, a portion of the class under Rev. J. Frisby of Bethel A. M. E. Church, showed their appreciation of his kindness and devotion, by presenting him a gold headed cane, valued at about $50

This testimony of approbation will, no doubt be cherished by Rev. Mr Frisby, and for its intrinsic value alone, but on account of the many pleasant associations it will recall

The presentation speeches were made by Mrs E Evans and Miss E Lancaster, on behalf of the donors, and Brother Frisby was so surprised that he could hardly find utterance of thanks The names of the donors are Elizabeth Evans, Diana Bristo, Emma Lancaster, Rebecca Turner, Rachel Cassidy, Mrs. —— Davis, Mary Brown, Annie Peters, Rachel Green, Miss —— Chew Hannah Turner, Henry Clark, Wm. Stokes, J Fountain, W. Thompson, S. Evans, Mr —— Daniels, Frances Valentine, Charlotte Hostic, J Thompson, Mary Gibson, Charlotte Stevens

BISHOP CAMPBELL'S APPOINTMENTS

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet on the third Saturday in August, which will fall on the 19th of the month, in Springfield, Illinois

The Bishop wishes us to say, that he published in the RECORDER that the Conference would meet at an earlier date. By making inquiries through Brother Trevan, he learned that the time had already been settled on, which appeared upon each minister's certificate.

It is sorry for this, but recommended Brother Trevan in future, before making any such arrangements to the public, to examine his certificate.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT

By divine permission, the Bishop will visit the following places

Cincinnati last Sabbath in June
Louisville, Ky., first Sabbath in July
Mt Amond, Ind, third Sabbath in July
Indianapolis, Ind., fourth Sabbath in July
Terre Haute, Ind., 6th Sabbath in July
Chicago, Ills., first Sabbath in August
Bloomington, Ills, second Sabbath in August

THE OHIO AND BALTIMORE CONFERENCES

We are sorry to say that we have not had a single copy of the Minutes of the Ohio Annual Conference, notwithstanding our request to receive it. We have also not a number of the Minutes of the Ohio Annual Conference for nearly two years. Why is this?

The Baltimore Conference, or the District Book Steward, has failed, up to the time of our writing, to send us a copy

Bishop Payne desired, some two or three years ago, that every District Book Steward should send to the Editor, and General Book Steward, not less than six or seven copies annually.

We believe that the other bishops have endorsed the same

Our bishops all come to the Book-store, when in the city of "Brotherly Love," and when they wish to look at any of the Minutes of Conference, say A, B, &c, in order to arrange certain matters, we are at a loss to know how to give them that information.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

We have received an address, sent to us from the anti-slavery society of Manchester, addressed to President Johnston and Mrs Lincoln, sympathising with them for the loss of the President, who was assassinated by the hand of a demon in human form.

This meeting was held in Manchester, in the "Free Trade Hall," April 28th, 1865

We are glad to see all of England's best blood in sympathy with our nation while in trouble and bereavement.

In the two addresses we find that Thomas B. Postle acted as President, and Francis Taylor as Vice President, and J. C. Edwards as one of the Secretaries.

We thank the society or kind friend who sent us the humane address.

May the blessing of God rest and abide with them.

A WIDE MISTAKE.

We are continually receiving advertisements for insertion in our paper, but they are not accompanied by a single dollar. We cannot publish a paper for nothing, and we hope that persons who wish to advertise, will hereafter send the money with their advertisements, as it will be very difficult for advertisements to find their way into the Christian Recorder, unless prepaid Will our brethren and friends please remember this?

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

In view of the statements made by one of our correspondents, writing from Wilmington, North Carolina, we would call the attention of the War Department, to the cruel maltreatment received by our people, at the hands of rebels in heart, and unnoticed by our so-called Union authorities. We do hope that our Government will see that the right kind of men will be put in command in the Southern States.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BEAUFORT.

Beaufort, S. C., May 26, 1865

Dear Christian Recorder:—After a pleasant voyage, (having left New York on the 17th instant,) we reached Hilton Head on Sabbath morning, the 21st instant, at 6 o'clock, A. M. The "Head" is not the most attractive place I ever saw, excepting that it attracts more heat than any other place I know any thing of this side of Africa, where I never felt the heat more sensibly.

The great quantity of sand is one of its remarkable features The place resembles more than any thing else a field of desolation. But few green spots and no beautiful groves are to be seen. The town bears every mark of a people who hated enterprise and thrift, and suffered much for the want of Yankee genius. Materials of war and fierce-looking troopers are scattered over the fields. Battle-ships and gunboats fill the harbor, while the Stars and Stripes of our Union wave with grace and triumph over these

On leaving Hilton Head for Beaufort, the scene materially changed Beaufort is nearly in sight of the "Head," on going to which you are borne upon a beautiful stream, navigable for craft of any ordinary dimensions as far as this town

On the sides of this river are to be seen plantations, deserted by their former masters, and ruin spreads over their "habitations and the places where their honor dwelt."

Beaufort is from a four to five hours' ride by steamer from Savannah, Georgia, and from six to seven from Charleston, South Carolina, and is said to have been the place originally selected for the capital of South Carolina. The spot is rather captivating, because of its natural beauty Shade trees are abundant, and fig trees are numerous, even on some of the public highways The harbor, ordinarily, is almost serene, and commercial advantages are but little better else where than they could be made here. The town is almost forsaken by the rebels. Only one merchant of the former inhabitants does business here now, who claims to have been a Union man before the war commenced—and besides whom there are not, I am told, a half dozen secesh in all here

The marks of Southern aristocracy are visible The mansions, previous to the war, were enclosed by high walls, and within which were also the abodes of the slaves of the "Barons;" but, like the Southern Confederacy, its walls are broken down, and the beautiful fencings destroyed by the invading army Though thus marred, it still retains more of its original beauty than most places where fighting has been carried on. I am of the opinion that within ten years hence Yankee influence and industry will create here a feature that will cause South Carolinians to look and wonder upon this old romantic spot,—which will we trust, soon emerge from the desolation of war

The population here are nearly all black. General Saxton has offices, and a few missionaries and teachers from the North, mostly make up the white portion of the present inhabitants. The soldiers stationed here are all black, and are ready to meet "all the host of rebellion" that South Carolina may pour down upon them. The matter for which we all have abundant reason to rejoice is the happy change in the condition of the black people

I have employed myself, this week, in visiting and addressing the schools. I find nearly six hundred children under tuition, and all doing well—and scholars continue to increase in number and talent.

There are also schools kept in the camps of the soldiers for their benefit, two of which I have visited, and found in the two about one hundred and thirty learning to read and write, &c. The aptness with which both children and soldiers learn is astonishing to all. Many of the young soldiers were born in Africa, showing to what recent date the African slave trade was practised by a people who have been for four years dyeing their garments in blood for the achievement of independence and liberty to hold slaves, and to perpetuate the "peculiar institution." In this town we have one black lawyer, regularly admitted to the bar. Mr. Wright, to whom I refer, is a young man of about twenty-four years of age, belonging to Mount Rose, Pennsylvania, and possesses abilities promising much for the future.

Among other notables here we might name Dr. A. T. Augustus, Captain Wall, and aptain Small, and this is the headquarters of Major Delany, who is at present doing duty at Charleston

The South now affords a broad field of usefulness for our young colored graduates of Philadelphia and elsewhere, for the improvement of their talents. Their qualifications will amount to but little if they strive not to accomplish the work for which they are fitted. At the South is abundance of work for preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, soldiers and statesmen. Let all who heretofore have complained for want of fields for the expansion of their energies, "Stand not idle all the day." E. J. Adams

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER SPRIGGS.

Hollidaysburgh Circuit,
June 5th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—I consider it my duty to let you and the public generally, know something about my circuit, and how I am getting along, as this is my first start out into the itinerant service

I received my appointment on the 27th of April, 1865, from Right Rev. Bishop D. A Payne, the presiding officer of the Baltimore Annual Conference. After which time I remained there until the fourth of May, when I started for my field of labor. On Friday, the 5th, I arrived in Hollidaysburg, and was very kindly received by the brethren

I found the church there was somewhat embarrassed, on account of some difficulty which occurred last year. In fact, the larger portion of the members were about to leave the church I went around on Saturday and notified the members and congregation generally that I had arrived and intended to hold a meeting on Sabbath, if the Lord was willing They came out in the morning very well, but at night they turned out very strong.

I had a very nice Sabbath School in the afternoon: there were about forty present, and among the rest, I had two white young ladies of the highest families in the town, acting as teachers. I met with them and addressed the school upon the Creed of our Church and the Ten Commandments, and also the importance of teaching the children the Lord's Prayer. They appeared to be delighted, and said they were very glad that the minister had visited the Sabbath School once more, for such a thing had not been done for several years.

I held my first Quarterly Meeting in the above-named place on the 21st of May, and continued it for four nights, at which time there was one added to the church

I left them in a very good way. They promised me that they would keep the meeting up, and also attend their class, which some of them had not done for several months They say the reason of that was because they had not heard any preaching except four times last year.

Now, I will tell you something about Altoona When I went out there, I found something of the same complaint; and just so along the Circuit, from Hollidaysburg to Bellefonte

Now, Mr Editor, if this be the way old ministers leave Circuits for young men to go on them, it is no wonder some of them get frightened, and run home before their year is out. If I had not heard the cannons roar so often, I would have been home before this

I held my first Quarterly Meeting at Altoona, on the 28th inst., and continued it for four nights, at which time we had one convert added to that church. I also held a meeting on Thursday, the 1st of June, in commemoration of our deceased President. It was a very solemn occasion. The congregation turned out well

Thus far have I gone
I am your humble servant,
John H Spriggs

To be continued.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON, N. C

Mr. Editor:—Two months have elapsed, since I left the city of Norfolk, for my present field of labor; and during this time, so many circumstances have transpired, so many changes fraught with the most momentous bearings, have occurred, that I have been unable, ere this, to fulfil my promise, "to write you after my arrival here"

The fall of the rebel capital, the surrender of Lee's army were events that caused joy and gladness, and thrilled every loyal heart. Black and white gave vent alike to the wildest gushes of enthusiasm But oh! how soon and how suddenly was all our joy turned to mourning. On the very day that we were celebrating the great victory achieved in the capture of the rebel army, was stricken down, by the hand of an assassin our noble and honored Ruler

Nearly a week from the time the commission of the dreadful dead had passed, ere we received the terrible news. At first we discredited it and another week elapsed ere it was fully confirmed; and then, the truth burst upon us with dread reality. Then it was that sorrow, deep, heart-felt sorrow, was visible upon almost every countenance

Men of iron nerve and will bowed themselves while tears of grief and anguish burst forth, because of the loss of him who was their earthly all.

But it is useless to dwell upon this dire calamity, which has befallen us. It must be left in the hands of Him who is able to bring good out of the evil devised by our enemies.

In this city and vicinity, there is a large and inviting missionary operations Nearly every week there is a clamor for teachers, for some town or plantation; but the supply in this city has thus far equalled the demand, so that none can be spared for the accommodation of our neighbors We have fine buildings in use for school purposes, and the progress of the pupils is exceedingly rapid.

The night-school, for adults, is being carried on quite successfully. I have a class of men who commenced to spell in three letters about the 10th of last month. They have completed the study of Sander's Primer, or "Gunsback," as we call it, and are reading nicely in the First Reader.

It has been suggested that we close the school shortly, as there is much trouble experienced by the colored people from the "Yankee Soldiers." Scarcely a day passes but some one is molested by them. One or two have been killed. Even poor refugees who are seeking their homes, and have, perhaps, a dime or two, which they have made by performing small jobs, are robbed by these lawless desperadoes. Our officers see and hear of these acts, and yet nothing is done to punish the offenders.

I have visited the Colored Soldier's Hospital several times, and found a large number sick Mrs. John Harris, Secretary of the "Ladies' Aid Society," of Philadelphia, presented us, a few days ago, with ten dollars, for the purpose of purchasing a few delicacies for them I appropriated it, as desired, and had the satisfaction of seeing some hearts gladdened.

Mrs. H. also donated the sum of $30 to the Colored Refugee Hospital, in this city, saying, "*We owe these people a debt which must be paid.*" Would that every man and woman of the Anglo-Saxon race would acknowledge this as a precept, and imitate her example.

Truly yours,
Sallie.

Wilmington, N. C., 5th Month 20th, 1865.

ILL TREATMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE IN CHARLESTON.

Headquarters, City of Charleston, Charleston, S. C., May 21, 1865.

General, Orders, No. 14.—Complaints have been made to these headquarters of the manner in which certain enlisted men of the 127th N. Y. volunteers have treated the colored citizens of this city, insulting, and in some cases, beating them.

The Colonel commanding is aware that the spirit exhibited by these men is by no means shared by a majority of the regiment, and for that reason he earnestly calls upon the officers and men to exert themselves, to the end that the guilty may be punished, and such ill practices cease; and he hereby commands each and all to use their utmost endeavor to prevent in the future all causes for complaint.

He also takes this means of assuring the citizens and soldiers, both white and colored, that hereafter, as heretofore, any one found guilty of the practices mentioned above, will meet with the severe punishment which his offence deserves; and that all orderly persons, without distinction, shall receive courteous treatment and protection from the officers and soldiers of this command.

A due degree of forbearance and courtesy on the part of all, will ensure that real peace and harmony of feeling, without which freedom cannot be properly enjoyed, nor the dignity of individuals as citizens of this great republic, maintained.

Wm. Gurney,
Colonel 127th N. Y. Vols.,
Commanding City of Charleston.

(Official: H. A. Batterson, 2d Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

By special request we publish the following address to his Honor, the Mayor of our city, which is an evidence of the loyalty of the colored people.

ADDRESS TO THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

To Alexander Henry, Mayor of the City and Commonwealth of Philadelphia:—

We, the colored citizens of Philadelphia, and members of the Union Baptist Church, located in Minster St., between Lombard and Pine Sts., above Sixth street, assembled in our place of worship on Thursday last, the 1st of June, 1865, in compliance with the Proclamation of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for the observance of the obsequies of that noble Champion of human liberty, our late and lamented President.

And, though there were but few present to participate in our solemn devotions, after offering our most fervent prayers to Almighty God for the sanctifying of his removal to the good of the nation, and the cause he so nobly defended, we then lifted a collection of $8 31, which we send to you to be deposited in the Lincoln Monument Fund. We hope that you will receive it as a token of our respect and high esteem for the name of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, which we will ever cherish as the greatest benefactor of his day

Generations yet unborn shall rise up to commemorate and to celebrate the lustre of the name, life, and death of that hero, who first conquered the foe, and then fell in the triumph of victory

Signed, Joseph Washington,
John Boling,
James Fells,
Reuben Coats,—*Committee.*

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—We are sorry to expose any body to the public, but the conduct of some of your Philadelphia young men is too reprehensible to be passed by unnoticed. William Dennent, James Brooks, and Alexander Brown, of your city, came here, and boarded with us some time, and then slipped off without paying us for their board. Sicket.

Wm Simpson & Hillows Proprietors
Pittsburg, Pa

NOTICE FOR THE INDIANA DISTRICT.

I will visit the following charges on my route to the Indiana Annual Conference, upon the following days viz:

Louisville, Kentucky, on the first Sabbath in July; Richmond, Indiana on the 16th of July, Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 23d of July; Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 30th of July; Chicago Mission, on the 6th of August, Bloomington, Illinois, on the 13th of August

James P. Campbell, Presiding Bishop
Philadelphia, Pa., May 31, 1865

N. B.—The time of the sitting of the Indiana Annual Conference has been fixed for the third Saturday in August, and will be announced as our hands

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Maria A. Hatton, $1.50; Georgetown, D. C., Rev. J. Starbert, 4 75; Louisville, Ky., Rev. B. F. Boyd, for W. Talbot and Maria Bizzard, each 1; Chas. Tipton, 2 50; Port Deposit, Md, Rev. W. H. Hopkins, 6.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of Attleborough Circuit will be held as follows. June 17th and 18th, Buckingham Mountain; July 8th and 9th, Newhope; July 15th and 16th, Attleborough.

T Gould, Elder.

J. P. Jay, Minister in charge.

SNOW HILL CIRCUIT.

The Quarterly meetings of the Snow Hill circuit will be held as follows:

Snow Hill, on Sunday, June 10th; Milford, Sunday, June 17th, and Jordantown, Sunday, June 24th.

A. Till, Elder,

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Macedonia Station, Spruce Street, South Camden, will take place on the 18th of June.

C. R. Boyer,
Minister in Charge.

NOTICE.

We call the attention of our citizens to the advertisement of Unity Lodge, G. U. O. of O. F., in another column, announcing a grand anniversary demonstration, to come off at Sansom Street Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst.—Tickets can be had of Mrs. James W. Brown, No. 1003 Shippen street, who is one of the committee. Buy your tickets from Mrs. Brown; they are only 75 cents each.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The Minutes of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights Convention, and Constitutions for State and subordinate Leagues, are now ready for sale, at the following rates:

	Per hundred.	Per copy.
Minutes,	$20 00	25 cents.
Constitutions,	5 00	5 "

Orders accompanied by the cash and postage, should be sent to

Jacob C. White, Jr.,
Secretary of State League,
717 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jel0-4t

INFORMATION WANTED.

Of Asberry or Mowbey Henry, who was sold from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Tallahasee, Florida, in 1838. When last heard from, in 1847, he was at the latter place.

Any information of his whereabouts will be most thankfully received by his father,

Rev. Thomas W. Henry,
Care Rev. E. Weaver,
Box 2975 Philadelphia, Penna.

June 3—4t.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of Mrs. Sally Wallace, wife of Armstead Wallace, formerly of Brentsville, Prince William County, Va. Her former name was Beckley. Also, of Kitty Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, formerly of Dumfries, in the same county and State, whose former name was Beckley. Also of their two brothers, Wm. and John Beckly, all born in Virginia, with the writer and sister, Angeline, who now lives in Hannibal, Missouri. The writer visited and left them in Virginia, about 17 years ago The war, however, has parted us.

Should this meet the eye of any one acquainted with either of the above persons, a lasting favor will be conferred by addressing

Elizabeth Ann Jackson,
Crawfordsville,
Indiana.

June 3—6t.

Life in the Churches.

EPISCOPAL.

The New Diocesan of Western New York.—Bishop A. C. Coxe, (left by the decease of Bishop De Lancey, sole administrator of the Diocese,) is, in his present eminent position, retaining and even making advance upon the popularity which he enjoyed as a Presbyter. The *Commercial Advertiser*, of Oswego, in a notice of his late official visit to that city, says: "The bishop preached without notes, in a most fervent, earnest manner, securing the rapt attention of all. His address to the candidates was most affectionate and impressive. Apart from his eminent gifts as a faithful scriptural preacher, he attracts many to his services, from his high reputation as a poet, and more from his devoted loyalty and devotion to his country while in Baltimore. It was in testimony to this latter fact, that one of the vestry introduced the American flag into the Sunday school room, and the children sang America and Victory at last."

The Virginia Clergy to Pray for the President.—Bishop Johns, of the Diocese of Virginia, has finally relieved his clergy of their embarrassment with the Union authorities, by giving them his Episcopal recommendation to use the prayer for the President of the United States. In his letter to the clergy and laity, he says:—"The issue of the painful conflict through which we have passed, and which leaves the Commonwealth under the jurisdiction of the United States, renders very clear the course to be pursued, obedience to 'the powers that be,' 'for conscience sake,' is the duty of all who profess and call themselves Christians. And as such are also enjoined to make prayer and supplications for their rulers, it is incumbent upon them to implore the blessing of Almighty God on those in authority over them. For this purpose, the prayer to which we had been long accustomed is, for obvious reasons, most advisable Therefore I do not hesitate to recommend its use in public worship, by the good people of this Diocese, and to express the hope that they will be true and faithful to its spirit, in all their action and intercourse with their fellow citizens, that the resumed civil relations may be happily maintained, and tolerant to the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of the nation."

How, considering the bishop's unequivocal sympathy with the rebellion, is certainly putting the case very well

MORAVIAN EPISCOPACY.

In connection with the services at Bethlehem, Pa., in commemoration of the death of the late President, on which occasion Bishop Stevens preached in the Church of the Nativity, the following interesting incidents are reported by the *Recorder*, having a very direct bearing on the question of the Moravian Episcopate Bishop Stevens, in his discourse, expressed an earnest desire for a full and cordial union with the Moravian Church.

At the conclusion of the services, the Bishops and clergy repaired by the stone path to the Moravian Church, where music was rendered, Bethlehem upon the platform

At 8 30 P. M., a service was held in the Church of the Nativity. Bishops Smith and Wolle, and the Rev. Ed. De Schweinitz, of the Moravian Church, were present in the chancel After an address by the Bishop of Kansas, the Rev. Mr. De Schweinitz reverted to the past history of the Moravian Church; to the prophecy of the venerable Comenius, as to the future unity of the Church; and to the friendly aid and comfort afforded the Moravian Church by the Church of England; and concluded by welcoming the establishment of an Episcopal congregation at Bethlehem, and praying that Christ's prayer for the unity of his Church in all the world might soon be realized. The Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was given out to be sung by the congregation by Bishop Schultz, of the Moravian Church, and the final benediction was pronounced by the venerable Bishop Wolle of the Moravian Church. The participation in the services by members of the Unitas Fratrum, and the fact that others of its bishops and clergy were present in the congregation, were not among the least interesting feature of the day of Consecration.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Both of the Presbyterian General Assemblies, (Old School and New School,) have been in session during the month of May. The former met in Pittsburg, Rev. Dr Lowrie, of New York city, being chosen Moderator. The latter met in Brooklyn, and was presided over by Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Rochester. In the New School Assembly, a report was adopted, without a dissenting voice, which declares that ministers who have been in rebellion against the National Government are to be regarded and treated as grievous sinners, and not to be in any way recognised as ambassadors of Christ, until they give proofs of repentance for their sins.

Rev. H. H. Scudder, D. D., son of the late missionary Dr. Scudder, having been called to the Presbyterian church in San Francisco, will sail for that port on the 3d inst.

How It Looms From Outside.—"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States," met last week at Pittsburg, and also at Brooklyn. Persons not informed in the matter may need to be told that the first named meeting was Old School, and the latter New School, and that as both claim to be the true Presbyterian Church, the notices of the two meetings read precisely alike, except as to place and signature. Various movements of Synods and Presbyteries for a year or two past have looked like an early reunion of these two bodies, which separated in 1837, but we judge, from various articles in the leading papers of the two bodies, that there will be no consolidation just now Several persons have lately been slightly astonished at the efforts of the *New York Observer* to prove that the Old School body has always been a truly anti-slavery organization!—*Congregationalist.*

Sunday-Schools.

"A FOLLY IN ISRAEL."

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Every body knows Gail Hamilton. She is a bright, sparkling, sprightly writer. What she writes is widely read, and is generally well worth reading. She does not confine herself to old ruts which have been deeply worn by the writers and thinkers of a generation or two past, but fears not to strike out a new path for herself when circumstances warrant it. A prominent religious paper has stated her age at seventy-five, but it is believed that the paper was slow to comprehend a joke which the authoress put forth, and that she is of such an age as to be warmly in sympathy with the most reformatory movements of the present day. Old or young, however, her writings furnish food for thought, and, whether we agree with her views or not, they compel our attention.

Gail's last book, "Skirmishes and Sketches," contains a vigorous article on the Sunday-school work, which is so far out of the rut in which writings on that subject commonly run, as to attract unusual attention. To the great indignation of many who have been accustomed to read only those writings which put the Sunday-school on the back, and call it the greatest thing in the civilized world, she startles us by calling our institutions "A Folly in Israel!" Instead of a mere "skirmish" her article is a regularly pitched battle! Discarding strategy, she opens her battery in full force on our unfortunate style of Sabbath education, aiming at nothing short of the complete abolition of the whole thing. Hot shot being thus thrown into the Sunday-school camp, it is not surprising if some of the "sons of Israel" who are charged with maintaining this sort of a "folly," should beat themselves, and at least raise a howl or two.

During the past few years the writer hereof has incurred the displeasure of certain good folks who think that everything which is piously intended for good, or which travels under the color of good, should be exempt from criticism because of its intended or supposed goodness. And, in pointing out certain errors, and suggesting certain corrections of the same, he has frequently been told that those errors having been committed by very excellent people, and having received the sanction of long usage, should not be interfered with, but peacefully suffered to continue in their mischievous course. Such apologies for error have but induced a closer examination of the errors apologized for, and a conviction that there is indeed very much about the work of the Sunday school, as now conducted, which is susceptible of improvement. It is not at all surprising that any body who looks on the institution from a stand-point outside of it should find a great deal in it to denounce. Nor is it wonderful that a smart thinker like the author of "Skirmishes" should feel moved to lift up her battle axe against it, to hew it down

But, suppose we have a child who is lean, spindle-shanked, bilious, dyspeptic, stupid, and generally ill-favored. Suppose, in addition to that, his disposition is bad, he cries all night, and refuses to be pleasant in the day time. Shall we, because of the little fellow's infirmities, vote him a nuisance, and knock him in the head? Shall we, because the present rising generation is composed, to some extent, of sallow-faced children, with round shoulders, stooping gait, and lack-lustre eyes, pass a resolution abolishing children altogether? No. We would take our unfortunate youngster in hand with the best medicines, the most nourishing food, and the happiest possible surroundings, and try to make something out of him; we would take the whole race of stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested young beings away from six hours a day to school and three hours' study at home, and thrust them into pure air, plenty of exercise, and good roast beef, with the hope of making hearty men and women out of them. We would correct rather than destroy. We would improve, if possible, rather than abolish.

While our skirmisher's criticisms on the infirmities and evils of the Sunday school are to a certain extent well founded, and all pungently put, yet they are not such as entirely to warrant the conclusions she draws. Her reasoning, if applied to other educational and reformatory institutions, would abolish several things which some of us care to have abolished just now.

She charges the Sunday-school with being a mere gathering for entertainment, the children being "interested in every thing but study." This depends very much upon how the Sunday-school is conducted. There are some schools which are open to this criticism. Thank God, they are in a miserable minority.

She charges the instruction with being "disjointed reasoning and loose theology." Some of it vastly is, running with no joints at all, and theology so loose that it cannot, by any possibility, be made to hang together. What of it? Manifestly the answer is, make it better. The standard ought to be several notches higher than it is, and to elevate it is better than to abolish the teaching altogether.

She tells us that the scholars know very little

about the Bible. Admit that their knowledge is indeed slender, compared with what it ought to be. Is it, really, to have taught them what they do know? Suppose they do not know all about Mephibosheth, Ahithophel and Onesimus,—a knowledge of the complete history of the former two worthies is not necessary to salvation; and have not grave Doctors of Divinity made woful blunders over the case of the latter? Abolish fiddlin in algebra, if you choose, because Miss Nannie, just from boarding school, fails to expound the mysteries of cubic x, y, z, and all the other letters. Lock the piano and throw the key away, because Miss Arabella cannot play all the music of *L'Africaine* at first sight? Shut up the grammar school because little Bobby, aged twelve next birth-day, made several mistakes in a letter which she wrote to her dear papa? Not at all. If their knowledge be imperfect, they need more teaching, and better. Now for the results. Gail declares that they amount to very little, as did the men of the Christian Commission. Many a man in the army, who never joined the church at home, received when a boy at Sunday-school, good seed in his heart, which germinated in time to be the means of his salvation. Admit that the actual conversions reported are only one in nine, and compare that with the results of the preaching of the gospel in our churches. In a congregation of 900 people, are 100 visibly converted every year? Look at the published rolls of our churches, and see. Are the children of 1865 no better than the children of 1814? If it be so, perhaps part of the fault rests with those who were the children of 1814, who, by this time, ought to have trained their descendants to a better estate. With all the avowed marks of wickedness, if the Sunday-school has contributed ought towards keeping the youngsters of the present generation from being worse than they are, we should thank God, take courage, and go ahead.

Let us admit that the Sunday-school ought to be better than it is, and to accomplish more. The wonder is that with the shackling management it has had, in many quarters, it has accomplished as much as it has. Admit that our "skirmisher" says about silly books, and weed the trash out of the libraries. Admit that carnal young persons do sometimes think and talk about silly dresses and other apparel, but remember that we after foolish going to church if we would at once crush this evil among equally carnal adults. Admit that parents do not perform half of their duties, and then stir them up to a proper amount of a proper sort of performance. Admit that the lack of parental discipline may lead to religious dissipation;—admit all these, and half a dozen other things of the same sort, and yet with all its sins and shortcomings, the Sunday-school stands, an institution blessed by God, and recognized as the instrument of the bringing of many a soul into the fold of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Upon the whole, perhaps the Sunday-school might as well stand awhile, let us not abolish it, all in a hurry. Let us, however, thank our spirited friend for her essay. Let us, instead of getting forth over it, because it does not tickle our ears with the idle fustian of flattery to which the Sunday-school teacher has unhappily become so accustomed, talk also of his suggestions to exercise ourselves more and more if we have labored to the best advantage. Also, it is well that we have committed ourselves to Jesus, let us seek grace, light and strength from the God whom we serve, to direct us into the ways of wisdom and usefulness.

Foreign.

THE GOSPEL AT HOME.

Rev. Dr. I. R. Van Vleet, of the Reformed Dutch Church in this country, at the invitation of Gen. Rufus King, is acting Chaplain of the American Legation at Rome, since October last. He maintains a basis of Christian union, in the morning, using the Protestant Episcopal service with an unwritten prayer after sermon; in the afternoon, conforming to the orders of morning worship in our Dutch churches. The children receive instruction on Saturday afternoon, and a prayer-meeting is held during the week, in connection with the Scotch brethren. His rooms are well located, on the Piazza di Spagnia, are as large as most of those used for similar purposes in Italy, and are generally thronged on the Lord's day. The estimated number of Americans in Rome, is three hundred, of whom about one half attend the services in the Legation chapel.

GREYTOWN, CENTRAL AMERICA.

Some twelve years since, a colored preacher of Philadelphia, felt moved to go to Greytown and preach the gospel to the people. He left all, and, contrary to his own wishes, disconcerted his Master and His message. He procured a lease of a lot, on the bank, erected a church building and a dwelling, and has since, except a few occasions of absence, been the recognised pastor of the people composing the Protestant congregation. His name is Benjamin Smith. After a few years' residence in Greytown, he went to Canada and procured orders, under the authority of the Canadian Conference. Such is his account of himself and his connection. The church will accommodate some hundred or more.

SWEDEN.

A Clerical Conference, summoned by the Bishop, was lately held at Lund. The following topics were discussed:—No religion without miracles; no religion without conviction of sin, and a confession of the fall, and a worship in accordance with this; no Christianity without faith in the divinity of Christ; no Christianity without an atonement of blood; no Christianity without a pure and unadulterated historical source, and an infallible standard of doctrine; no Christianity without a Church; no Church without a ministry, and no ministry without learning; no living Church without discipline, and no discipline without the Church's freedom with reference to the State; and no free and strong Church without Synods and Synodical authority. The substance of all these was ably expounded and maintained.

A BREWER'S MUNIFICENCE.

Benjamin Ie Guinness, a brewer, of Dublin, has, out of his own purse, just restored Saint Patrick's Cathedral, (Church of England,) of that city, at the expense of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Four years ago, he volunteered to pay whatever was necessary to restore the dilapidated edifice to its original state, and took sole charge of the restoration. He has now returned it to the Dean and Chapter, complete in all its internal and external appointments. This instance of liberality is unexampled in this age of worldliness and irreligion.

ON THE NEWS OF THE MURDER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And so 'tis true—that word of woe and dread
That from Atlanta on our coast has rolled;
And borne on echoes, through the world hath spread
A thunder-storm of wrath in every soul quickened,
In every soul with truth and right, and reason,
With freedom and with man a sympathizer.
And that in Lincoln saw their creed's defence—
A hand of future dreams the realizer.

Yes! there he lies who God's own sword with might,
'Gainst violence and despotism paraded
The champion, in the "newer world" of light,
That to his car of triumph late was carried
Just then, from lurking ambush, malice shot
The victor's heart with base insidious arrows;
And man to man proclaimed the cruel plot
The news of which the souls of millions harrows.

Yes! he is dead; but not his work undone
The noble heritage to us transmitted;
For slaves released shall thank the hand above,
Who gently loosed their fetters, their shame outwitted,
Hail! at his grave all human nature weeps;
Historic runes are penned upon the burial,
His fame o'er sea and land the lightning sweeps.
And there, "Solum"* grants a crown immortal!

Thomas Bangemann Hansen.
Translator.

* A Swedish goddess in the ancient mythology.

SWEDISH SYMPATHY

The following is from the Stockholm *Aftonbladet*, a leading Swedish paper:

"Abraham Lincoln was the very embodiment of the great principle which pervaded the war. The vindicator of free labor, he fell at the moment of accomplishing its victory. He was a beautiful death. A new martyr has been added to the champion of liberty, and the name of Lincoln will be surrounded for all times by a halo of glory. His death will stigmatize forever the patrons of slavery, who, fighting under the false pretence of maintaining the independence of individual States, had no object but to uphold feudal institutions and enrich themselves by the sweat of hordes of slaves."

RUSSIAN FEELINGS.

The Russian *Invalide* employs this language:

"The shocking news from America fills all honorable people, all friends of moderate and sensible progress, with deep sorrow. Lincoln has been taken away at the very time when he might have hoped to enjoy the fruits of his persevering energy, in a war carried on for a just, respectable, and a lawful cause. America may be proud of having produced such a man as this! Undaunted by gigantic difficulties, and firm amid all opposition and sorrow, he never doubted for a moment the high destiny of his people, and steadily pursued his course to the chosen goal. A modest, moderate, and deeply religious man, he was the last to sing his praises, and never allowed himself to be carried away by the impulse of the hour. Never did his qualities shine more brightly than in the last days of his life. Unmoved by the people clamoring for revenge, unintimidated by party-cries, he spoke of mercy to the conquered, and was intent only upon rebuilding the edifice of the great Republic."

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE.—An entirely novel style of locomotive has been recently patented and introduced in England. It is so constructed as to run either way without being turned about, thus dispensing with turn-tables, requires no tender, and is capable of passing the sharpest curves without difficulty or danger. All the wheels are driving-wheels, eight in number, arranged in two distinct sets of four, with two cylinders to each set.

Our Country.

Our National Fast.—Never in the history of Philadelphia, has there been such a general or appropriate observance of a national fast day, as well noticed yesterday throughout our city. Business was entirely suspended. All places of business were closed during the day. There was preaching in all the churches in the morning, and all the ministers preached more in reference to the 4th, public services, and lamentable death of our late President, Abraham Lincoln. The churches were all well filled, and the audiences paid much attention to the discourses presented. The invitation of the Committee of the Lincoln Monument Fund, asking that a collection be taken in the several churches, for the purpose of assisting in erecting a monument to the memory of our late Chief Magistrate, was read. In accordance with the invitation, collections were taken up, and, we have been informed, liberal contributions were made. It is hoped that enough was collected yesterday to insure the erection of a monument creditable to our city and worthy of the great man whose memory it is intended to perpetuate. During the afternoon the rural places of resort were crowded to excess, but the best order prevailed. All seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the object of the fast.

Important Proclamation.—On the 29th of May President Johnson issued a most important proclamation, granting pardon, with restoration of all their rights of property, excepting in slaves, to certain classes of persons who have been engaged in rebellion, on condition of their subscribing to the oath of allegiance to the government.

This proclamation also defines, who, among the insurgents, will not be allowed to avail themselves of the benefits of the amnesty. These are divided into fourteen distinct classes, including those who have been domestic or foreign agents of the rebel government; those who resigned judicial, congressional, military or naval positions to aid the rebellion; officers in the rebel army above the rank of colonel, and in the rebel navy above the rank of lieutenant, and those below these ranks who were educated in the national academies; all who have been guilty of cruel treatment to prisoners of war; all the rebel Governors of States; persons who have left the national lines, either to enter those of the insurgents or go to foreign countries, to aid the rebellion; all persons engaged in rebel piracy on the ocean, the lakes and rivers and the Northern border; persons voluntarily participating in the rebellion whose taxable property is estimated at over twenty thousand dollars, and all those who have heretofore taken the oath of allegiance to the government and violated it.

Any persons of the excepted classes who desire the benefits of amnesty, must make special application to the President for pardon, when their cases will be examined, and such clemency extended as the facts may warrant.

Another important proclamation was issued by the President on the same day, appointing William H. Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina and directing that he proceed immediately, in his official capacity, to make arrangements for calling a convention to alter or amend the State constitution and restore civil government. Only persons who are thoroughly loyal to the national government and have subscribed to the oath of allegiance will be permitted to vote for delegates to the convention. The convention is to provide for putting the civil machinery in motion, and is given the power to decide upon the question of negro suffrage in the State, or it may pass this question for decision over to the Legislature meeting under the new arrangement. The military commanders in the State are directed to give said provisional Holden every assistance necessary for the efficient performance of his duties.

The President also directs that the Secretaries of State, Treasury, Navy, and Interior, and the Postmaster General, Attorney General, and the District Judge proceed to put in force, within the limits of North Carolina, all laws within the province of their several departments, and to restore the operations of national authority therein.

The Last Rebel Army Surrendered.—The last remnant of the rebel military power has disappeared, and the old flag floats every where from Maine to the Rio Grande. An official bulletin, from Secretary Stanton announces that the land and naval forces under the command of Kirby Smith west of the Mississippi, have been surrendered to Gen. Canby, and there is thus no organized rebel force anywhere on the soil of the U. S. The terms upon which this capitulation is based account to be the same as were conceded to Gens. Lee and Johnston. The forces which constituted General Smith's command comprised about 25,000 men and were mainly located in Western Louisiana and Texas. Among the general officers included in the surrender are Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, Lieutenant-General Buckner, Hood and Sterling Price; Major Generals Rowan, Clark, Lindman Magruder, Maxey, and Walker together with thirty Brigadier Generals, and a large number of Colonels, &c.

President Johnson has very properly signalized this surrender, which marks the complete extinction of the rebellion, by ordering the immediate release of all prisoners condemned by military commissions in confinement during the war and the necessary instructions to carry the order into effect will be at once issued from the War Department.

Romanism in the United States.—What is the present power and influence of Roman Catholicism in the United States?

A more important question cannot now be addressed to an honest patriot, or an earnest Christian, as a believer, and the present condition of every loyal country as well show.

The Roman Hierarchy has mapped out the United States into seven *great provinces*, over which each presiding archbishop, or *quasi* pope, holds sway. These (*minus* the Most Rev. Archbishop," and in all of which, the same appliances and tools of operation are *all* ready for use) are

1. The Province of Baltimore covers the States of Maryland and Virginia, with the District of Columbia and the States of North and South Carolina, Delaware Pennsylvania, Georgia and Florida. Over these States are located 687 churches, chapels and stations; 20 Theological Seminaries and Colleges; 154 Academies and schools of various grades; 8 monasteries; 32 orphan and other asylums, and 14 hospitals.

2. The Province of New York, covers the States of New York, New Jersey, and New England. In these "partibus infidelium," are planted 575 churches, chapels and stations; 13 Theological Seminaries and Colleges; 422 Academies and other schools; 80 convents; 12 monasteries; 25 asylums; and 11 hospitals.

3. The Province of Cincinnati covers the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky. Here are 894 churches, chapels and stations; 8 Theological Seminaries and Colleges; 496 Academies and schools; 39 convents; 13 monasteries; 17 asylums, and 3 hospitals. They delight in calling Cincinnati the American Rome.

4. The Province of St. Louis covers the States of Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and the Indian Territory. The province has its 1,111 churches, chapels and stations; 17 Theological Seminaries and Colleges; 260 Academies and other schools; 60 convents; 12 monasteries; 29 asylums, and 8 hospitals.

5. The Province of San Francisco includes the States of California, Nevada, and all the Territories east of the Rio Colorado, having 126 churches, chapels and stations; 3 Theological Seminaries and Colleges, 27 Academies and other schools; 9 convents; 2 monasteries; 6 asylums; and 2 hospitals.

6. The Province of Oregon City has 3 Dioceses and one Vicarage Apostolic; consisting of 32 churches, chapels and stations; 1 Seminary; 1 College; 14 Academies; 1 convent; 3 asylums; and 1 hospital.

7. The Province of New Orleans covers the States of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas. In these "partibus infidelium," are 105 churches, chapels and stations; and 23 Academies and schools; 6 convents; 1 monastery; and 2 asylums.

The grand total of all their establishments, as above given, and from other sources, embracing a vast amount of property, is as follows:

4,994 churches, chapels and stations.
74 Theological seminaries and Colleges.
1,404 Academies and schools, with an aggregate of about 30,000 pupils.
213 Convents.
49 Monasteries.
150 Orphan Asylums, containing nearly 9,000 orphans, and about 150 other so-called benevolent institutions.
49 Hospitals.—*Mercurius.*

Progress of Religion in the United States.—The increase of population from 1850 to 1860 was not quite four and a half fold, while during the same time the number of evangelical ministers, churches and communicant church members increased more than nine fold. In 1833 there was one evangelical minister to every 1427 inhabitants, counting the entire population. In 1865 there was one evangelical minister not including religious teachers among the Friends, nor local teachers among the Methodists, to every 947 inhabitants, with a small fraction.

In 1855 there was one evangelical church member to every 24 persons above ten years of age, or one to over 75 persons of the entire population—that is nearly every seventh person in the United States, in 1855, was a member of some evangelical church. In 1860 more than one sixth of the whole population were members of evangelical churches.

This shows that the cause of Christ is steadily advancing, and is increasing in a greater ratio than the whole population.—*Zion's Herald.*

FOREIGN.

"Arrival of the City of Washington."—New York, June 5th.—The steamship *City of Washington*, from Liverpool on the 24th, via Queenstown on the 25th, arrived at this port at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Her advices are only one day later.

London, May 25th.—The London *Obl* says that the question of the *Alabama's* depredations has reached an unpleasant point. Great Britain having refused indemnity, and the American reconsider all willing to demand of compulsion to be taken.

The Paris *Monitear* confirms the revocation of the order limiting the stay of Federal ships in foreign ports, and says that France has also announced that she will hasten the removal of all other restrictions as soon as the Washington Cabinet ceases to exercise exceptional rights, which as belligerents it is entitled to claim towards neutral vessels.

The *Monitear* states that it is the belief that Mr. Johnson will follow the wise friendly policy of Mr. Lincoln.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Vicksburg, Miss., May, 10th, 1865, Rev. Henry Adams, aged 60 years.

Brother Adams was a native of the state of Tennessee. When quite a young man, he was sold from that state, and taken to Natchez, Miss. Though youthful and illiterate, he was pious, and felt that he was called by Christ to preach the gospel of peace. But this was a great cross, from the fact that no colored man could preach in Mississippi, without violating a law which positively forbade it, and making him liable to severe punishment (a punishment which sometimes terminated in death.) The worth of souls, however, which lay heavily upon his heart together with a strong trust and unshaken confidence in God, prompted him, regardless of consequences, to preach the glad tidings of salvation to his fellow men in Natchez, and its vicinity. The great zeal which he thus evinced in endeavoring to win souls to Christ, together with the strict piety and Christian simplicity that adorned his life and profession, so softened the hearts of certain slave holding white Methodists, that they, after calling him before them and examining him, authorized him to exhort. He however, did not confine himself to exhorting, but to the full extent of his ability preached, when in his judgment it was necessary to do so. On a certain occasion, when he was preaching to a considerable number of his slave brethren, they found themselves surrounded by a formidable number of enraged Mississippians, armed with muskets and clubs. At the appearance of them, as a matter of course, these poor defenceless and crushed slaves were terribly frightened; but strange as it may seem to many, they all gathered around brother Adams, who said, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." Their assailants, who were in the door, on seeing and hearing the above, left without even saying a word.

The labors of the deceased were greatly blessed, scores being brought to a saving knowledge of Christ through his instrumentality. Under the most unpropitious circumstances he studied and improved his mind, and in consequence, was, for many years prior to his death, a comparatively intelligent preacher.

Our Church at Natchez, of which my beloved brother and friend Page Tyler is pastor, is one of the results of his labors there. About twenty years ago he came to Vicksburg, where in preaching he met with much opposition and persecution and where, as at Natchez, his labors were crowned with great success.

Our church in this place, of which the humble writer is pastor, is an existing proof of his ministerial success. During his illness, the pious noble hearted members of my charge evinced their love to him as a spiritual father, by their constant attention to administering to his wants. When he was speechless, I put my mouth to his ear and said, "Father Adams, do you find that religion which supported and comforted you in all the trials and afflictions of life is fully sufficient to support and comfort your soul through you are all and speechless on the chilling and paralyzing touch of death?" to which by an appropriate motion of the head he gave an affirmative answer. I never saw a person more happy in sickness and death than he. Our beloved Father Adams was one of the leading men in bringing the colored Methodists of Vicksburg into our connection.

"Now, I can leave the world in peace
My God, thy servant has
Performed the great commission given,
And clear my pascals case."

H. R. REVELS.

Odd Fellows' Grand Demonstration.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF
UNITY LODGE, No 711,
Of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows,
And of the introduction of the Order into the State of Pennsylvania, will be commemorated at the
Sansom Street Hall,
On Wednesday Evening, June 14, 1865.
Addresses will be delivered by the Grand Master of the Order, Brother James McC. Cromwell, P. G. M., Brother David S. Brown, P. G. M., Brother Charles P. Jones, P. G. M. Brother Charles R. Cuffy, will preside.
A splendid silver-plated ice pitcher will be presented to the member of the Ladies' Committee selling the largest number of tickets. Dressing rooms will be in charge of competent persons.
TICKETS, 75 CENTS.
To be had of the Committee.
The guests will be supplied during the evening with the delicacies of the season, free of charge. Refreshment tickets will be issued and must be retained until collected.
je 10-14

BANIKER HOUSE,
CAPE ISLAND,
NEW JERSEY.
MRS. TEAGLE
OF THE BANIKER HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, NEW JERSEY,
Would respectfully present this Circular for your favorable consideration, and informs her friends and the public, that she will re-open her house
On the 20th day of June,
for the reception of persons who may desire to resort to this beautiful watering place.
They will find that every care is taken to accommodate them and make their visit pleasant during their stay at this house. Its entrance several very spacious cozy rooms, and in addition to the amusements of a splendid Piano Forte, and a fine Ten Pin alley, there every effort will be made to render satisfaction to all who may desire to amuse themselves therein. Mrs. T. solicits the patronage of her friends. Terms reasonable.
jel 3mo

To The Travelling Public.
I most respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have taken the large and commodious dwelling,
No. 1733 Addison Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
And have opened it as a first-class
Boarding and Lodging House,
and will be happy to see all of my old friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.
Your influence is respectfully solicited. They have by refer to Mr. James W. Brown, Philadelphia.
MRS. ANN E. FOSTER
N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths. Terms reasonable.
jel-1y

628 Hoop Skirts. 628
HOPKINS'
"OWN MAKE" OF
HOOP SKIRTS.
The best Assortment, and best Quality and Styles in the City
Over Twelve all lengths and sizes, from 16 to 50 springs, from 54 75 to 9s. Plain skirts, all the new shapes and sizes, from 19 to 40 springs, from $1 40 to $3, Skirts of extra heavy steel and extra tapes, from 29 to 35 springs, from $1 90 to $2 75.
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
of every grade, from 6 to 25 springs, from 4 to 8 cents per spring. They have no equal. Agents for the
New Flexible Skirt
the most pliable HOOP SKIRT made, and fully equal to the Duplex Elliptic skirt, and at much lower prices. Also, constantly on hand full lines of low priced
New York Skirts,
Kid padded and Metallic fastened—74 springs, 35cts; 30 springs, 91; 25 springs, $1 13; 20 springs, $1 25; and 48 springs, $1 50. SKIRTS made to order, altered and repaired, at 628 ARCH STREET. my13 6mo

Spring Dress Goods
OF NEW STYLES,
OPENING DAILY.
SILK GRENADINES Superb styles
Spring and Summer POPLINS
ORGANDIE LAWNS, neat and beautiful
White and Colored PERCALES and PIQUE.
BLACK SILKS all prices
THIN SHAWLS in great variety.
Spring BRILLIANTS, CHALLIES and CALICOES
MUSLINS and FLANNELS of all kinds
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, at
JOHN H. STOKES',
my20 3m 702 Arch Street, Phila.

Henderson's
CAPITOL CLOTHING HOUSE.
610 Market St. next Chatham House ab. 5th.

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM
[By our National Poet, Dr. Geo. Allen Spangler.]
It was in the merry month of May
When nature's greenness blossoming
Diamonded dews and sunny ray
Was as the sunlight dreaming
Around the flowers that flowered that day,
My memory lingers round,
But none was half so fair as they
That flowered around the mound
From the Queen among the trees
I saw her in her loved room
Her brow without a cloud or blight,
And life was like a summer noon
Holding there its earliest light.
[Illegible]
[Illegible]
I saw my home with sweet eyes
[Illegible]
A. L. Thomas Publishing House, Sunday-school Publishing House, Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, Western Methodist Book Concern, Pittsburg, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., and Boston, Mass., are prepared to furnish Sunday-schools with Libraries, Singing Books, Question Books, Lesson Leaves, Periodicals, Cards, Rewards, &c., at the lowest rates. Catalogues sent free on application to the nearest depository.
may25 6m R. Hargreaves, Superintendent.

COLORED DOMESTICS
As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c.
can find good situations, free of charge, at the
Freedmen's Employment Bureau,
No. 18 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,
Opposite the City Hall,
BROOKLYN
Basement on Joralemon Street
No. 18 on the

A CARD.
MRS. H. T. O'DONNELL,
Formerly of No 740 South St., Philada.,
Has removed to No 918 Lombard Street, and has opened
A BOARDING HOUSE
For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and at other times who may wish to spend some time in our city. Mrs. O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, as far as she possibly can. Give her a call.
May 1 6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE
DR. J. W. CREEK,
Physician & Apothecary,
Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
THE MAIL — EXPRESS OR THROUGH

1865 1865
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed-Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, etc.
"18 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."
Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere. 11 Beware! 11 of all worthless imitations.
See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.
HENRY R. COSTAR.
Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.
HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be no longer if they use "Costar's Exterminators." We have used it to our satisfaction, and if a better exist we would have it. We have tried poisons, but they offered to dying. But Costar's article kills the breath out of flies, Moths, Roaches, Ants and Bed-Bugs quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—*Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*
See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.
FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should remember that hundreds of Dollars worth of Grain, Provisions, &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Ants and other insects, and hence the importance of all who can be guaranteed by a few dollars' worth of [illegible] Roach, Ant & Insect exterminator, bought and used freely.
See Costar's Advertisement on this paper
Sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers.
[illegible]
Nos. 193 Chestnut St. above Third.
Nos. 400 Chestnut St. above Fourth.
And South and North Second and Third.
Where can be found a large and complete assortment of ready made clothing and Gents' furnishing goods, presented to the public in the most attractive manner, and sold at the lowest rates, go up in the best manner, and sell at
Wanamaker & Brown's Low Prices
Wanamaker & Brown's Low Prices
Wanamaker & Brown's Low Prices
Wanamaker & Brown's Low Prices
Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves, and feel convinced that it is to their advantage to deal with us.
Attention is also called to
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department.
In connection with each establishment, where we have constantly on hand
A fine Assortment of Piece Goods,
A fine Assortment of Trimmings,
A fine Assortment of Linings,
A fine Assortment of Buttons,
And can guarantee to our customers entire satisfaction in every respect.
N. [illegible] St. above Third
No. 400 Chestnut Street, (formerly Jenkins' old stand.)
And South-west Corner [illegible] Market Sts., Philadelphia.
[illegible]

RESTAURANT,
Confectionery and Dining Saloon,
Corner Saratoga and Paca Street
BALTIMORE
Where he can be found keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds [illegible] Choice Cigars, Pipes, &c.
DANDRIDGE KELLY Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,
News and Periodical DEPOT,
20 Commercial Place and 150 Baronne St.
NEW ORLEANS
A large assortment of School Books, French Books, Stationery, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Inks, &c. Orders for any of these articles promptly executed. Liberal discount to the trade.
May 6 6m

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.
On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.
The Second and Third Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Sycamore and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.
The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every few minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and allow about 10 minutes for a ride.
Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each train to convey passengers into the city.
On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7 45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10 25, P. M. with Philadelphia Express.
Market Baggage Express will, hereafter, be found at No. 31 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to any train, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him.
TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

MAIL TRAIN	00	3.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10.00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	6.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	9.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.30 "
ARRIVE.		
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	00	6.00 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.00 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.30 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.30 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.30 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.30 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	9.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)
For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to
JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent,
At the Depot.
An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to
FRANCIS FUNK,
137 Dock Street.

DRY GOODS
AND
TRIMMINGS
SELLING AT
REDUCED PRICES.
MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.
Shrouding, flannel, cambrics, etc.
BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.
Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand. Ladies' ready-made Clothing.
N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.
Call and see at the old stand,
S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*
to Mar 1—3m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.
Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.
No. 10 1 year.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING.
JONES'
OLD ESTABLISHED
One Price CLOTHING HOUSE,
604 Market Street,
(Above Sixth.)
At JONES' Cornmon One Price Clothing Store, the lowest marking price is marked in plain figures on each article, and never varied. All buy alike—neither judge or God. The stock is gotten up in a superior manner, expressly for retail sales. Those wanting a good, substantial and fashionable article, should not fail to go to
JONES',
604 *Market Street,*
One Price Store

Ice Cream Saloon.
J. J. LYONS,
No. 1035 Lombard Street, Philada.,
Invites all lovers of Ice-Cream and other delicacies to give him a call.
may25—3m

Sterling's Ambrosia.
"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."
And STERLING'S fragrant AMBROSIA will render strong, wiry hair soft, silken, and glossy, and eradicate dandruff.
apr29 1mo

COAL! COAL!!
Coal delivered to any part of the city, by large or small measure, by
T. J. BOWERS,
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot,
No. 614 *Lombard Street.*
April 15 6t

Private Boarding
AT 608 PINE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
The Lady having FITTED UP HIS HOUSE with [illegible] for the reception of Boarders, and to [illegible] permanent Boarding, that are to be pleased to [illegible] than when visiting the city.
Warm and cool BATHS.
R. H. DELAVES, Proprietor.
April 22—6mos

SHROUDING
AND
LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.
MRS. MARIA HIGGINGS
Most earnestly calls to the patronage and attention of the public, as she is now [illegible] all articles used in the above business, at her residence,
No. 1007 Rid[illegible] street,
West 10th & 11th, & Lombard & Pine Sts.

OLIVE BRANCH
BOARDING HOUSE,
No. 814 Lombard Street, Phila.
Mrs. H. M. Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class
BOARDING HOUSE
for their special accommodation, in a central (to business or churches) part of the city, as above named, where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M. BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO. 406 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,
Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic, Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.
The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

NOTICE.
To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:
This certifies that Miss Mary Hill is legally authorized Agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.
We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Hill to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that in so to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.
(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH H. BUSTILL.
WIG MAKERS,
HAIR JEWELLERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,
No. 403 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.
WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED
Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.
BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.
Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.
Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.
BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEBOLIAN HAIR TONIC.
A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Itching, &c. Arresting, Relieving, Curing, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.
Bustill's Compound Eradicator,
One of the most useful articles ever offered for eradicating the hair removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, restoring gray hair, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains. Try it.
HAIR BOUGHT.
Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale.
sep 16-6f

NOTICE.
LEBANON CEMETERY.
All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds, will please call upon Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, as he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full examination will be given to the whole matter.
jan—6mo
(Signed) J. ASHER.

Agents, come and Examine
AN INVENTION
Urgently needed by every body, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $

Poetry.

"GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER."

"Written on his death-bed, lying in his anguish."

Fly from the crowd and dwell with Truthfulness;
Make what thou hast suffice, though it be small.
For hoard brings hate, and climbing doubts, distress;
Struggle breeds envy, good grows blood o'er all.
Taste thou no more than to thy share shall fall.
Read well thyself who others read at no clear,
And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

Use out thy heart each failing to redress;
Nor west in her who herself has a ball.
Press not that doth stand in little business.
See that thou dost not spurn against a half.
Strive not as doth a pitcher with a wall;
Deem well thyself who others judgeth plear,
And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

What Heaven sends, take thou in obedience;
Thy clothing of this world include a fall;
Here is no home; here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth! forth beast-out of the stall!
Look upon high, and thank the God of all!
Leave base desires, and let thy soul thee steer,
And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

1.—Use not thy heart to redress every failing of others, or every grievance of society.
2.—Fortune, a chance.
3.—Nail, enable.

"GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE."

If the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store,
Give him food, and give him raiment,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Tell him where he may go to live,
And if he be sick minister to him.
Though world wishes that last not,
Give to him of scarce bits
Three thee of the widow's mite:
In the holy Master's sight
Is more worth a thousand-fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Living Age.

SUDDARD'S ODE

R. H. Stoddard has written a "Horatian Ode" on the death of the late President. It contains the following somewhat peculiar, but strikingly forcible passage:—

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark! the mournful muffled drum—
The trumpet wail afar,
And the sad Dead March of War!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
In pale corpse hours—and bells toll slow;
And go these Heroes by,
Bearing our Woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
While loyal, sobering cities wait
To honor all they can,
The dust of that Good Man!

Go, gravely borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain!
The Just, the Wise, the Brave
Attend thee to thy grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late Commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears, indignant, fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plow!

Weep! Bullets shall unheeded fall around,
If Mercy may not stay her hand
Nor would we have it so—
She must divert the blow!

Adieu, amid the Master Race,
Who seem so strangely out of place,
Knowye who cometh? He
Who hath declared you Free!

Bow while the Body passes—Nay,
Fall on your knees, and weep, and pray,
Weep, weep—I would ye might—
Your poor, black faces white!

And, Children, you must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue, and white, and red,
To strew before the Dead!

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Nation to her last repose:
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest Home!

The church-yard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best;
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with city pomp,
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year!

For many a year, and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul!

The Family.

THE SECRET.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia, there was a pious mother, who had the happiness of seeing her children in very early life, brought to the knowledge of the truth, walking in the fear of the Lord, and ornaments in the Christian Church.

A clergyman who was travelling, heard of the circumstance, respecting this mother, and wished very much to see her, thinking there might be something peculiar in her mode of giving religious instruction, which rendered it so effectual. He accordingly visited her, and inquired respecting the manner to which she discharged the duties of a mother in educating her children. The woman replied that she did not know that she had been more faithful than any Christian mother would be in the religious instruction of her children. After a little conversation, she said: "While my infants were on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my Heavenly Father to clothe them with the robes of righteousness, and provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have prayed that their bodies might be as temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; when they left me for the week day school, I followed their infant steps with a prayer that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that my Heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his parental arms."

Here is the influence of the silent, unseen exertions of a mother; an influence which will be felt, when those external accomplishments and fleeting adornments, which many labor to give their children, shall be forgotten or remembered only as a means of smoothing a rapid descent to the world of sorrow.—*Treasury.*

THE TWIN PRECEPTS.

Mr. Wordsworth was an intelligent Christian farmer of some means, and with his gentle wife sought to bring up their children wisely and well. He had high principles, and was prepared to enforce a strict discipline in school, was unconsciously too severe and exacting in the government of his family. The three eldest were good, obedient children: this was true, also, of the fourth child until about fifteen, when a strange perverseness came over him. He was a noble looking, manly boy, of large frame and great physical strength, the pride of the neighborhood, and efficient in whatever he attempted to do. Of late, his will had been in strong opposition to his father's, and he boldly determined to submit no longer to the paternal control which has become to him a servile yoke. The father trembled at his commands, and expected to conquer the rebellious spirit of the son, if need be, by force. An opportunity soon presented itself to some act of disobedience. The father decided to administer corporal punishment.

"Take off your coat, sir!" said he, in a tone not to be mistaken.

The son, now grown to be as tall as his father, stood with folded arms, his full, dark eye flashing defiance.

"Take off your coat, sir!" repeated Mr. Wordsworth. Arthur still stood gazing at his father, with a hard, defiant, passionate look, characteristic of serious trouble. The mother was in the door of the room, and feared she knew not what. Would Arthur be provoked to strike his father? Would he scorn his authority, and forsake his home and wander in the paths of sin, as other angered, hardened children had done?—She was a woman of ready tact and sleeping quickly in, interposed between the irate father and wrathful son.

"Your father tells you to take off your coat, my son," said she, soothingly, "surely you can do so small a thing as that."

"Oh, course," replied he, softened, "if that is all, I can take off my coat; it was the flogging to which I objected" and off went the coat, and the father, willing to let the matter pass, accepted the half-way submission brought about by the influence of the mother.

But the trouble was not all over. One day, soon after Arthur had shown this spirit of insubordination, his little brother came in from the hay-field, for it was in summer time, and complained that Arthur had hung his scythe on a tree and gone a fishing.

"Gone fishing!" exclaimed Mrs. Wordsworth, in alarm. "Who did he go with, my son?"

"Mr. Baker's boys came along with their wagon and fishing tackle, and asked him to go, and he went right off," said little Henry.

"Gone with Mr. Baker's boys!" repeated Mr. Wordsworth, as he heard the evil tidings. "I would not have him go on any account. What could induce him to take such a course?"

The parents were plunged in perplexity and grief by this strange conduct of their boy.—But the late scene had taught them a lesson, and, as was their wont in affliction, they betook themselves to [illegible]. They went and prayed together, and with tough that sorrowful day humbled themselves before the Lord, and earnestly sought his favor. It was late at night when the truant Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth had gone to bed without reproaches.

"God must reach him, we cannot," said his mother. "I devoted him to God from his birth, and while the Bible is covenant-keeping God."

As for the father, he could not sleep, for sorrow of heart; he feared, too, that his stern treatment of his son, had brought about this reaction, and that never again would he render him willing obedience.

The prospect was indeed dark. From disregard to his father's authority, Arthur grew to have a distaste for industry. Home and its restraints were irksome; farm work was unendurable; the once smart, ambitious, energetic boy, liked to idle away his time, or spend his hours with a rough gang of boys who scourged the place. The father and mother saw that he was only irritated by expostulation, and that punishment provoked to evil.

What could they do? They treated him kindly, made home as attractive as possible, and constantly prayed God to interfere. But their faith was tried when, instead of any visible answer to their prayers, he again left the field-work in the most critical time; when it was all-important that the hay be housed, as a rain was coming on. His father was at work with him; both were getting the hay ready for the cart, when Arthur, seeing a wagon-load of his companions drive up, threw down his rake and joined them. The father, in speechless grief, went on with his labor. Was this an answer to prayer? Would God permit his son to go to ruin before the father's eyes, in face of his strong crying and tears?

That evening, as the hardened father and mother went to the mercy seat with their sorrow, a new thought struck them. Said the wife:

"Something decided must be done to get Arthur away from the evil associates who are leading him to destruction."

Mr Wordsworth assented, and asked if she could think of any plan. She could not.

"Work is dreadful to Arthur now," said he: "suppose we send him to S—— to school. It would be a pleasant change to him, and give him fine advantages. The religious influence, also, is good there. It may be that God will hear us and bless Arthur, for it is a present sacrifice to spare him from the farm-work."

Mrs. Wordsworth readily agreed to the project, and, by dint of great industry and late nights, in one week she had Arthur's wardrobe ready, and as a new term was commencing the father accompanied his son to the seminary, fifteen miles distant, and parting him in charge of the teachers, bade him a loving farewell.

Two weeks had passed, and Mr and Mrs Wordsworth were sitting by their cheerful fireside, after their children were quietly in bed.—The mother was busy with her needle, while the father read aloud from the weekly paper. They heard the click of the gate, a quick tread and the door opened, and to their surprise Arthur stood before them.

"Oh, mother!" said he, his face pale with emotion, "I've come home to ask you and father to forgive me for being so wicked and disobedient."

"Welcome, my son!" replied the father, with choked utterance.

"Can you forgive me, father?" said the penitent, humbled son,—"can you forgive me?"

"With all my heart, Arthur; but I want you to pray to God to forgive you!"

"That's what I have done, and I hope He has. I believe He has forgiven my sins, and if only you can forgive me, I shall be happy."

Arthur, a true penitent, had walked home fifteen miles that day after school, to make his confession. It was a joyful hour in the home of the Wordsworths. God had heard prayer. The perplexity and sorrow of the parents were turned into gladness. They saw that God was faithful to his promises.

"And," said Mr Wordsworth, narrating the happy event, "I saw how blessed it is to remember all of God's commandments. I had for years thought only of this one addressed to my child: 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' but had forgotten that other which God has joined to it: 'And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath lest they be discouraged.'"—*Home Monthly.*

TRUST IN GOD

The Rev. Dr Newton, of Philadelphia, in a sermon to children, in the *S. S. Times*, illustrates the following sublime and beautiful illustration of his theme. Some more striking can be found outside the covers of the Bible.

"I wish to give you one other illustration of this part of the subject. This is connected with the present war. It took place at the battle of Gettysburg, in our own State, two summers ago.

"In one of the regiments of the rebel army was a company of soldiers from North Carolina. In this company was a person who belonged to the religious society of friends sometimes called Quakers. He had been forced to join the army against his own will. He protested against it, and said he was opposed, on conscientious principles to fighting, and that he could not fight. But his body would mind him; he was forced to shoulder his musket and march. He did so, but always saying that he could not fight.

The regiment, to which he belonged, joined Gen. Lee's army, in the invasion of Pennsylvania. But it never was called into a battle till they came to Gettysburg. There it was soon known that a great battle was to be fought. Just before the battle began, this Friend went to the Colonel of his regiment and said he could not go into the fight. The Colonel said he must. He said he could not and would not. 'Then,' said the Colonel, 'I'll have you shot.'

"Then can do as they please about that. I trust in God—but I cannot fight.'

The Colonel had him led out into an open space, and ordered a squad of soldiers to shoot him. While the soldiers were making ready, taking aim, and waiting the command to fire:—the man stood calmly there, and lifting up his face to Heaven, said in a loud clear voice, "Father, forgive them; they know not, what they do." The men threw down their arms, and said they "wouldn't shoot such a man." Another squad was called out, and the same thing occurred with them. The Colonel was very angry. He swore a dreadful oath, declaring he would trample the man to death. He put spurs to his horse and galloped up to him, to ride him down. But when the horse came up to the man, he reared up on his hind legs and turned away. This was repeated two or three times with the same result. Then the trumpet sounded to battle. The Colonel had to hasten away and lead his men into the fight, and, in one of the first volleys fired by our army he fell, mortally wounded. The Quaker soldier was taken prisoner by our men. He was brought to this city; and was afterwards discharged by President Lincoln, and released from doing military duty. This man trusted in the Lord, and happy was he."

Child's Cabinet.

CONVERSATION FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Indeed, we are all going to Uncle Robbie's, to stay the live-long day!" said Amy to Willie. "Aunty, and Mamma and Uncle George, with Steve and Aunt Emma, and little Mary, are going with us—and oh! how nice it will be to run over the green fields, now so fresh and beautiful, where we can gather flowers by the creek-side, and chase the old donkey away down the long lane!"

Thus did the little ones talk one with another, until a stranger entered the room, when all was hushed and silent, though their little eyes twinkled like so many shining stars, and a nervous twitching of their little mouths betokened the possession of joys that would give them pleasure to tell. They had been promised a holiday-trip to the country, but, in the absence of a general interview of the uncles and aunties, the little ones had been disappointed, but it was only for a few days.

Like good children, the disappointment added an additional charm to the excursion, so soon as the day was definitely fixed upon. Disappointment is visited upon us very early in life, children, not to mortify or vex us, but to prepare us more fully to meet them in advanced years. As the eagle trieth her young, so the Lord would, by early disappointments, educate us.

Amongst the variety of enjoyments so accessible to all, how delightful it is to meet the little crosses of life with smiles and entertainment, the little birds fly from bush to tree, seeking food, and, finding none, soar away, singing as merrily as ever.

Gratitude for benefits received prompted this excursion, and, with a little management, it was diverted into the channel of pleasure and enjoyment.

And what, suppose you, give rise to this spirit of gratitude? Do you know, children, what a *cold is?* Yes; many of you have had colds and coughs, accompanied, at times, with a burning sensation, called fever. The Doctor looks upon your flushed and swollen face, then writes upon a paper the medicine that he hopes will cure you, and sometimes even this fails to restore the bloom of health to your cheeks, and you droop and die, just as the little garden-plant that has been touched by the unfriendly frost; but if you are one of God's redeemed children, you will bloom in Heaven, just like the little plant in yonder window, expanding and developing its beauty and fragrance, whilst, without, all is wrapt in the dreariness and coldness of winter. Many children, when the watchful care of mother or father is not upon them, will play in the water, get wet feet, and, instead of running at once to mamma to have their feet made dry, and nice warm stockings put upon them, will keep out of the way until night comes, thinking thus to escape detection. Next morning they have a cold, and perhaps a cough, which, unheeded, oftentimes leads to that terrible disease called consumption.

Children, avoid getting wet feet—but, with all your ailments, run immediately to mother, even should she scold a little, as many good mothers do.

Now, Uncle George had a cold—a very bad one. He got it, not by playing in the water, but by watching through the long hours of the night in the sick chamber. Many little folks think, when evil comes upon them, therefore, they are not in the path of duty, and God is displeased with them. The Bible don't teach its careful readers that idea at all, but, on the contrary, it tells us that it often happeneth to the good as it should happen to the wicked; and whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth—yes, even scourgeth; but he never gives his children over to despair and remorse as he doth the wicked; neither doth he utterly forsake them; for the good seed that wrote so many beautiful things in the Bible says he never saw the righteous forsaken—no, never. When, therefore, you get sick, or in trouble, you must not say, 'God wills it, and in his own time he will relieve me—but run, as it were, for a remedy, just as you would hasten out of the rain when you have no umbrella. Try one thing and another, and keep trying until you are well again.

God wishes every little child to have rosy cheeks, active step and smiling face. He desires them to be as happy as the little birds that sing so sweetly upon the house-tops and upon the trees. He wishes them to live out their three-score and ten years, to become workers in Christ's vineyard. Old age will overtake you ere you shall have finished that work, though you rise with the lark and labor as industriously as the little bee.

Every one has a friend, or, at least, should have a friend. What a consolation to have a friend both wise and willing—wise to know our ailments, and willing to tell us the remedy or how to cure them! We are naturally prone to try many things ere we put own responsibility rather than ask others; for asking is often times humiliating: at least, we think so, and we suffer much and long rather than ask.

Uncle George had tried many remedies, with but little relief. God, at times, suffers us to get down very deep in sickness and trouble, to teach us what little strength and ability we have in our natural state and condition, and how vast and varied are his resources to make us well and happy again.

Good Aunty was kind to all. She was ever seeking to do good. Her acts of charity were visited upon many whom she never even saw. Benevolence, unrammelled by personal ties, was hers, thus covering her charities with an atmosphere pleasing to God.

She was a great sufferer in body, but ever retained a composure of mind that had its influence for good upon all who enjoyed her company.

Many persons, when well, are just like Aunty, in her demeanor, indeed, rather jovial than happy; when sick, however, are pesky—that is, irritable and cross; they feel unsupple, and look just as they feel: much wonder why little children are afraid of them, forgetting that children are influenced by appearances rather than by mere truths or acceptable novelties. Children, strive to imitate Aunty, and begin early in life, for you will find it too easy task to overcome the natural aversion all have for those lovely accomplishments. In the effort you will be happy yourselves, as well as instrumental in making others happy.

What, supposed you, is the medicine I am going to tell you of? Simply an herb—that is, a little plant that grows very close to the ground, has many delicate blue flowers upon its stem, a small oval leaf, edged like the teeth of a saw, and rested upon both stem and leaf with little fibres like hair, commonly known by the name of "Heart's Ease."

Queer name this; but if Aunty Price was as valuable a member to the community in his day and generation as this plant is to invalids, he deserved to live forever—that is, in the grateful remembrance of all. How many have relieved and cured many who had well nigh given themselves over to that sad state of mind called despair—a condition of mind when the presence of smiling faces and the sound of familiar voices affect us not for the better—whilst nature, with her varied display of rational stimulants, is powerless in her efforts to revive our drooping spirits.

The time selected for our excursion was the month of May, when this little plant is of sufficient growth to be gathered and prepared for use. Having the character of a "surprise-party," each one had gone to provide their supply a one-ticket for Norristown. One had in charge a huge package of cakes; another was the custodian of a weighty basket of divers meats and sauces, whilst another had laid the free waters of the noble Delaware under contribution for two of its largest shad—and still another had in charge a store of comforts such only as give housekeepers would not forget. We have often wished the cars would wait awhile for little folks and invalids, and not be so precise and formal; but they are as inexorable as time itself, regardless of those who have light hearts, but bear heavy burdens—nor those who walk fast, but carry slow watches.

Once started, however, the retiring speed of the "iron horse," soon left the city, with its murky atmosphere, far in the distance, and before all were cheerily fixed in the cars, (you know little folks are very choice of seats,) beautiful fields opened to our view on every side. From Philadelphia to Norristown, at this season of the year, is one grand panorama, or rather a series of dissolving views, embracing much that is beautiful in scenery, enlivened at intervals by busy workers in wood, stone and iron. Pilgrims as we proceedingly are, journeying through an enemy's country, one soon acquires a suppleness of those paths where naught but tempting flowers grow, and that journey that is without an occasional irksome incident. Thus we were not unprepared to enjoy—yes, enjoy, the remainder of our trip, with its unlooked for novelties. Not oh! what a change! to be transferred from the pleasant railway car to an old, rickety, jolting, halting, uncomfortable, sleep defying and provokingly slow conveyance ycleept—the "bus." In sooth time we arrived at our haven of rest, and were soon out in the fields, searching diligently for our friend, "Aaron Price."

As we have said, this plant blooms in the month of May. Nature, this month, assumes her most attractive attire, as though she would persuade invalids to partake of the treasures of health so freely offered to all. It is indeed like buying wine and milk without money and without price.

How zealously she labors to divert our thoughts, relieve our cares, invigorate the weary frame, by interesting the eye and ear! To this end she fills the air with the perfumes of myriads of flowers; thousands of birds tune their voices in cheerful melody as they fly from place to place. The lawn and hedge-row, the marsh and brake, the upturned field and the carpeted meadow, the mossy bank and the shady retreats, are redolent with life and themes pleading to the eye and instructive to the heart. Busily engaged as we were—now gathering flowers, now chatting with the kind friends around us, the hours passed quietly away, and, with many regrets, we exchanged parting salutations. Once in the cars again at Norristown, in due time we arrived at our several homes, with the conviction that a vast amount of enjoyment and benefit can be realized, with a very moderate investment of time and money—the greatest obstacle in the way being that inveterate habit of staying at home.

Tourist.

Sketches.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN OLYMPUS.

OLYMPUS, LITTLE CREEK TOWNSHIP, PA.,
May 23d, 1865.

RESPECTED SIR:—Although not entirely unknown to fame, I feel assured that I am to you a stranger. Therefore, although my pen almost declines the task as difficult to a modest authoress, (as I may, without vanity, style myself, having published a novel called "The Gray Greaning Griswold, or the Bandit and the Battle-axe," and "Lines to a Pen-wiper," and other Poems by Angelina, besides various articles in the *Olympus Gazetteer*, and *Little Creek Commercial*, edited by the Honorable J. Ludovicus Jones, who ran for Congress one election, and was only beaten through the complication of the opposition all over the country, as he says himself, and no one has a better claim to understand the merits of the case than he) Therefore, as I said some time before, it becomes me to tell you the motive which induces me to leave the retirement which is most soul-congenial to me, and address these simple lines to you.

I have long waited, hoping to see in your journal, which is a truly admirable and well-written sheet, some account of my native town, but have waited in vain.

Now, however, I consider it my duty to become myself "the sad historian of the pensive plain," as Wordsworth so elegantly and appropriately remarks in his "Eulogy of a Country Church Yard."

I shall begin with an account of a concert which was given in our town a few evenings since. As has been remarked from the Pre-flood, the second attempt at a thing which has already been well done, is seldom successful, and, therefore, I will give you an extract from the *Olympian Gazetteer and Little Creek Commercial*. The first part is editorial from the pen of that gifted writer and impartial critic, Hon. J. Ludovicus Joens.

"Our readers doubtless expect from us some account of the Concert recently given in our Town Hall, but, as we were unfortunately not able to be present, we give a notice which has been kindly prepared by our talented young townswoman, whose appearance in our columns is hailed with weekly delight by as large a portion of the civilized community as is embraced in our subscription list. We feel assured that any loss, if not here on this occasion, is more than counter-balanced by the gain of the public in the description of it. We will state that this effort in humanity's cause realized $1 45, which will be devoted to the relief of suffering guerrillas as was advertised, and which has been placed in the hands of a committee of twelve of our prominent citizens for this purpose. Having said enough, we give place to our fair correspondent."

"For two weeks the Olympus public has been in expectation of the rare musical treat which was set before it last evening. The Concert for the benefit of suffering Guerrillas was a complete success, the result of the talents of the gifted musician engaged to it, no less than of the universal sympathy felt for its object.

Miss Anastasia Cherubina Handel Smythe, daughter of our respected townsman, John Smith, Esq., and uniting in her person the cultivated talents and moral worth of her father, with the beauty and grace of her mother, acknowledged by the homage of all Little Creek Township during a period of nearly half a century, made her first appearance in public since her return from the city, where she has remained for the past six weeks enhancing the perfection of nature's gifts by all that art could bestow.

The musical talent of the young lady was manifested at an early age. As we love to treasure aneed tat of the great, it may not be intruding on the privacy of our heroine to relate that she cried in regular scales when an infant, and so great was her love of music even then, that she practised almost incessantly, and at the age of four months gave the first two notes of the soul-stirring Yankee Doodle with artistic accuracy.

But I must hasten. The hall was crowded to overflowing. The Committee and their friends occupied the body of the building, while the gallery at one end was appropriated to those who were admitted for a pecuniary consideration.

The programme announced first the song, "We're all nodding," which was given with great effect, the audience joining in the chorus. Next came the pathetic ballad, "John Brown, etc.," but this was omitted as a compliment to our honorable townsman, J. Barton Le Heron, Esq., who is the head of the Democratic Convention of Little Creek Township, and who requested something else.

This was followed by the gem of the performance, "Uncle Annie," with variations. First the air was played, and afterwards the variations with the air omitted, which was of no consequence, as every one knew it. During the first part the audience applauded so violently that nothing else could be heard, but the fair musician exhibited what may justly be called the "poetry of motion." The action of the head especially, was extremely moving, almost to tears.

But when the variations commenced, the audience sat breathless. They were drawn on, and still on in an ecstatic trance of delight, and anon lifted to the seventh heaven of musical emotion, as the artiste swept her wondrous lyre. Was it a mermaid, or was it a gentury, as sprite count-tinue, that she held them thus by her magic touch, and permitted not that any earthly taint should mingle with the cup of marvellous rapture, until it was drained of its invigorating cordial? Then gently, deftly, she brought them back to these sublunary scenes by a series of shords, which might have continued the charm, so potent, so mighty were they, had not the piano forte broken in unison at its own achievements under the hand of the enchantress. Something came loose, the enrapt audience started and sighed to find themselves still here, and the grand concert was over.

The piano for the occasion, was furnished by Ockletree & Crown, of our town, importers of music and instruments."

Gladly would I write more, but my fast-filling sheet warns me to close.

Should you wish it, you may hear from me again. Our quiet town is not utterly destitute of events and persons, interesting even to the careless public.

I am respectfully yours,

ALEXANDRINA LUCILLA MORTIMER.

P. S.—Should you publish this communication, and I suppose you will, judging from what I have seen of the high standard of your paper, please do not publish my name, as I should never have another moment's peace. Fairways sign myself "Periwinkle," which is my favorite flower, owing to its modest beauty, which, I flatter myself, is a characteristic of me.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS,
(At 664 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)
has constantly on hand the best

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,

At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand, by small measure.

Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.

Orders received at No. 316 South Second Street.
No. 1—3 mos.

CHARLES MAGAREK & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER,
RAGS, &c.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
[*No. 32 South Sixth Street.*]

TRIMMINGS AND Fancy Goods.

633 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under-shirts, Collars and Neckties.

A general assortment of Stationery.

Ladies' Dresses and Under-clothing made to order.

ICH DIEN.

GLOBE HOTEL

WILLIAM P. POWELL,
Proprietor.
No. 2 Dover Street, near Franklin Square,
NEW YORK.

This Hotel is well fitted up with new furniture beds and bedding. Heated throughout with hot air. Hot and Cold Water baths for daily use and pleasantly situated between two of the leading Railway thoroughfares, and but a few minutes' walk from the East and North River Steamboats.

April 1—1 yr

TAKE NOTICE

HELP WANTED

AT

Madame Tilman's Agency for Employment—

No. 70 East Thirteenth Street.

(Two door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

The best of Situations secured for all first-class help, for both city and country, and the highest wages, for private families, boarding-houses and restaurants.

First-class Cooks, $30 to $40 per month.
Plain Cooks, Washers and Ironers, $7 to $9 and $10
Good General House-workers, $1 to $6.
First-class Laundresses, $1 to $2 per day.
First-class Chambermaids and Waiters, $6 to $7 and $8.
Nurses, Seamstresses, and Ladies' Maids, $6, $7, $8 to $9.
Waiter sons for private families, $14, $15, $16, up to $20.
Waiter boys, to drive, etc., $6 to $8.
First-class Dressmaker $20 to $25 and $30
Farmers, etc., $16, $18 to $24.
First-class Men Cooks for hotels, club-houses, packets, etc. etc.

Particular attention paid to the Wearing Dresses.

N. B.—This is the oldest office in the city for all first-class colored servants, and every possible attention paid to the interest of both employers and servants.

All applications must be accompanied by the cash.

Mrs. L. TILMON, Proprietress.

Office hours from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
April 1—1mos

MATLACK'S

MEN'S AND BOYS'
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 904 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large stock of

MENS' AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

now on hand, READY MADE, embracing every variety of style and material suitable for the season.

We have also on hand a full assortment of

MERINO GOODS,

adapted to MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, and would invite your early attention thereto. These goods have been purchased for CASH, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention paid to all orders, so as to insure satisfaction to the purchaser.

S. MATLACK, Agt.
904 Market Street

apr29 3mo

BOARDING

AT FAIRHAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

Miss JANE JOHNS wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally that she still keeps her HOUSE at Fairhaven open for the accommodation of boarders. Her house is located on the banks of the river, near Sands' Point Road, convenient to both Rail and Frost BOATING. In view of the great facilities and advantages combined in her establishment, she hopes to receive a continuance of their patronage from the public.

OUR OWN BOOK STORE.

Catalogues of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,...
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Bourdieu,...
Fifty Years among the Baptists,...
The China Mission,...
Oriental Acquaintances,...
Political Essays,...
Letters from Switzerland,...
Mabel, or Heart Histories,...
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,...
In and Around Stamboul,...
Trifolen Papers,...
A Life Struggle,...
Two Eras of France, by Auber,...
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,...
St. Paul to St. Sophia,...
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,...
Home Life, by Hague,...
Fresh Gleanings,...
The Exile of Florida,...
Columbo,...
Summer Pictures,...
Anticipation of the Future,...
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,...
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamlin,...
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,...
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Proudly's Practical Treatise on Business,...
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,...
Lovell's Young Speaker,...
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,...
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,...
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,...
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,...
Jefferson's Manual,...
Lady of the Lake,...
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,...
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,...
Sly's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,...
Webster's Common School Dictionary,...
Pronouncing Bible,...
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,...
Watson's Theological Institute, 3 vols.,...
History of Methodism, 2 vols.,...
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,...
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,...
Positive Theology,...
The Poor Preacher,...
Saints' Rest,...
Pilgrim's Progress,...
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,...
Life of Wesley,...
Covel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,...
Cole's Concordance,...
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,...
Our Friends in Heaven,...
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,...
Street Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,...
Missionary among the Cannibals,...
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,...
The Missionary in Many Lands,...
Rudiments of Public Speaking,...
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,...
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,...
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,...
Hymns of Carvosso,...
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,...

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,...
" " without Clasp,...
The Price of Hymn Books,...
" ...
Sheep skin, " ...

New Discipline,...
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,...
Class on the Promises,...
Theological Compend,...
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,...
Local Exhorters' Licenses, " ...
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,...
Harry Budd,...
Village Blacksmith,...
Infant Teachers' Manual,...
Claude's Diary,...
Gerald and his Friend Philip,...
Daisy Downe,...
Girls at School,...
What Norman Saw in the Wood,...
Jane Atherton's Year at School,...
Little Tiger Lily,...
Sweet Cora Bell,...
Hannah Lee,...
Dairyman's Daughter,...
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,...
Christian's Philosophy,...
Memoir of Mrs. Hodgers,...
Light in the Valley,...
Holy Angels,...
Sylvia Austin,...
Resurrection of the Dead,...
Bible Pictures for Children,...
Margaret Maitland. A book for Young Ladies,...
Stories in Verse,...
Home Pictures,...
Minnie Wingfield,...
Young Gold Seeker,...
Self-willed Susie,...
Life of Whitefield,...
Fletcher's Perfection,...
Christian's Pattern,...
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,...
Gold Dollar,...
Betty,...
Hard Text,...
Jessie,...
My Missionary Book,...
Our Father in Heaven,...
John Bloy,...
Stories in Rhyme,...

Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.

Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,...
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,...
" No. 2, "
" No. 3, "
Questions on the Old Testament,...
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,...
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,...
" Mark,...
" Luke,...
" John,...
Sabbath School Almanacs,...
Tracts, Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,...
First Lessons in English Composition,...
Willet's Latin Reader, per dozen,...
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,...
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,...
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,...
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,...
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,...
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,...
Parker's " 2. History, per dozen,...
A Anderson's U. S. History, per dozen,...
Smith's Grammar,...
Progressive and Etymological School Book,...
Alpine Algebra,...
do. do. do.
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,...
Notes on the XXV Articles,...
Schmucker's Popular Theology,...
Lowrey's Positive Theology,...
Whedon's Commentary,...
Covel's Dictionary,...
The Memoirs of Goodhard, " Cone,...

SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENTS.

Miss Morris Stories,...
Sweet Story of Old,...
Henry's Birthday,...
A Mother's Gift,...
Sunday's Pictures,...
Willie Books,...
Father's Presents,...
Mamie Books,...
Jessie Books,...
Lives of Eminent Men,...
Alice Stories,...
Youth's Library,...

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No. 1112 Pine Street, Philada.

Also, operating on the Sewing Machine, together with fashionable Dressmaking. Sept 24—3m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other book Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Pass Envelopes and Blank Books.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1196 Redman Street,
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Patients waited on at their residences, if desired.
Nov. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of informing their customers, friends and the public, that they still continue the Undertaking business of the old establishment, No. 624 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with conceal drivers, to suit funerals on the most moderate terms.

THOMAS MODERATE. ly

MRS. E. A. DUTERTE
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business of the old establishment, No. 624 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with conceal drivers, to suit funerals on the most moderate terms.

T. CHAMPION'S
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 17 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or s

No. 24

first sheet missing.

has pardoned them. It is now that a nation is just born. A country has just emerged from a slough of despondency, and now looks forward to the glorious future with delight. The power of pure democracy, and the popularity of equal rights, through the instrumentality of God's providence, has overthrown the power of despotism, and has destroyed the ignominious rule of the demagogues, and has established a republican form of government that will give honor to our nation, and wealth and prosperity to its citizens. We can boast of a navy equal to that of the strongest powers of earth. We have sustained an army equal in military discipline to any army in Christendom, and yet the fanatics and demagogues will attempt to criticise on the judicious management of the Cabinet, the disqualification of our Chief Justice, and the blindness of our dignitaries in attempting to show just and equal rights to the most loyal of their citizens.

The New York *Herald* represents Chief Justice Chase to be a negro worshipper, and an office seeker, who advocates the cause of the negro for self-interest, and not for the well being of his country. It asserts that the right of franchise is advocated on behalf of the negro, in order to procure his vote, maliciously and aloof from pure motives.

But, Mr. Editor, I deny the assertion. Our Cabinet to-day is filled with gentlemen of eloquence, and the heads of our government are endowed with wisdom that astonishes the great powers of Europe. We will further assert that the Secretary of War has accomplished a duty that has spread admiration and astonishment to the ablest statesmen of modern times, without a blemish on his character, and not a single doubt on the part of the nation, whose destiny has been so largely intrusted to him.

I hold, sir, that on the right of franchise to the whole loyal people that are citizens by birth or have proved themselves to be such by the instrumentality of the sword or bayonet, depends the destiny of the future happiness and prosperity of the nation. The so-called Democrat would claim the disqualification of one class to vote on account of their literary propensities, while the other class may vote irrespective of qualification or capability. But I would hold that equality is the true character of a republican government, and if it be necessary to guard against the negro for his ignorance, it is also more applicable to the ignorant classes of the foreigners. Let no one vote except those who can read the Declaration of Independence, and are able to decide the capabilities of the statesmen by their former fidelity to the government. I will vote for that measure. Let not the thousands who have stood the storm of battle and suffered the privations of the march for the glory of their country, be excluded from the ballot box. He that has defended the nation with the sword, will also defend it to the same advantage with the ballot. Yours respectfully,

BENJ'N M. BOND,
No. 8, Bithing[illegible]
Mass. Vols.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The Minutes of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights Convention, and Constitutions for State and subordinate Leagues, are now ready for sale, at the following rates:

	Per hundred.	Per copy.
Minutes,	$20 00	25 cents.
Constitutions,	5 00	5 "

Orders accompanied by the cash and postage, should be sent to

JACOB C. WHITE, JR.,
Secretary of State League,
717 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

jel0-tf

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Asberry or Rosebey Henry, who was sold from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Tallahassee, Florida, in 1838. When last heard from, in 1847, he was in the latter place.

Any information of his whereabouts will be most thankfully received by his father,

Rev. THOMAS W. HENRY,
Care Rev. E. Worrey,
Box 2975 Philadelphia, Penna.

June 8—tf

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of Mrs. Sally Wallace, wife of Armstead Wallace, formerly of Brentsville, Prince William County, Va. Her former name was Beckley. Also, of Kitty Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, formerly of Dumfries, in the same county and State, whose former name was Beckley. Also of their two brothers, William and John Beckly, all born in Virginia, with the writer and sister, Angeline, who now live in Hannibal, Missouri. The writer visited and left them in Virginia, about 17 years ago. The war, however, has parted us.

Should this meet the eye of any one acquainted with either of the above persons, a lasting favor will be conferred by addressing

ELIZABETH ANN JACKSON,
Crawfordsville,
Indiana.

June 8—3t.

NOTICE.

The Minutes of the Philadelphia Annual Conference are now ready at our office, No. 619 Pine St.

Price 15 cents.

Persons out of town can have them sent to them, by mail, for 20 cents per copy.

June 16—tf.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of FRANKFORD CIRCUIT, will be held as follows:

Frankford,	1st	Sabbath in July.
Harrisburg Hill,	2d	" "
Ben Salem,	3d	" "
Bristol,	4th	" "

J. H. SMITH, Elder in Charge.

June 16—2t.

NOTICE.

The First Quarterly Meeting of the Zion Mission Church, 7th street, below Dickerson, Philadelphia, Pa., will be held on June 25th, 1865 Providence permitting. At which time we expect to have several worthy divines to assist us.

H. J. RHODES, Pastor.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Marysville, Cal., Isaac Watkin, for W. Bland, $2 50; Owensville, Ind., S. Grier, for Mrs. M. E. Urket and Mrs. E. Pentor, each 2 50; Davenport, Iowa, P. C. Cooper, for H. Simons, 1 25; Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev S. Watts, for Mrs. M. Golden, 2 50, Altoona, Pa., William Nesbit for books, 17 10.

MR. LINCOLN'S FOREBODINGS.

The following grand passage is from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, in December, 1859, twenty six years ago. It shows the lofty spirit that fired the heart of him whose name is enrolled in the noble army of martyrs for Liberty. Throughout the entire quotation there breathes the sad spirit of prophecy of his own fate, which his intimate associates now remembered weighed constantly on his spirits, like the strains of saddest music amid the joyous anthems of victory:—

"Address that argument to cowards and knaves with the [illegible] I leave it will effect nothing. It may be true, if so, most let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty and ours may lose hers; but of this shall, be it my proud distinction not that I am the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing, while on its bosom are riding like demons on the waves of hell the imps of that evil spirit, and bendishly taunting all those who dare resist its destroying course with the hopelessness of their effort: and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The *probability* that we may fall in the struggle *ought not* to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just. It *shall not* deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who, that thinks with me, will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed."

HOW PREJUDICES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.

We oftentimes repeated that, according to the observation of facts, during the whole course of history, prejudices—however unjust, unnatural and even cruel they may be—never recede from their ground. They never give way before the light of reason, the feelings of Christianity or the teachings of civilization. It is force alone, it is the strong arm of law which is needed to put them down.

We recalled the horrid practice of human sacrifices, so prevalent among barbarious nations. In all cases it had to be stopped by legal processes. We spoke of the burning of widows, in India, on the funeral pile of their husbands. There, too, three hundred years of Christian teaching and the powerful influence of Anglo-Saxon civilization, were of no effect, and the eradication of that terrible custom seemed to be far remote, when a single legislative act extirpated the evil in one year. We recalled also the persecutions that were practised under the pretence of punishing persons addicted to witchcraft. We would still hear of witches navigating the seas in egg-shells, and we would still see men and women mobbed, persecuted, tortured, assassinated for alleged participation in the most impossible and absurd deeds, were it not for the fact that the law cut short all such proceedings. An edict of Louis the XIV. in France, and an act of Parliament in England, stopped such malpractices.

A great many more examples could be added, for the illustration of that historical truth.—There is, in China, a strong inveterate prejudice against progress. In the building of ships, for instance, no change is permitted to be introduced in the form of the rigging. Ship-builders always follow the same old plan. The efficiency and superiority of European ships have not induced them to alter the shape of their crafts. According to an old-fashioned custom, the ship-builder who was bold enough to give a different shape to the hull of a Chinese junk was to receive thirty floggings. Absurd as this prejudice may appear to us, men of progress, imbued with "Yankee notions," it is nevertheless a well ascertained fact, recorded by all geographers and travellers. But when it became necessary to effectively defend the country and protect the coasts against the invader, the Chinese had to build better ships than they had. An imperial edict threw down the old custom; and now there are steamers building in Chinese ports by Chinese mechanics. Nothing but the strong arm of the law brought about so simple and so sensible a result.

Again, in Ireland, in the good old time of Dean Swift, the whole population rejected as unfit for use the new copper coin of England. Although no well grounded exception could be taken against it, although it possessed all the requisites of any ordinary copper coin, this particular piece of money was totally excluded from Ireland to the great annoyance of the people themselves, who had nothing else to put in its place. As all other prejudices, this repulsion grew up from day to day till a stringent law compelled the people of Ireland to use the copper coin. For it is in the very nature of prejudices not to disappear, but to stubbornly oppose the spirit of the age. Were they to yield to reasoning, they would no longer be prejudices.

By hundreds of similar illustrations it is made apparent that those who are waiting for the prejudice of color to disappear before the teachings of education, the sentiments inculcated by Christian religion, and the lights thrown by our advanced civilization, are not conversant with the history of human customs and manners. Should they wait one or two centuries longer, it would still be in vain. Prejudices never die; they have to be killed. Not a single one has ever disappeared by the slow process of persuasion. There is no way of persuasion to be made available, where the opinion against which we are contending is not founded in reason, and therefore is not reasonable.

Legislation alone can bring a remedy to the madness, to the intoxication of the people. But such legislation has in all cases been successful. In fact, the legislator had on his side justice, humanity, religion, good common sense, and the moral support or approbation of the balance of the civilized world. What else should he need to succeed? Prejudices are unconquerable by the slow process of discussion and teaching. They recede like quick sand before the first sensible and just law.

"It will never be extirpated," is often exclaimed by the short-sighted and prejudiced men on the very eve of the enactment of a law that will eradicate, in a moment, a practice that would have infested a country for centuries.

Our Country.

Gov. Curtin to the People of Pennsylvania.—*Executive Chamber, Harrisburg, June 10, 1865.—To the People of Pennsylvania.*—The bloody struggle of four years is ended. The fires of rebellion are quenched. The supremacy of law and right is re-established. The foulest treason recorded in history has been beaten to the earth. Our country is saved!

These blessings we owe (under God) to the unparalleled heroism, civic and military, of *the people*. In the darkest hours, under the heaviest discouragements, faltet who would, THEY NEVER faltered.

They have been inspired with the determination to maintain the free government of our fathers, the continued union of our whole country, and the grand republican principles which it is their pride and duty to defend for the sake, not only of themselves, but of the human race.

I glory in saying that the people of Pennsylvania have been among the foremost in the career of honor. Their hearts have been in the contest; their means and their blood have been poured out like water to maintain it.

The remnants of the heroic band that left her soil to rescue their country are now returning, having honorably fulfilled their service. They have left tens of thousands of their brothers on many a bloody field. Their memories will be preserved on our rolls of honor. For their widows and families a grateful country will suitably provide.

Let the survivors, who are now returning to us, have such a welcome as befits a brave and patriotic people to give to the gallant men who have saved the country and shed new lustre on Pennsylvania.

I recommend that in every part of the State, on the approaching anniversary of Independence, upon the occasion to be had of welcome to our returned citizen-saviors, and of commemoration of the heroic deeds of themselves and of their comrades who have fallen

ANDREW G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Mines and Zinc Works of Bethlehem—How the White Oxyde and the Metallic Zinc are Manufactured. In a previous letter I described the shafts and pits of the Lehigh Zinc Company in the Saucon Valley, the deposits of the calamine and oxide of zinc in Eastern Pennsylvania. The principal ores of zinc, calamine, silicate and blende, are all mined in the valley. The limestone rocks are filled with long threads of lustrous silicate which run through the upper structures to the rich yield below, indices of the mineral wealth that lies at the end of the slender chains. Nearly all the ore extracted from the property has been quarried. Holes cut in the top or sides of limestone have furnished the ore worked and smelted but the exhaustion of the surface pockets has compelled the more laborious and scientific efforts of the mining engineers and the ore now produced from the shafts is hoisted above ground by buckets attached by coal-hustled above ground by buckets attached by coal-hustled above ground by buckets attached by coal-hustled

Poetry.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning.

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun.
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet:
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house:
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh:
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers cold;
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate,)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face;
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven.
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even to an earthly home:
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look into the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I sit working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If he is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

—*The Changed Cross.*

The Family.

SUMMERINGS.

1. In going to the country to spend your summer, leave business behind, but take with you your entire stock of patience, courtesy, self-respect, and religion. Go as plain "John Smith, gentleman."

2. If you have the first claim to being well-bred, you will be the last person in the world to volunteer any information on the subject. If it must be told, let it be by your conduct; let your entire deportment prove that you are a lady or a gentlemen

3. Do not profess that you "know" Mr. Astor, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Minturn, or other distinguished citizens, when your entire knowledge consists in their having been pointed out to you on the street

4. Avoid claiming acquaintance with this or that family of note, when you only happen to have spoken to them on a rail-car or steamboat, or in some purely business transaction An enterprising individual once claimed that he knew a distinguished judge very well On inquiry it was found that the said judge had once sent him to the penitentiary!

5. If you have the first mite of common-sense, and really go to the country for recreation, enjoyment, and health, leave your best and second best clothing at home; take only your common wardrobe, and but a small part of that; not only that the person you stop with may feel more easy, but that you may feel freer yourself to scale fences, climb trees, scramble up mountain-sides, wade across creeks, penetrate forest tangles, and jump Jim. Crow generally.

6. Never turn up your nose at any thing at the table: If you have the slightest disposition to do so, you may be sure it is a pug, and isn't long enough to turn. If you don't like a thing, let it alone; eat nothing, and by the next meal you may be glad to get any thing.

7. Remember that in going to the country a sensible man's object is neither to dress nor eat, chiefly, but to obtain mental repose, pure air, and unrestrained exercise.

8. Endeavor to conform, without apparent effort, to the arrangements of the family with whom you board, and to the manners and customs of the people around you, so far as they do not compromise your principles of good morals and good taste

9 Be cheerful, be kind, be considerate, be accommodating.

10. Do not obtrude your political or religious sentiments

11 Shun argument and controversy on any and all subjects

12 Let your courtesy come out naturally; and if religious, don't be a Pharisee.—*Dr. Hall*

WOMAN'S TRUE BEAUTY.

"I was glad to have it in my power to do any thing my husband wanted me to do," was the beautiful reply of a wife, long married, of wealth and position, when I asked her why, by over taxing herself, she had induced great bodily suffering

A man was terribly injured; a muslin bandage was essential to his safety; it was not at hand, and there was no time to run for it. A young woman present disappeared, and returned the next minute with the requisite article taken from her under-garment, and the poor soldier's life was saved

On a bleak winter's night, a mere sorawl was handed in at the door, with a name known to fame; death was imminent. The patient was in a kind of out-house, back from the street. A solitary woman attended the unfortunate sufferer, silent, busy, anticipating every want, translating every gesture, almost before it was made. In the early morning, at noon, and in the dreary hours of darkness, she was always there; prompt, noiseless, vigilant, self-possessed. Day after day it was the same thing; and with all this, there was such a benignity in the whole demeanor, that I wanted to know her name and her relation to the patient, who had been abandoned by the dearest ties of humanity, and whose mental state was evidently as great a torture as that of the body. The tumultuous heavings of the mind and consciences were in sad unison with the ceaseless tossings of the emaciated frame, and the vain efforts of the restless, tearless eye to close itself in sleep. "I shall die if I don't sleep," was the constant piteous exclamation! Lover, and friend, and daughter, even kept sternly aloof from that miserable bed-side. She had heard of the hapless and abandoned sufferer, and for humanity's sake, supplied every want from her own purse, and continued so to do, for weeks and weary months, until death brought relief from the fearful combination of human sufferings. To do so much for so long a time; to administer tireless personal attention, and unstinted pecuniary aid to one so abandoned, without hope or possibility of reward, was the work of that angel of goodness, who has written so much and so sweetly in prose and verse—ALICE CAREY.

"My dear wife, I am hopelessly bankrupt," said a merchant when he entered his fine mansion, at the close of a day, all fruitless in his endeavor to save himself when men were crashing around him in every direction. "Tell me the particulars, dearest," said his wife, calmly. On hearing them and his wants to save him, "Is that all?" and absenting herself a moment, returned with a book, from between the leaves of which she took out bank-note after bank-note, until enough was counted to fully meet all her husband's requirements. "This," said she, in reply to his mingled look of admiration and astonishment, "is what I have saved for such a possible day as this, from your princely allowance for dressing myself, since we were married."

If every mother made it her ambition to mold her daughters' hearts in forms like these, who shall deny that many a suicide would be prevented; that many a noble hearted man would be saved from a life of abandonment or a drunkard's dreadful death, and many families prevented being thrown upon society in destitution and helplessness, to furnish inmates for the jail, the poor-house, the asylum, and the hospital?

Child's Cabinet.

OUR DOGS.

After Giglio deserted us and proved so faithless, we were for awhile determined not to have another pet. They were all good for nothing—all alike ungrateful; we forswore the whole race of dogs. But the next winter we went to live in the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy, and there, in spite of all our protestations, our hearts were again ensnared.

You must know that in the neighborhood of Florence is a celebrated villa, owned by a Russian nobleman, Prince Demidoff, and that among other fine things that are to be found there are a very nice breed of King Charles spaniels, which are called Demidoffs, after the place. One of these, a pretty little creature, was presented to us by a kind lady, and our resolution against having any more pets all melted away in view of the soft, beseeching eyes, the fine silky ears, the glossy, wavy hair, and bright chestnut paws of the new favorite. She was exactly such a pretty creature as one sees painted in some of the splendid old Italian pictures, and which Mr. Ruskin describes as belonging to the race of "fringy paws". The little creature was warmly received among us; an ottoman was set apart for her to lie upon; and a bright bow of green, red, and white ribbon, the Italian colors, was prepared for her neck; and she was christened Florence, after her native city

Florence was a perfect little fine lady, and a perfect Italian,—sensitive, intelligent, nervous, passionate, and constant in her attachments, but with a hundred little whims and fancies that required petting and tending hourly. She was perfectly miserable if she was not allowed to attend us in our daily drives, yet in the carriage she was so excitable and restless, so interested to take part in every thing she saw and heard in the street, that it was all we could do to hold her in and make her behave decently. She was nothing but a little bundle of nerves, apparently all the while in a tremble of excitement about one thing and another; she was so disconsolate if left at home, that she went every where with us. She visited the picture-galleries the museums, and all the approved sights of Florence, and improved her mind as much as many other young ladies who do the same.

Then we removed from Florence to Rome, and poor Flo was dreadfully sea-sick on board the steamboat, in company with all her young mistresses, but recovered herself at Civita Vecchia, and entered Rome in high feather There she settled herself complacently in our new lodgings, which were far more spacious and elegant than those we had left in Florence, and began to claim her little rights in all the sight-seeing of the Eternal City.

She went with us to palaces and to ruins scrambling up and down, hither and thither, with the utmost show of interest. She went up all the stairs to the top of the Capitol, except the very highest and last, where she put on airs, whimpered, and professed such little frights, that her mistress was forced to carry her; but once on top, she barked from right to left,—now at the snowy top of old Soracte, now at the great, wide, desolate plains of the Campagna, and, now at the old ruins of the Roman Forum down under our feet. Upon all she had her own opinion, and was not backward to express herself. At other times she used to ride with us to the beautiful country villa outside of the walls of Rome, called the Pauffli Doria. How beautiful and lovely this place was I can scarcely tell my little friends. There were long alleys and walks of the most beautiful trees; there were winding paths leading to all manner of beautiful grottos, and charming fountains, and the wide lawns used to be covered with the most lovely flowers There were anemones that looked like little tulips, growing about an inch and a half high, and of all colors,—blue, purple, lilac, pink, crimson and white—and there were great beds of fragrant blue and white violets. As to the charming grass and beauty of the fountains that were to be found here and there all through the grounds, I could not describe them to you. They were made of marble, carved in all sorts of fanciful devices, and grown over with green mosses and maidenhair.

What spirits little Miss Flo had, when once set down to these enchanting fields! While all her mistresses were gathering lapfuls of many colored anemones, violets, and all sorts of beautiful things, Flo would snuff the air, and run and race hither and thither, with her silky ears flying and her whole little body quivering with excitement. Now she would race round the grand basin of a fountain, and bark with all her might as the great white swans that were swelling and ruffling their silver-white plumage, and took her noisy attentions with all possible composure. Then she would run off down some long side-alley after a knot of French soldiers, whose gay red legs and blue coats seemed to please her mightily; and many a fine chase she gave her mistresses, who were obliged to run up and down, here, there, and every where, to find her when they wanted to go home again

One time my lady's friskiness brought her into quite a serious trouble, as you shall hear We were all going to St. Peter's Church, and just as we came to the bridge of St. Angelo, that crosses the Tiber, we met quite a concourse of carriages. Up jumped my lady Florence, all alive and busy,—for she always reckoned every thing that was going on a part of her business,—and gave such a spring that over she went, sheer out of the carriage, into the mixed medley of carriages, horses, and people below. We were all frightened enough, but not half so frightened as she was, she ran blindly down a street, followed by a perfect train of ragged little black-eyed, black-haired boys, all shouting and screaming after her. As soon as he could, our courier got down and ran after her, but he might as well have chased a streak of summer lightning She was down the street, round the corner, and lost to view, with all the ragamuffin tribe, men, boys, and women, after her; and so we thought we had lost her, and came home to our lodgings very desolate in heart, when lo! our old porter told us that a little dog that looked like ours had come begging and whining at our street-door, but before he could open it the poor little wanderer had been chased away again and gone down the street. After awhile some very polite French soldiers picked her up in the Piazza di Spagna,—a grand public square near our dwelling, to get into which we were obliged to go down some one or two hundred steps. We could fancy our poor Flo, frightened and panting, flying like a meteor, down these steps, till she was brought up by the arms of a soldier below.

Glad enough were we when the polite soldier brought her back to our doors;—and one must say one good thing for French soldiers all the world over, that they are the pleasantest-tempered and politest people possible, so very tender-hearted towards all sorts of little defenceless pets, so that our poor run-away could not have fallen into better hands.

After this we were careful to hold her more firmly when she had her little nervous starts and struggles in riding about Rome.

One day we had been riding outside of the walls of the city, and just as we were returning home we saw coming towards us quite a number of splendid carriages with prancing black horses It was the Pope and several of his cardinals coming out for an afternoon airing. The carriages stopped and the Pope and cardinals all got out to take a little exercise on foot, and immediately all the carriages that were in the way drew to one side, and those of the people in them who were Roman Catholics got out and knelt down to wait for the Pope's blessing as he went by. As for us, we were contented to wait sitting in the carriage.

On came the Pope, looking like a fat, mild, kind-hearted old gentleman, smiling and blessing the people as he went on, and the cardinals scuffing along in the dust behind him. He walked very near to our carriage, and Miss Florence, notwithstanding all our attempts to keep her decent, would give a smart little bow-wow right in his face just as he was passing He smiled benignly, and put out his hand in sign of blessing toward our carriage, and Florence doubtless got what she had been asking for.

From Rome we travelled to Naples, and Miss Flo went with us through our various adventures there,—up Mount Vesuvius, where she half choked herself with sulphurous smoke. There is a place near Naples called Solfatara, which is thought to be the crater of an extinct volcano, there is a cave that hisses, and roars, and puffs out scalding steam like a perpetual locomotive, and all the ground around shakes and quivers as if were only a crust over some terrible abyss. The pools of water are all white with sulphur; the ground is made of sulphur and arsenic and all such sort of uncanny matters; and we were in a fine fright lest Miss Florence, being in one of her wildest and most indiscreet moods, should tumble in some burning hole, or strangle herself with sulphur; and in fact she rolled over and over in a sulphur puddle, and then, scampering off, rolled in ashes by way of cleaning herself. We could not, however, leave her at home during any of our excursions, and so we had to make the best of these imprudences

When at last the time came for us to leave Italy, we were warned that Florence would not be allowed to travel in the rail road cars in the French territories. All dogs of all sizes and kinds, whose owners wish to have travel with them, are shut up in a sort of a closet by themselves, called the dog-car; and we thought our nervous, excitable little pet would be frightened into fits, to be separated from all her friends, and made to travel with all sorts of strange dogs So we determined to smuggle her along in a basket At Turin we bought a little black basket, just big enough to contain her, and into it we made her go,—very sorely against her will, as we could not explain to her the reason why Very guilty indeed we felt, with this travelling conveyance hung on one arm, sitting in the waiting room, and dreading every minute lest somebody should see the great bright eyes peeping through the holes in the basket, or hear the subdued little whines and howls which every now and then came from its depths

Florence had been a petted lady, used to having her own way, and a great deal of it; and this being put up in a little black basket, where she could neither make her remarks on the scenery, nor join in the conversation of her young mistresses, seemed to her a piece of ungrateful tyranny, without rhyme or reason. So every once in a while she would express her mind on the subject by a sudden dismal little whine; and what was specially trying, she would take occasion to do this when the cars stopped and all was quiet, so that every body could hear her. Where's that dog?—somebody's got a dog in here,—was the inquiry very plainly to be seen in the suspicious looks which the guard cast upon us as he put his head into our compartment, and gazed about inquiringly. Finally, to our great terror, a railway director, a tall, gentlemanly man, took a seat in our very compartment, where Miss Florence's basket garnished the pocket above our heads, and she was in one of her most querulous moods. At ever stopping-place she gave her little snifs and howls, and rattled her basket so as to draw all eyes. We all tried to look innocent and unconscious, but the polite rail road director very easily perceived what was the matter. He looked from one anxious, half-laughing face to the others, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, but said nothing All the guards and employés bowed down to him, and came cap in hand at every stopping place to take his orders. What a relief it was to hear him say, in a low voice, to them "These young ladies have a little dog which they are carrying Take no notice of it, and do not disturb them!" Of course, after that, though Florence barked and howled and rattled her basket, and sometimes showed her great eyes, like two coal black diamonds, through its lattice work, nobody saw, and nobody heard, and we came unmolested with her to Paris

After awhile she grew accustomed to her little travelling carriage and resigned herself quietly to go to sleep in it; and so we got her from Paris to Kehl, where we stopped a few days to visit some friends in a lovely country place called Swaylands.

Here we had presented to us another pet, that was ever after the chosen companion and fast friend of Florence. He was a little Skye terrier, of the color of a Maltese cat, covered all over with fine, long silky hair, which hung down so evenly, that it was difficult at first glance to say which was his head, and which his tail. But at the head end there gleamed out a pair of great, soft, speaking eyes, that formed the only beauty of the creature; and very beautiful they were, in their soft, beseeching loveliness.

Poor Rag had the tenderest heart that ever was hid in a bundle of hair; he was fidelity and devotion itself, and used to lie at our feet in the rail road carriages as still as a gray sheep-skin, only too happy to be there any on any terms. It would be too long to tell our travelling adventures in England; suffice it to say, that at last we went on board the Africa to come home, with our two pets, which had to be handed over to the butcher, and slept on quarters of mutton and sides of beef till they smelt of tallow and grew fat in a most vulgar manner.

At last both of them were safely installed in the brown stone cottage in Andover, and Rag was presented to a young lady to whom he had been sent as a gift from England, and to whom he attached himself with the most faithful devotion

Both dogs insisted on having their part of the daily walks and drives of their young mistresses; and, when they observed them putting on their hats, would run, and bark, and leap, and make as much noise as a family of children clamoring for a ride.

After a few months, Florence had three or four little puppies. Very puny little things they were; and a fierce, nervous little mother she made. Her eyes looked blue as burnished steel, and if any body only set foot in the room where her basket was, her hair would bristle, and she would bark so fiercely as to be quite alarming. For all that, her little ones proved quite a failure, for they were all stone-blind. In vain we waited and hoped and watched for nine days, and long after; the eyes were glazed and dim, and one by one they died. The last two seemed to promise to survive, and were familiarly known in the family by the names of Milton and Beethoven.

But the fatigues of nursing exhausted the delicate constitution of poor Florence, and she lay all one day in spasms. It became evident that a tranquil passage must be secured for Milton and Beethoven to the land of shades, or their little mother would go there herself; and accordingly they vanished from this life.

As to poor Flo, the young medical student in the family took her into a water cure course of treatment, wrapping her up in a wet napkin first, and then in his scarlet flannel dressing-gown, and keeping a cloth wet with iced water around her head. She looked out of her wrappings, patient and pitiful, like a very small old African female, in a very serious state of mind. To the glory of the water-cure, however, this course in one day so cured her, that she was frisking about the next, happy as if nothing had happened.

She had, however, a slight attack of the spasms, which caused her to run frantically and cry to have the hall door opened; and when it was opened, she scampered up in all haste into the chamber of her medical friend, and, not finding him there, jumped upon his bed, and began with her teeth and paws to get around her the scarlet dressing-gown in which she had found relief before. So she was again packed in wet napkins, and after that never had another attack.

After this, Florence was begged from us by a lady who fell in love with her beautiful eyes, and she went to reside in a most lovely cottage in H——, where she received the devoted attentions of a whole family. The family physician, however, fell violently in love with her, and, by dint of caring for her in certain little ailments, awakened such a sentiment in return, that at last she was given to him, and used to ride about in state with him in his carriage, visiting his patients, and giving her opinion on their symptoms.

At last her health grew delicate, and her appetite failed. In vain chicken, and chops, and all the delicacies that could tempt the most fastidious, were offered to her, cooked expressly for her table; the end of all things fair must come, and poor Florence breathed her last, and was put into a little rose-wood casket, lined with white, and studded with silver nails, and so buried under a fine group of chestnuts in the grounds of her former friends. A marble tablet was to be affixed to one of these, commemorating her charms; but, like other spoiled beauties, her memory soon faded, and the tablet has been forgotten.

The mistress of Rag, who is devoted to his memory, insists that not enough space has been given in this memoir to his virtues. But the virtues of honest Rag were of that kind which can be told in a few sentences,—a warm, loving heart, a boundless desire to be loved, and a devotion that made him regard with superstitious veneration all the movements of his mistress The only shrewd trick he possessed was a habit of drawing on her sympathy by feigning a lame leg whenever she scolded or corrected him. In his English days he had had an injury from the kick of a horse, which, however, had long since been healed; but he remembered the petting he got for this infirmity, and so recalled it whenever he found that his mistress's stock of affection was running low. A blow or a harsh word would cause him to limp in an alarming manner; but a few caresses would set matters all straight again.

Rag had been a frantic ratter, and often roused the whole family by his savage yells after rats that he heard gambolling quite out of his reach behind the partitions in the china closet. He would crouch his head on his fore paws, and lie watching at rat-holes, in hopes of intercepting some transient loafer; and one day he actually broke the back and bones of a grey old thief whom he caught marauding in the china closet.

Proud and happy was he of this feat; but, poor fellow! he had to repose on the laurels thus gained, for his teeth were old and poor, and more than one old rebel slipped away from him, leaving him screaming with disappointed ambition

At last poor Rag became aged and toothless, and a shake which he one day received from a big dog, which took him for a bundle of wicker-yarn, hastened the breaking up of his constitution. He was attacked with acute rheumatism, and, notwithstanding the most assiduous cares of his mistress, died at last in her arms.

Funeral honors were decreed him; white chrysanthemums and myrtle leaves decked his bier. And so Rag was gathered to the dogs which had gone before him.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in Our Young Folks.*

Health.

REARING CHILDREN.

1 On entering the fourth year, children should not be allowed to eat oftener than once in four hours, but always in peace and cheerfulness.

2. Do not send a child to school, nor allow him to learn at home any thing more than the alphabet, nor commit any thing to memory, except the Lord's Prayer and a half-dozen short, simple, religious hymns, until the sixth year is completed, unless the child will have to "do something for a living" very early.

3. Allow nothing whatever to be eaten within two hours of bed-time.

4. The last meal of the day should be of cold bread and butter, with some mild, warm drink—say milk and water, half and half, sweetened, called "cambric tea"—or a bowl of bread and milk, or mush and milk, made of Indian (corn) or oatmeal. "Preserves," "cake," or other sweetmeats, are most pernicious.

5. Children should sleep in separate beds, on a hair or straw mattress, without caps, being careful to have the feet well warmed by the fire, stockings off; or if in summer, rubbed dry with the hand, washing them every other night. Have extra covering on the feet in cold weather

6. Encourage them in every way; compel them, if necessary, to be out of doors, or in a large, clean open, dry, cheerful room, for the greater part of daylight between breakfast and sundown. If the weather is damp or raw, especially at the close of the day, keep them in-doors. In late autumn, winter, and early spring, a child under ten ought not to be out later than an hour before sundown, except in constant, active motion; nine tenths of the cases of croup would be thus prevented.

7. If a child eat at regular hours, do not limit it, except at supper-time

8. By all means let the child take the fullest amount of sleep. Never wake up a child, except in a day-nap; but be particular to have it go to bed at so early an hour regularly, that it shall wake up of itself in full time to dress for breakfast. Children, left to themselves, are never ready to go to bed, or to get up, in time

9. Avoid the barbarism of keeping your child still, as long as it is doing no injury to property, person, or good morals. Motion of some sort is a physical necessity to young children; it is an unappeasable instinct. To repress it, by arbitrary commands, is a rebellion against nature and a cruelty to the child.

10. Never threaten a child. It is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and there make an end; but not deliberately, firmly, kindly, maintaining your own self-respect.

11. Never reprove a child in the presence of a third party; its self-esteem is wounded thereby, and a spirit of self-defence, of opposition, or even defiance is engendered.

12. Never make a positive promise to a child, unless you are perfectly certain you will be able to fulfil it.

13. Always give your child an affectionate greeting on coming home, even after a few hours' absence. It might have been brought to your door a corpse!

14. The most certain and most speedy method of ruining a child is to be forever laying down rules, regulations, and restrictions. At the earliest possible moment it will break away from all restraint.

15. Let nothing ever prevent you from sending your child to bed in a calm, and loving and grateful frame of mind. It or you may die before the morning.

16. Be yourself all that you would have your child to be.

Advertisements.

COAL YARD.

THOS. J. BOWERS,

(At 634 Lombard Street, above Sixth, Phila.,)

has constantly on hand the best

Lehigh, Schuylkill and other COAL,

At the Lowest Market Price.

Coal and Kindling Wood always on hand by small Hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public favor.

Orders received at No. 115 South Second Street. No. 1—3 mos.

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER, BAGS, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[*No. 22 South Sixth Street.*]

TRIMMINGS AND Fancy Goods.

633 PINE STREET, PHILADA.

GEORGINA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Balmorals and Hoop-skirts.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, Choice Perfumery and fancy articles.

Gents' Shirts, Drawers, Under-shirts, Collars and Neck-ties

A general assortment of Stationery.

Ladies' Dresses and Under-clothing made to order.

Oct 17—6mo

ICH DIEN.

GLOBE HOTEL.

WILLIAM P. POWELL,

Proprietor.

No. 2 Dover Street, near Franklin Square,

NEW YORK.

This Hotel is well fitted up with new furniture, beds and bedding. Heated throughout with hot air Hot and Cold Water baths for daily use, and pleasantly situated between two of the leading Railway thoroughfares, and but a few minutes' walk from the East and North River Steamboats.

April 15—1 yr

TAKE NOTICE.

HELP WANTED

Madame Tilson's Agency for Employment—

No 70 East Thirteenth Street.

(One door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City)

The best of Situations secured for all first-class help, for both city and country, and the highest wages, for private families, boarding-house and restaurants.

First class Cooks, $6 to $10 and $12

Plain Cooks, Waiters and Laundress, $2 to $3 and $4.

Good General House workers $2 to $4.

First class Laundresses $7 to $8, $9 and $10.

First class Chambermaids and Waiters, $6 to $7 and $8.

Nurses, Seamstresses, and Ladies' Maids, $4, $7, $8 to $9

Waiter men for private families, $14, $15, $16, up to $20.

Waiter boys, to drive, etc., $6, $7 and $8

First class Coachmen $20 to $25 and $30.

Farmers, etc. $10, $12 to $14.

First class Men Cooks for hotels, club-houses, yachts, etc., etc

Particular attention paid to the Watering Season.

N. B.—This is the oldest office in the city for all first-class colored servants, and every possible attention paid to the interest of both employers and servants.

All applications must be accompanied by the cash

Mrs. L. TILMON, Proprietress.

Office hours from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

April 15—1mos

MATLACK'S

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 904 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large assortment of

MENS' AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

now on hand, READY-MADE, embracing every variety of style and material suitable for the season

We have also on hand a full assortment of

SPRING GOODS,

adapted to MENS AND BOYS' WEAR, and would invite your early attention thereto. These goods have been purchased for CASH, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH

Particular attention paid to all orders, so as to insure satisfaction to the purchaser

E. MATLACK, Ag't,

apr20-3mo 904 Market Street.

COLORED DOMESTICS

As Cooks, Chambermaids, Waiters, Coachmen, &c., &c.,

can find good situations, free of charge, at the

Freedmen's Employment Bureau,

No. 16 Court Street, Corner of Joralemon,

Opposite the City Hall,

BROOKLYN.

Basement on Joralemon Street

No 11—3 months

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Pronouncing Bible, by Israel Alger,
The Life and Writings of Rev. A. Broaddus,
Fifty Years among the Baptists,
The China Mission,
Oriental Acquaintances,
Political Essays,
Letters from Switzerland,
Mabel, or Heart Histories,
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,
In and Around Stamboul,
Trifleton Papers,
A Life Struggle;
Two Eras of France, by Auber
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardee,
St. Paul or St. Sophia,
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,
Fresh Gleanings,
The Exile of Florida,
Jolumba,
Summer Pictures,
Anticipation of the Future,
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,
The Lives of Lincoln and Hamblin,
Debates of Lincoln and Douglass,
Large Family Bibles, &c.
Freedly's Practical Treatise on Business,
Solomon Northup, Twelve Years a Slave,
Lovell's Young Speaker,
The First Book of Science, by Norton and Porter,
Boys' and Girl's Illustrated Book of Birds,
Homer's Iliad, vols. 1 & 2 vols.,
Napoleon III., by Mrs. Brown,
Jefferson's Manual,
Lady of the Lake,
Paul Reston's Book of Gymnastics,
Robinson Crusoe, by G. J. Miller,
Boy's Own Book Extended, by G. J. Miller,
Webster's Common School Dictionary,
Pronouncing Bible,
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,
Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols.,
History of Methodism, 2 vols.,
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,
Positive Theology,
The Poet Preacher,
Saints' Rest,
Pilgrim's Progress,
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,
Life of Wesley,
Cavel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,
Gole's Concordance,
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,
Our Friends in Heaven,
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P Gaddis,
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,
Missionary among the Cannibals,
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,
The Missionary in Many Lands,
Rudiments of Public Speaking,
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,
Memoir of Carvosso,
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,

HYMN BOOKS.

Fine Morocco, with Clasp,
" " without Clasp,
The Prince of Hymn Books,
" "
Sheep skin, "

New Discipline,
Love Feast Tickets, per hundred,
Clark on the Promises,
Theological Compend,
Local Preachers' Licenses, per dozen,
Local Exhorters' Licenses, "
Marriage Certificates, etc.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Lectures to Young Men,
Harry Bodd,
Village Blacksmith,
Infant Teachers' Manual,
Claude's Essay,
Gerald and his Friend Philip,
Daisy Downs,
Girls at School,
What Norman Saw in the West,
Jane Atherton's Year at School,
Little Tiger Lily,
Sweet Cora Bell,
Hannah Lee,
Dairyman's Daughter,
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,
Christian's Philosophy,
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,
Light in the Valley,
Holy Angels,
Sylvia Austin,
Resurrection of the Dead,
Bible Pictures for Children,
Margaret Marham. A book for Young Ladies,
Stories in Verse,
Home Pictures,
Minnie Wingfield,
Young Gold Seeker,
Self willed Susie,
Life of Whitefield,
Fletcher's Perfection,
Christian's Pastors,
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,
Gold Dollar,
Hetty,
Hard Text,
Jennie,
My Missionary Book,
Our Father in Heaven,
John Bliss,
Stories in Rhyme,
Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,
" No. 2, "
" No. 3, "
Questions on the Old Testament,
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,
" " Mark,
" " Luke,
" " John,
Sabbath School Almanacs, &c. Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,
First Lessons in English Composition,
Weld's Latin Reader, per dozen,
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,
Mitchell's Geography and Atlas,
Outlines of Physical Geography, per dozen,
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen.
Berard's U. S. History, per dozen,
A. Anderson's U. S. History, per dozen,
Smith's Grammar,
Progressive and Etymological School Book,
Alsop's Algebra,
&c., &c., &c.
Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,
Notes on the XXXV Articles,
Schmucker's Popular Theology,
Lowrey's Positive Theology,
Whedon's Commentary,
Covel's Dictionary,
The Memoirs of Stoddard,
" " Cone,

SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENTS.

Glen Morris Stories,
Sweet Story of Old,
Henry's Birthday,
A Mother's Gift,
Sunday's Pictures,
Willie Books,
Father's Presents,
Meadowside Stories,
Jessie Books,
Lives of Eminent Men,
Alice Series,
Youth's Library,

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

At Mrs. M. C. Gibbons' Agency for the employment of help, at No 1113 Pine Street, Philada.

Also, operating on the Sewing Machine, together with fashionable Dressmaking. Sept 24 6m

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other book Sabbath school books of various kinds: Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens Pens Envelopes and Slate Books.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,

SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 1126 Rodman Street,

Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts

PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.

Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.

Feb. 17.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

TERMS MODERATE. 1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE

General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S

NEW AND SECOND HAND

CLOTHING STORE,

No. 13 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn,

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or Dyed, at short notice.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE.

5—1y.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

No. 437 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

DRY GOODS AND Trimmings.

713 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADA.

MRS. C. E. HARDING,

Having taken the Old Stand, 713 Lombard Street, has just opened a full assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, HOSIERY & TRIMMINGS.

ALSO,

Ladies' Ready-made Under-clothing,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Before purchasing elsewhere, call and examine our stock. Philadelphia, Oct., 1864.

Oct 1—6 mos

AVERY COLLEGE, Allegheny City, PENN.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 10th, 1865, and end on the 5th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1865. Vol. V.—No. 25.—New Series. Whole No. 234.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward and Editor,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed "Christian Recorder," Box No. 2975, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and to our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 2975, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two Dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or three dollars a year, if not paid in advance.

Single copies six cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows:—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars, paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Baltimore Conference,	REV. B. T. TANNER.	
Philadelphia	"	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	"	L. PATTERSON.
New England	"	W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio	"	SAMUEL WATTS.
Indiana	"	ÆNOS McINTOSH.
Missouri	"	M. M. CLARK.
California	"	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

THOUGH DEAD; NOT LOST.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

BY REV. C. H. BIBBLEY.

And is it true, though loved ones die
Their spirits live beyond the sky?

A thousand thoughts wake mem'ry's chain,
And to our hearts bring back again

The thousand joys, the hopes, the fears,
Which once we felt in other years.

The loss of *one* we loved so well,
Deep anguish brought, as none can tell.

We laid her down in life's young prime,
To rest, to sleep, 'neath India's clime.

The palm tree waves its stately head
Above the spot where she was laid.

Among its boughs at morn is heard,
The sweetest lays (of coral-bird)

To Him whose love ('tis truly said,)
Caused him to bless the early dead.

Whene'er I stand beside her grave,
I question not his power to save.

She's safe at home in endless life,
I'll meet once more my long lost wife.

To God, be praise and glory given!
The dead, through grace, He saves in heaven.
—*Western Methodist Protestant.*

THE WATCHER AT THE GATE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the storm is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship,—joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one, they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done.

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin;
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord! I wait thy pleasure; thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary—O Father! bid me rest.
—*Dr. Guthrie.*

GO TELL JESUS.

Bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share,
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly
When curtained by night,
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief,
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight,
Aglow on thy way,
Gather the moonbeams,
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown aweary
With heavier woe,
Droop 'mid the darkness,
Go comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow,
Let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

For the Christian Recorder.

APPEAL

To the Members of the Society of Inquiry of Missions of Wilberforce University:

Our friends will please note the following:

Wilberforce University,
June 10, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—As the students were called away so unexpectedly, and are now scattered throughout the country, we know of no better way of making known our request than through the columns of your paper, which is so widely circulated throughout this great Republic. We beg the insertion of the following:

Whereas, we, the members of said Society, pledged ourselves to raise the sum of one hundred dollars ($100) for the present fiscal year—viz.: from September, '64, to November, '65—be it known that not quite one half of the amount has yet been raised, while the year is fast approximating to a close, with but few members present or in the vicinity, who, nevertheless, are willing to exert themselves to the utmost, but feel it to be impossible to accomplish so great a task:

Therefore, we ask you, as fellow co-workers in the great cause of Missions, and of the beloved Society of Wilberforce, to at once make known your love for the same by donating freely in the infantile and trying hour of the Society. We hope, therefore, that not one of the good members who once claimed to be part and parcel of this Society will hesitate to send immediately whatever they feel able, having in view, at the same time, the great cause of Missions. To this end we will be true to the cause, and stand by our Society as long as there are members to fill the several offices.

The donations will be received by the Committee of Appeal—or any one of the persons whose names are appended. A friend in the hour of need is a true friend.

T. H. J., Cor. Sec. of Society.
Thos. H. Jackson,
B. F. Lee,
J. Shorter.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE MOUNTAIN CITY.

No 1.

Mr. Editor:—Some months have elapsed since I occupied a place in the columns of your paper, and now, according to promise, I write a few lines to you. Having left Baltimore for the purpose of visiting the different stations of the Baltimore Conference District, I arrived in this city on Saturday, June 11th, and was very kindly received by Rev. B. T. Tanner, who invited me to his Church, and there I witnessed the closing of one of the best fairs ever held in that Church, the proceeds of which were to defray the expenses of a parsonage now nearly completed. I preached for Bro. Tanner on Sabbath morning, and in the afternoon we had one of the best love-feasts I have ever attended. Christian love and friendship were here truly exhibited by a visit of the Rev. Bro. Robinson of the M. E. Church, together with some of his members. We had a most delightful time, each one exhibiting that feeling which so beautifully characterizes the true Christian. In the evening we had a missionary meeting, Bro. Tanner and myself delivering addresses.

On Monday evening I again preached for Bro. Tanner, and on Tuesday evening we were invited to attend an Educational Mass meeting, in the M. E. Church: addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Creaver, Chaplain U. S. A., Rev. B. T. Tanner and myself. On Wednesday evening I lectured in the A. M. E. Church, on the *Elective Franchise.* Owing to the inclemency of the weather, there was but a small number in attendance; but all seemed to be much pleased, and expressed their desire to hear me every night during the week. I have been very pressingly solicited by several of the citizens to repeat my lecture during next week. More anon.

Yours fraternally,
E. W. Hammond.

Frederick City, June 17th, 1866.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM MORROW, OHIO.

Mr. Editor:—Once more I mar the surface of your invaluable paper. Educate the people, was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the commonwealth he founded. Educate the people, was the last legacy of Washington to the Republic of the United States. Educate the people, was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson. Hence, we see that it is of vital importance to secure a good education, and it it equally important to commence this education in the tender years of childhood, when the vine of instruction sinks deep into the youthful mind. Then if education be essential to the prosperity of the nation, it is the duty of the government to see that no child grows up in ignorance or vice, because that is wasting the greatest capital of the country; and the education they receive should be a Christian one, making them sound in morals, and industrious as well as skilful. For if a man partake of the intoxicating bowl, or tell falsehoods, he will neither be trusted nor employed.

It is the duty of parents to send their children to school, and not only send them for the name of attending school, but see that they improve their golden moments.

For instance, look at the man who can neither read nor write, how confused are his ideas! how narrow his conceptions! how dependent he is on others to convey his sentiments! how liable he is to mistakes! how incapable he is of forming just and liberal opinions. Ignorance has been truly called the mother of error. Then, as every one desires happiness in this world, let us hope that every one will seek an education, and we will not only be happy ourselves, but may promote the happiness of others. For unless we educate ourselves, we must perish in our ignorance.

Respectfully yours,
For the education of my race.
Lizzie.

Lower Morrow, Ohio, June 18th, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—I suppose you and the numerous readers of the Christian Recorder would like to hear how things are moving on in Kentucky. I arrived in this city from Louisville on the 3d instant. I am here visiting the churches and soliciting contributions for our new church at Indianapolis. I raised, on last Sabbath, in the first colored M. E. church in this city, the sum of $18.75, and, last night, in the second colored M. E. church, $11. Rev. Mr. Pitmon is pastor of the first church, and Rev. George Dening of the second church. I had a pleasant time with them both.

I also called on the pastors of the Baptist churches, and had a pleasant chat with them. There are three Baptist churches here. Rev. Mr. Monroe is pastor of the first, Rev. Mr. Braxton is pastor of the second, and Rev. Mr. Clark, a cousin of Rev. Richard Bridges, is pastor of the third. They could not give a collection, as they were in debt—and, as far as the white churches are concerned, I could get nothing at all. Some of them would rather see us dead than help us.

I think of stopping in Frankfort. I have not seen any finer country in all my travels than there is around Lexington. There are a few colored soldiers here, walking about in Uncle Sam's blue cloth; and you know how the old Kentucky rebels must feel at such a beautiful sight; but they have to stand it. There are some of the most violent rebels here. I can assure you that it will take very strict military law to keep them down. There are a great many refugees here, both white and colored. There was a grand picnic and Sabbath School Exhibition held at Nicklasville, by the colored people, twelve miles south of this place, on last Monday. I went to it in company with some others. I think there must have been from four to five hundred persons of color present, parents and children, enslaved and free. They had martial music, singing and speaking. There is a very fine class of colored citizens here. They are the best kind of mechanics in almost every branch or department among them.

Rev. David Smith, of the Ohio Conference, has been here as a missionary, and I think he will accomplish a good work. The prospect is good for the first colored M. E. church to join us, also the churches at Frankfort and Danville. Bro. Smith is well liked by all. Revs. Brooks and Strother are getting along finely, and every thing looks promising.

Ever yours for the cause of Christ,
W. J. Davis.

Lexington, Ky., June 16, '62.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR CHURCH IN KENTUCKY.

Danville, Boyle Co., Ky.
June 12th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—*Dear Sir*—It is with much pleasure that I am permitted to say, through the Recorder, that we have had a visit paid us, in this part of the State, by the Rev. David Smith, from near Xenia, Ohio, to see what could be done in regard to the A. M. E. Churches among our colored brethern, who have been under the control of the white brethren for a long time, and to see if they would come into the order of the A. M. E. Church, the Bethel controled by our colored brethren altogether. Such a thing has never reached us before, but I must tell you the Rev. D. Smith is a bold advocate of the cause of the Bethels and the claims of their brethren. He has done great good in Kentucky for the cause, and he has got the A. M. E. Church at the city of Lexington, that is one of them, the old Church, known as the first A. M. E. Church, but the branch has not agreed to come out from under the yoke of the whites as yet. The church at Frankfort is all right and ready. I think the Danville Church will be all right in time.

So you see we are looking up. May the good Lord bless Bro. Smith in this good work, that the day may soon come when the colored friends shall be able to do their own business, and may we have another visit from faithful David before long.

Malcolm Ayres.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CURSE OF CASTE;

OR

THE SLAVE BRIDE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Singleton at Work.

After a lapse of eighteen years we renew our acquaintance with the somewhat eccentric, but worthy son of Æsculapius, Dr. Singleton. The doctor is slightly changed during these long years, and presents a pleasing picture of healthy old age. His white hair is swept back from a brow somewhat furrowed by arduous labors, constant study, and the passage of years, which have all left a greater or less impression. But his eagle eye retains its wonted fire, and his powerful mind the vigor of his youthful days. The doctor is as genial as in the olden time. He has no skeleton which he seeks to hide from the gaze of all others, and which he himself looks upon with a strange fascination and horrid dread. The doctor is very popular, and his professional services are in great demand.

During many visits to various patients, he heard the all-absorbing topic of the day fully discussed and commented upon. Col. Tracy's Yankee governess had created a great sensation throughout the upper circles. Once, too, he caught a slight glimpse of the sweet, fair face, as he was hurriedly whirled past Col. Tracy's carriage, in which were seated Col. Tracy's children and their governess. That pale, sad face, brought in its wake the memory of *another* face, patient and suffering. He turned and looked eagerly after the carriage, which, with its burden of youth and beauty, was fast retreating in the distance.

"I must know more of that young lady," he mentally decided. He discovered that the governess was the prevailing subject under discussion. Dame Rumor and Madam Gossip vied with each other in furnishing a proper solution to the inexplicable problem. The old doctor said nothing, but carefully noting the opinion of the masses, was able to form an *idea* of his own, and, with his usual keenness, was very nearly correct.

"Now," said he, "if I could get trace of Manville, I think I could solve this mystery. If not by direct inquiry, perhaps by strategy I could gain the necessary information. I must make inquiry concerning his whereabouts."

The doctor was one of those with whom to *think* is to *act*. He immediately ordered dinner, after which, donning his hat and gloves, he sallied forth upon his tour of observation, and hoped for discovery. He knew that Manville had gradually degenerated from a gentlemanly coxcomb into a confirmed *roue*. He had often noticed the flushed and dim eyes of Manville, who passed him with unsteady step and shrinking eye. But it had been a long while now, since he had seen or heard any thing of Manville. The doctor, with a zeal worthy of him, made inquiry in various directions without eliciting the desired information. The old gentleman was not to be discouraged, but pertinaciously questioned every one whom he thought knew aught of Manville. He visited the haunts of vice and dissipation, with the hope of being able to hear something, but in vain.

Weeks passed, and he had failed as yet in gaining the desired knowledge. But tardy fortune at last smiled upon him. He learned, from a low, hired trader, that Manville had been seriously wounded, while intoxicated, at one of the fashionable restaurants and gambling saloons that infest the Crescent City, and was now slowly dragging out the remainder of his life, a miserable cripple, with the attending horrors of an accusing conscience.

The doctor lost no time in searching out his former acquaintance. In a dilapidated old building, far out of the city, Dr. Singleton found George Manville, the once handsome, gay, reckless and iniquitous young man, now prematurely old, and trembling upon the verge of the grave, his mind assailed by a myriad of torturing thoughts, and the great wrong he had done Richard Tracy was not the least.

He was attended by an indifferent mulatto girl, who promptly answered all the doctor's queries, and conducted him without ceremony to Manville's apartment, which was sadly in need of a regenerating spirit.

Manville looked annoyed, as the bustling old gentleman proceeded to throw open the small windows and doors that a current of fresh air might penetrate the squalid room.

"You are dying, man, for the want of pure air! You must have air, and plenty of it, too, or you will not live a week! This is murder! nothing short of murder! Who is your medical advisor?"

This question was followed by a dozen others, all asked in one breath, and before Manville had time to answer the first. The doctor then turned his attention to Manville, and found indeed, that there was no hope of his recovery. The sick man was conscious of his state, and was at times perfectly indifferent to his fate. Again he seemed terrified by the visions his perturbed imagination conjured up. On the day of the doctor's visit, he was comparatively quiet. The old gentleman restrained his curiosity, and did not ask any questions during his first visit, but tried to render the sick man comfortable, and to put him at his ease in his presence, which it was quite evident he was far from feeling.

Every day Dr. Singleton wended his way out of the city, and might be seen catering the dilapidated old building. The sick room soon appeared to far greater advantage, for under the doctor's direction, Elynthia had effected a most wonderful change.

Manville had learned to like the eccentric old gentleman, whose quaint speeches and genial smile dispelled a portion of the gloom that surrounded him, and he watched eagerly for the hour that would bring the promised visit. He grew weaker and weaker as the sultry days passed, and the doctor thought it was not best to delay the subject any longer, and one afternoon, when Manville seemed somewhat lively, after a few introductory remarks, he said:

"Manville, do you ever hear of Richard Tracy? I have found his child, and wish to find means of communicating with him."

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING ITEM.

We clip the following from the *Tribune* of the 13th inst.

Freedman's Savings Bank in Richmond—Reorganizing a Colored Church—Getting rid of a Rebel Preacher—Deliberations—What "Uncle Tom" said—An Unanswerable Speech—Burying Money—A Negro who had made Enough—Another Meeting to be called.

Richmond, June 6, 1865.

Mr. Hewitt, first Vice President of the "Freedman's Savings and Trust Company of New York, was here a few days ago for the purpose of establishing a branch in this city for the benefit of the colored people. It was arranged that he should present the subject to a meeting of the leading colored men, who were to be assembled for the purpose. At the hour appointed Mr. Hewitt, accompanied by Mr. Coss, Superintendent of the Colored Schools, the Rev. Mr. Dudley, and Mr. Van Vleet, repaired to the Ebenezer Church, where they found about one hundred colored men earnestly engaged in reorganizing their church. This was a Baptist Church, and, according to Virginia slave-law, they were obliged to have a white pastor; but, since their emancipation, they determined that they would get rid of the old rebel preacher, and have one who would give them the true Gospel as preached in the North, as they had tried the Southern religion long enough,—I quote their own language.

When we entered they were busily engaged in discussing the propriety of adopting a written constitution. Their new minister, a colored man from Boston, was chairman of the meeting; the secretary being an intelligent mulatto, who kept the minutes as correctly as any white man could do. Some of them thought the Bible was constitution enough, while others maintained and gave good reasons for a different opinion. Their discussions were conducted according to parliamentary law, which they seemed to understand quite well. To cut off debate on a certain point, the previous question was called, and they went through the business correctly and without halting, which is not always the case in white deliberative bodies.

There was quite a strong opposition to adopting the form of church government they were considering, and the tide of sentiment appeared to be setting against it, when an old "Uncle Tom" arose, and made an animated and sensible speech in favor of adopting the document before them, and which he had presented. In the course of his speech he told them the following history of the paper which they seemed about to reject. He said that a few *years* ago he happened to be in the country where some white brothers were organizing a Baptist Church, and they adopted the very same document he had given them. One of the brothers gave him a copy, which he at first refused, as he did not suppose it would ever be of any use to him; but something told him to keep it, for the time would come when his people would be free, and then they would want to have church organization, and so he kept it and hid it away. Several white men tried to get it away from him, but when they wanted it he never had it, and now, thank God, we are free, and we want our own church—our own pastor, and our own constitution—God gave it to me, and enabled me to keep it. I have this day placed it upon your table, and He meant that you should adopt it. You may think I am superstitious, but God has lately manifested this goodness toward us in such a remarkable manner, that I believe He intended this for us, and I hope you will accept it.

The speech was unanswerable, the vote was immediately taken, and the document was unanimously adopted, and as soon as the result was declared they kneeled down, and the good old man, whose simple story had carried the point, made an eloquent and touching prayer, and when he prayed for the President of the United States and for the preservation of the Union, they all audibly and fervently united with him.

Having disposed of the business before them, they invited Mr. Hewitt to address them, when he clearly unfolded the plan for a Savings Bank. They listened with earnest attention, and at once comprehended the whole subject, but wished to hear the opinions of the other gentlemen, which were given in favor of the institution, and then they began.

One man said that, for the want of such a bank, he had lost $5000. He had always made plenty of money, but he had no place to keep it; he had given some to white men to keep for him, and they had always *kept* it; he had buried some, and could never find it, and he was glad that now he could have some place to put his money where it would be safe.

Another said that during the war he buried $700 in gold, and some one had scratched it up. [A general laugh.]

An amusing story was told of an old negro, who had been quite industrious, and made considerable money, but suddenly became indolent and no longer tried to accumulate wealth. When called upon for an explanation, he said he didn't want any money, for when he had it, it gave him too much trouble, and made him unhappy. He had no secure place to keep it; he used to keep his door locked, his windows nailed down, and his chimney stopped up, to keep it from being stolen, and yet he lost it; and, therefore, the only way to be happy was not to be bothered with money.

Several interesting stories were told about the disposition of funds raised by them for benevolent and missionary purposes, and how those funds had been used by store dealers for the purpose of trading in stores, but which could not have been done if they had had a bank of their own.

In discussing this matter they manifested a surprising degree of business shrewdness and intelligence. One old man wanted to know what security they would have that their money would be safe? Mr. Hewitt told him that the Company was composed of a large number of the best and wealthiest men in the United States, but as they were not personally responsible, he could only trust to their honor and integrity of character.

"Were there any old Rebels and slaveholders among them?" continued the inquirer.

"No," said Mr. Hewitt, "they are all Northern men, and your friends."

"Den, dat's all right," was the response from several.

"But," continued the old man, "what's done wid de money?"

"That," said Mr. Hewitt, "is invested in United States stocks."

At this reply the old financier stood a moment as if in profound meditation, and then said, with apparent satisfaction,

"Well, den, the bank can't break widout de United States breaks, and dat's no danger of that, though de Rebels tried mighty hard to break it," and took his seat amid a merry laugh.

Mr. Hewitt proposed that they should consider this matter—call another meeting, and then appoint a committee to take the matter in hand. But they told him that was not fast enough for them; they understood the matter—wanted the bank, and would immediately appoint a committee of fifteen to enter upon the business at once, which was done; and then passing a resolution of thanks for this new manifestation of friendship on the part of their white friends, resumed their church matters, and we retired surprised at the business intelligence and progressive character of these people.

V. V.

THE AMERICAN CHURCHES AND THE COLORED RACE.

The following able article takes from the "*Methodist,*" presents points of very great interest at the present time, in connection with the duty of the American Churches, to *the freedmen* just emerging from a state of semi-barbarism, and deserves attention likewise for the plain manner in which it disposes of the positions taken by the "*Universe,*" against negro suffrage and its concomitant rights.

The conclusion of the war has opened to the American Churches a mission field, more important, in some respects, than any which has been before occupied by them. The states over which the Federal authority has just been re-established, contain a population of about 4,000,000, who, by force, have been kept in a condition of brutish ignorance, and among whom the sacred marriage tie, one of the corner-stones of civilized life, has been as little respected as in the worst of pagan countries. The Southern Churches, themselves, though not admitting, yet, that slavery is wrong, seem generally disposed to confess that, by conniving at the infamous slave laws, they have contracted a heavy guilt before God and man.

The wants, both material and spiritual, of the four millions of liberated freedmen, are immense; and to meet them, all the concerted and most strenuous efforts of all American Christians and philanthropists are needed. These efforts have been nobly made. The operations of the American Freedmen's Association may well challenge a comparison with the noblest deeds recorded in the annals of Christian charity. The emulation of thousands of churches, and hundreds of thousands of individuals, in contributing funds—the voluntary services of so many young men and women as teachers—the organization and success of schools in all the large cities of the South, have elicited the admiration of public opinion throughout the world. Few, if any, of the Protestant Churches of our country, have kept aloof from this work of charity. However opinion may formerly have differed on the subject of slavery, in the discharge of their duties for the support and the education of four millions of their fellow men, all could join, and all have joined hands. Most of the religious denominations have special committees on the freedmen, to direct and superintend the work of their own missionaries.

It seems to be certain that the colored population will be almost unanimous in separating from the Southern Churches with which they have been hitherto connected. To a large extent, this separation has already taken place. A number of colored Methodist and Baptist congregations, independent of the Southern Churches, have been organized; and now, when slavery is rapidly disappearing, the movement cannot fail to assume large dimensions. As a general rule, the colored people prefer colored to white preachers; and one of the most urgent needs of the Southern States, for a long time to come, will, therefore, be a sufficient supply of faithful colored ministers. On this supply the religious and moral progress of the race will be largely dependent.

In the course of time, most, or all, of the negro churches, will wish to join one of the anti-slavery religious denominations of the United States. Most, or all of them, will, moreover, for many years, need the aid of the denomination to which they apply for admission. It may, therefore, be expected that the question of the negro churches, and what can be done for them, will prominently engage the attention of all the religious bodies of the country; and the measures which they may adopt, to this end, will be watched by the whole nation, with more than ordinary interest.

A novel feature in the recent General Assembly of the New School Presbyterians was the presence of two colored commissioners. They were received with the utmost cordiality, and listened to with the utmost respect. The same Assembly adopted, with entire unanimity, a report, in favor of negro suffrage. Similar resolutions had previously been adopted by the American Home Missionary Society, and the Quadrennial General Conference of the United Brethren in Christ—by the former body unanimously, and with the latter with all save five votes.

The three denominations which recommend the introduction of negro suffrage, belong, in point of numbers, among the first churches of the country, and their example cannot fail to be followed by others. It is evident that the Colored Churches of the South must turn with particular confidence and affection to those religious denominations which they believe to have the warmest sympathy with the elevation of their race.

The immense majority of the colored people have always been under the influence of the Protestant Churches. Whether the Roman Catholics have ever made, or are now making, any special effort for them, we do not know. The Catholic papers that reach us are silent on the subject. Of Catholic congregations contributing to the Freedmen's Aid Society, or of special Catholic societies for the freedmen, we have not heard any thing. If any Catholic paper of this country has said any thing of the duty of Catholics to aid in the education, civilization, and elevation of this important class of our population, it has escaped us. The only thing which we have found, concerning the duty of Roman Catholics towards the negroes, is an article in the *Universe*—the Irish Catholic paper of Philadelphia, which discourses on the subject as follows:

The negro is clearly a curse to America. It is evident that, fundamentally speaking, it would be a violation of things to make a citizen of the negro. . . . . The negro race is evidently under the ban of nature. Is there any obligation on the white race to try to undo this ban—to the degree of making perfect political equality between the two races? Do the interests of the white require such an act? The proper answers to these questions are decided negatives. The duty of the white to the negro is to pay him for his labor; the white can secure no true advantage in making the negro his political equal; and the country has no need whatever of negro suffrage. The article then calls on the Irish citizens "to exercise their great influence on this matter," and tells us that "against negro suffrage will stand the Irish suffrage."

Such is an Irish Romanist's view of our duties towards the negroes. The editor may live to see that the majority of the American citizens differ, on this subject, from the Irish Romanists, and that, if "Irish (Romanist) suffrage stands against negro suffrage," negro suffrage will, in course of time, necessarily stand against the suffrage of the Irish Romanists. The effect, in that case, may not be exactly what the *Universe* expects.

GENERAL BUTLER ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

At the collation which followed the monument dedication ceremonies in Lowell, yesterday, Gen. Butler responded to the toast complimentary to the army and navy. He urged that the confiscated lands forfeited by treason, should be given to the soldiers who had put the Rebellion down. In further connection with the subject, the Gen. said: While we give every guerdon to the citizen soldiers who went forth from the free North, from Massachusetts and New England, and from the states east and west, guided by intelligence, and instructed in their political rights, and burning for the national honor, what shall we say of another class of soldiers, a class that had no instruction, no political regrets, has had no joy in the past and little hope in the future? What shall we say of those colored men, who, with intuitive loyalty and patriotism, volunteered with us in our defence? Shall there be no word of encouragement for the negro soldiers who stood side by side fighting for the country which has been hitherto unjust to him, but who, relying in the future upon the faith and on the justice of omnipotent God, still stood up and fought bravely? Is there no reward to be given to him? Shall we forget him? Shall he be denied even the poor honor of participating in the review of the troops who won those great victories at the National Capitol? I trust this country will never be guilty of such ingratitude. If I may make such a promise, I will never cease to urge upon the Government to do justice to the negro; at least to allow him to appear in arms in the Capital that he helped to save by his valor; and I again appeal to the men of Massachusetts to say whether the man who is fit to fight is not fit to vote. [Cheers.]

Whether a man that can carry a cartridge-box is not fit to walk up to the ballot-box. Whether the man who knows how to handle a bayonet does not know how to handle a little bit of paper. I am ready to admit the want of intelligence and cultivation in the negro. I know he is ignorant, but he knows enough to be right in this contest; to be loyal; and that is a great deal more than his master did [cheers and laughter,] and therefore, as I know, from having seen the rolls of ten thousand of the rank and file of the Confederate army prisoners, as I know, that only one in eight was able to sign his name. In this reconstruction, we have got to trust to the instinct, and not to the intellectual cultivation of the voter. I had rather trust to the loyal black instinct than to the disloyal white instinct. [Laughter.] Therefore, my friends, I think we can ask the Government to hold on first and punish the disloyal citizens, either by the loss of his life, his liberty, or his land, according to the decree of the Government. But do not punish the loyal citizen, who has done every thing the ability God has given him would permit, to further the cause of the Union and Government. Further ask of the Government simply to wait and see who its friends are; to deal only with those that are friends to-day—not of the lip, but of the heart. Deal with the men who have fought for it, and not with those who have fought against it; to give political rights to those who have defended them, and not to those who have undertaken to overthrow them. Let us have the whole army, regulars and volunteers, citizen-soldiers, black, and white, and gray, who fought for us, and give each and all their due proportion of praise.

A pleasing incident attending the exercises, was the presentation of an elegant silk flag and a silver plate. On the flag was the following inscription: "Maryland to Massachusetts, April 19, 1865. May the Union and Friendship of the Future obliterate the Anguish of the Past." Lieut. Col. Tyson, of Governor Bradford's staff, presented the flag with an eloquent address, which was appropriately responded to by Gov. Andrew.—*N. Y. Tribune Correspondent, June 18th.*

BLACK REFUGEES—THEIR VOTING NOT DANGEROUS—THEIR CHARACTER.

Sir:—You have heard of this locality. It is said to be filled with escaped slaves, and that, for the last fourteen years, no decent white man would settle there. Nevertheless, the town has increased from 1,500 inhabitants to 6,000 in ten years, and the county of Kent, from 17,000 to 35,000 in the same time. The colored population is about 4,000 in town and county. Of these one in ten votes as he thinks proper for school trustees, for township officers, for representatives in both Houses of Parliament—votes like any other man, without question of color, if he pays taxes like others, as a matter of right, under the old constitution which Curran spoke about, and which you have probably heard of. He may not have been born free and equal, but here we have a way of holding all men equal before the law, which may answer every purpose for the time. His voting privilege depends on his payment of the ordinary taxes, after naturalization, of course, because we understand that taxation carries with it the corollary—representation. We never mind whether he can read or not—if he knows enough to earn money and pays it in to us—we say with the show man, "You pays your money, and you takes your choice. This is altogether an old-fashioned doctrine, but it saves us a vast deal of trouble in endeavoring to draw distinctions between colors. Our men go bearded now, probably for the purpose of saving the too free use of water, when it is scarce, in our clay-drift in Summer, and to swear to what race they belong when they come to vote, might tax the facile conscience of the bounty-jumper. "Well," you say, "that is all right—but aren't they awfully demoralized? Don't they get proud, vain, lazy, and insufferable?" They stand prosperity pretty well. There may be a few specimens of pumps and ruffles at the corn-husking, but they take to freedom in the natural way as a general thing. Our laws are mild, but are administered independent of all pressure firmly and equally, and the wrong-doer knows it.

To-morrow our Quarter Sessions of the Peace, an institution of Alfred's, will be held. Not one prisoner is held for trial. Not one prisoner, white or black, will be arraigned before the seventy-five jurymen called. The Judge will have a pair of white gloves presented to him by the Sheriff, according to immemorial usage. Any one writing the statistics of crime for Kent, hereafter, can say what was said of snakes in Ireland—there was no crime—for the Spring and Summer quarter of 1865. So much for our good citizens, black and white.

It would be wrong to trace this state of things to our sympathy for colored men who have been abused. Let it every where be understood, that whereas, there is more prejudice against color in the Northern than in the Southern States, so is there infinitely more prejudice against color in Canada than in the North. The Rev. Mr. King, of the Elgin settlement, was in danger of his life fifteen years ago whenever he travelled out, and this bad feeling now continues against him among some, mostly English and Irish, the Scotch and Canadians being rather more moderate.

You see by this how deeply we love the rule of law and liberty, and follow the example of the little isle where the shackles first fell off. Do not take us all to be sycophants to kingly powers when I write this. The writer assisted to strike off—not with honeyed words, but with a sledge-hammer—the shackles from the whites of Canada, before once looking to those of the blacks. The red tape and military rule made a pretty good fight for a quarter of a century, but our political combinations copied from yours, and our determination for the right conquered in the end, it is true at the expense of individual suffering. We have not a grievance now on which to raise an issue at a town meeting, and we live on, endeavoring to keep in the right path in the struggle of life.

I have been led to write this letter by reading in the *Tribune* of the 10th inst., the letter of A. L. Tavean, of Charleston. He doubts whether "the sudden emancipation of an untutored race, unaccustomed to think, act, or provide for their own well-being, is wise, and whether it will not lead to insolence and contempt for all superiority." Our example is before him. There is no danger in any way with equal and just laws, fairly administered. We want more laborers as well as the South, having capital to employ them; and if he wants to play the *rôle* of the Spaniards with the Moors, send the negroes here.—A. B. C. in *N. Y. Tribune.*

"WITH JESUS."

BY PAULINA.

The daisiest sod of Edinburgh cemetery, was lifted above the young law student, while far away in the fastnesses of the Highlands a lone mother was dreaming of valedictory honors. It was before the days when hearse could be grief-stricken by a flash of lightning, and weeks passed ere a black sealed letter reached the trembling fingers of Widow Macgregor. Then followed dark days of fever and delirium, and when reason dawned upon the night of her sorrow it was only with a troubled glimmer, a moon-light softness, that would not reveal the extent of her desolation. In fancy the child she had cradled in her heart so long, had gone back to his sweet infancy, and was wandering somewhere among the wooded defiles of his native mountains.

"I canna find my baire," she would say to the shepherds whom she met in her daily rambles. "I ha' looked among the heather on the brae, and down i' the burn, and its waters are clear as truth, but never a shred of the bonny red frock. Ha' ye seen him?"

As summer waned, the pitying cottagers noticed that the cheeks of the poor mourner were paler and thinner, and her eyes shone with an unnatural brightness. In the eagerness of her quest, she often forgot food and rest, refusing every appeal with, "Ye ken the cauld weather is comin' on, I maun find my wean."

"Ay, an' ye will find him, mither," responded one of Christ's lowly children. "The Gude Shepherd he' carried him in his ain bosom beyond the heat or the cold. Your baira is with Jesus."

"*With Jesus,*" repeated the poor woman, slowly, as if striving to recall some pleasant dream, "Oh! yes, I loved him once—*I love him now.* Blessed be his holy name." And bending her head in an attitude of eager attention, she listened to the precious words of Gospel truth such as a babe might understand.

"I maun wait his ain gude time," she murmured and from that hour her wild search was ended.

She did not wait long. Before the snows fell mother and child were re-united.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

SIN IN CONVERSATION.

Even when believers endeavor to speak for God, are their words pure, free from unholy mixtures? Do they find nothing wrong in their very intention? Do they speak merely to please God, and not partly to please themselves? Is it wholly to do the will of God, and not their own will also? Or, if they begin with a single eye, do they go on looking unto Jesus, and talk with him all the while they are talking with their neighbor? When they are reproving sin, do they feel no anger or unkind temper to the sinner? When they are instructing the ignorant, do they not find any pride, any self-preference? When they are comforting the afflicted, or provoking one another to love and good works, do they perceive any toward self-commendation,—now you have spoken well? Or any vanity,—a desire that others should think so, and esteem them on the account? Is some or all of these respects how much sin cleaves to the best conversation even of believers!—*Wesley.*

John Minor Botts's theory of reconstruction is to let every body vote who was eligible under the former State Constitutions, and none others; but to allow no man to be eligible to an elective office who has in any manner aided the Rebellion.

Mode of Reproof.

Some persons pride themselves upon being blunt, or, as they call it, "honest;" but very blunt people do little good to others, and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend *gentleness* and *kindness.* Reproof should fall like the dew, and not like the rushing hail-storm. The oil insinuates itself: the stone wounds and then rebounds (Ps. cxli. 5.) Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work of "rebuking." Such "spiritual constables" do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in a church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in a society, or what a tell-tale is in a school; and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms "Busy-bodies in other men's matters."

Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of reproof, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home.

Meddling with the faults of others is like attempting to move a person afflicted with the rheumatic gout—it must be done slowly and tenderly, nor must we be frightened by an out-cry or two. The great thing is to show the person that you really love him; and if you manifest this in the sight of God he will bless your efforts, and give you favor in the sight of an erring brother.—*Christian Treasury.*

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 24, 1865.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 12, 1865.

Conference met pursuant to adjournment, Bishop Quinn in the chair. The session was opened by the usual services, the roll called and the minutes read and approved.

The Bishop then took up the unfinished business, among which was a charge made against brother Lewis by Rev. H. J. Johnson, relative to his marriage, &c., which was rather hastily contracted. The matter was laid over for future consideration.

Some other matters were then taken up, which occupied the time up to 12 o'clock, when Conference adjourned.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., Conference met again, Bishop Quinn presiding.

The unfinished business was then taken up and disposed of, after which the reports of the different committees were received and read.

Conference then adjourned to meet on Tuesday morning, at the usual hour.

Tuesday, June 13.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment, in Bethal church, on Meeting street, Bishop Quinn in the chair. The business of the day was opened by singing and prayer. The minutes of the previous session were then read and approved. Conference then elected and ordained brothers Burley and Wm. Johnson to Elder's orders. Conference then adjourned.

Conference reassembled at 2 o'clock, P. M., and proceeded to close up the unfinished business. The Editor and General Book Steward read his report, which was approved and ordered to be printed with the minutes. The question came up as to who was responsible for the books distributed throughout the district, the Book Steward or the annual Conference. The Bishop decided that the District Book Steward is responsible, and that it was the duty of the brethren to make immediate sales of all books in their possession, and forward the money to the District Book Steward, who in turn should transmit the proceeds to the Editor and General Book Steward.

The brethren were then separately called upon to report the spiritual and temporal condition of their charges. Some were very favorable, and others less so. Brother Grimes spoke of the progress of his Sabbath school in connection with his report, but before he concluded he was ruled out of order. We would have been pleased to have heard Brother Grimes out, for we think he was right. We believe that there should be more attention given to the Sabbath Schools. The Bishop spoke of our superannuated preachers, and said that he would be one of fifteen or twenty men who would give $100 for the Book Concern, and would be one of ten to give the District $50 for the benefit of the New England Conference, to aid the supernumerary preachers, &c. Several of the brethren spoke upon this subject, after which Conference adjourned.

Wednesday, June 14.—Conference met pursuant to adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. The roll was called and the minutes of the previous session read and approved. After disposing of the unfinished business, the question as to whom the deed of Wilberforce University was to be made out to, was taken up and discussed by Conference. Bishop Quinn remarked that he had promised to give $150 to Wilberforce, provided the deed were made out to the A. M. E. Church, and if not, he would not give one cent.

A resolution was adopted, requesting Bishop Quinn to procure a copy of the deed of Wilberforce, and if it were not properly drawn up, they would withdraw their support from the institution.

We hope that our bishops, elders, deacons and preachers will look carefully to the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Church. We stated in Conference that these little matters, which belong to the entire connexion, should be properly understood among us as members before going before the public, so that the people may not be called upon to act with doubtful impressions upon their minds as to the propriety of such action. General Conference has decreed and acknowledged that Wilberforce is the common property of the A. M. E. Church, so let every Conference act accordingly, and if it is proved that deception has been practised upon Conference, let the bishops meet together in council, and recommend, through the organ of the Church, to the ministers and people what to do. The bishops should understand this matter, so that every thing may move on harmoniously.

Conference decided to create a mission in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts.

Four brethren were called before the Conference to be received into the itinerancy. After some other little business was attended to, Conference adjourned, to meet on Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Thursday, June 15.—Conference assembled and was opened with the usual exercises. The roll was called, and the minutes of the previous session read and approved. Conference then proceeded to close up the unfinished business, and at 11 o'clock Conference went into a Committee of the Whole on ways and means, after which Rev. Henry J. Johnson preached the ordination sermon. After he had concluded, brothers William Johnson and J. H. W. Burley were ordained elders. The ceremony was very impressive. We were called upon by Bishop Quinn to consecrate and administer the Sacrament of the Lord. The Conference adjourned about 2 o'clock, and re-assembled at about 3 o'clock. We met with them a little while, and then bid Conference and our friends adieu and started for New York.

We return our sincere thanks to the President and members of the Daughters of Conference, and to the citizens of Providence generally for the hospitality shown us while there.

We arrived in New York about half-past 7 o'clock, A. M., and found Conference in session. After transacting considerable business connected with the Missionary Society, the Bishop announced that the General Book Steward and Editor would address the Conference.

We delivered a short address to the brethren, after which Conference adjourned.

ENDING OF THE NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES.

The sessions of the New York and New England Conferences have at length terminated, and the brethren have received their respective appointments. All things being taken into consideration, we feel free to say that we had a very pleasant time with the brethren. Familiar and smiling faces greeted us on every side; a solemn feeling of prayer and praise seemed to pervade the vast assembly, like the patriarchs of old, and we felt it good to be there. The friends in Providence are kind and generous, and no luxury or comfort seemed too costly for them to purchase for the entertainment of their invited guests. We must say that our Eastern friends highly appreciate the earnest labors of their humble servants, and always hail with pleasure our visits among them. For this, if nothing else, we can never forget our friends of the big heart and capacious pocket.

We do not speak of Providence alone, but of New Bedford, Boston, Newport, Bridgeport and New Haven—all are included. We hope that a wise and gracious God will always prosper them spiritually and temporally, and that they may so continue, and never become weary in well doing.

The New Church in Providence.—We are pleased to find that the Trustees and members of the church, through their pastor, Bro. Burly, have commenced to build their new church edifice, which is not far from where the old one stands, in Meeting street. It is, we believe, 70 feet long and 40 wide, and the contractor was, at last accounts, rushing ahead with the work, being busily engaged in laying the stone foundation. When this structure is completed, it will be one of the finest, if not the best, churches in the New England Conference District. Our churches will please not forget their *rising sister*. They should remember the obligations they are under to assist their brethren in the work, and especially those congregations which are not encumbered with debt. Lend now your helping hand.

The New York Conference.—This Conference adjourned on Monday, the 19th of June. We only spent a part of our time at this Conference, on account of the New England Conference being in session at the same time. We think, to take New York and Brooklyn, in general, they never supported an Annual Conference in better style, and also the friends who attended it. This is indeed both gratifying and encouraging. We hope that every thing will go on very pleasantly with the brethren during the present Conference year.

The New England Daughters of Conference.—The New England Conference can produce more Daughters of Conference than any other Conference District, in accordance with their given numbers.

We take great pleasure in returning our most grateful thanks to the Daughters at Providence, R. I.; Newport, R. I.; New Bedford, Mass.; Boston, Mass.; and Bridgeport, Conn., for a portion of the proceeds which they, through God, were enabled to gather to aid the faithful heralds of the Cross, who are engaged in spreading the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ to a perishing world.

We also return our most sincere thanks to the Daughters of the New York Conference for their generous assistance. They never forget their humble servant, the Editor of the Christian Recorder, and the Publisher of their books and matter generally.

The Daughters of Sullivan Street Church, New York, the Daughters of Brooklyn, Bridge Street Church—may the good Lord bless and prosper you all. Your services, so freely given and received, will eventually find a rich and lasting reward.

EDUCATION FOR THE FREEDMEN.

In viewing the instrumentalities which have been, and are now being put forth for the elevation of the nation's freedmen, we have watched with great care and admiration the self-denying efforts of those noble spirits who went forward, early in the war, to bestow upon the hitherto degraded bondman the blessings of education—moral and physical—by which he may be fitted to take care of himself, and compel others to "let him alone."

In the Port Royal region, where, as early as the Fall of 1861, the Union forces wrested from Rebel grasp a large extent of fertile territory, where the military commanders have generally been friends of the freedmen and of humanity, they have shown a most thorough appreciation of the blessings of education, and steadily progressed to the present time. Nothing has been decided in the case of these freed people, but to guard them against the insidious influences of designing men who went among them only to enrich themselves by keeping them still in a state of servitude worse, in fact, if not in name, than that from which they had been relieved. The efforts of their teachers, however, in this direction have succeeded, and in proportion as they have been urged to show their manhood, they have gone forward with greater or less rapidity in efforts for self-improvement.

Reports from this and other localities, where weakness and ignorance—by no means criminal—have received due protection from the strong arm of the Government, which is, in a great degree responsible for this condition, demonstrated fully, that the freedman soon learns to be self-supporting, and may be safely intrusted with the privileges and immunities accorded to white men, they being actually capable of self-government. Their rights, too, should be given to them freely; Chief among these is the right to vote, side by side, with other loyal men having white skins, but not free from the black stain of treason.

It is a matter of profound satisfaction to all good men to notice with what near approach to unanimity the Northern journals urge this right, both from regard to justice and expediency; while the Southern journal begin already to show in regard to this matter, how truly the spirit of treason still lives, and is preparing to strike if it can.

In common, then, with all who have at heart the best interests of the whole country, we hope there will be increased efforts, on the part of true philanthropists every where, to furnish means for the education of the freedmen, and constant agitation until their rights shall be fully secured, and, with them, the permanent enjoyment of the fruits of peace obtained by such overwhelming and costly sacrifices.

FESTIVAL.

An entertainment was given by the Rev. S. T. Jones' Literary Society, at the Philadelphia Institute, on the 14th inst., for the benefit of the Missionary Fund of Wesley Church.

Mr. Edward Evans, President of the Society, favored the audience with an address on "The part the colored man has taken in the rebellion, and his rights as a citizen," which was well received, and appeared to make a good impression. The occasion was enlivened by music, Mr. Joseph Freeman presiding at the melodeon, and several popular songs were well rendered by members of the society and others.

Every thing passed off admirably under the management of Mr. C. E. Evans, and at 12 o'clock the assemblage dispersed, well pleased with the exercises of the evening. The amount realized was $45.50.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The question of universal suffrage has been and still is, exciting considerable discussion among the leading men and newspapers of the country. Some favor it upon the ground of right and justice before God and man, and others object to it on account of color and prejudice. Now we are one of that number who always have and will always continue to advocate the full and equal rights of suffrage, or equality before the law.

I. Because it is the decree of God Almighty, that full and equal right should be meted out to every man and woman, for "of one blood God has made all nations that dwell on the earth."—Therefore, God is angry every day with the wicked, that they deprive one portion of God's people of their rights and privileges and give them to another, and more especially so, that they are in the minority.

II. Would this government dare to be guilty of so great a crime before God and man, as to quibble about the full rights of the colored people, who have ever been most loyal to the government? Would you be guilty of depriving a race of people of the inestimable right of franchise and equality before the law, who, when the country was tottering under the throes of revolution and secession, and the terrible wings of eternal dissolution were hovering over her crushed and shattered institutions, shouldered the musket, and went bravely forward, in the face of all the contumely and prejudice which surrounded them and rescued the bleeding country from the murderous grasp of a power which the white man was unable to overcome? In the face of all these facts—by the bleached and whitened bones of the thousands slain upon the battle-fields of the Republic, in the defence of Republican liberty—by the mangled corses of our martyred braves at Fort Pillow—by every attribute of common humanity, we demand that the government shall do justice by the oppressed and loyal people who stood by the fortunes of the country in her hour of darkest trial.

III. There never will be a permanent peace in this country until we are accorded those rights which so justly belong to us, for the God of nations does not intend that further oppression or tyranny shall be practised upon any one portion of his people, no matter what their station or color may be. We shall, therefore, keep this subject before the government until our full rights and privileges shall be obtained.

LAST SABBATH IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

We spent last Sabbath in New York and Brooklyn. At half-past ten o'clock we went to Bridge street church, the place where Conference was held, in company with Mr. Powell, Esq., and daughter, and another lady from New Bedford. Bishop A. W. Wayman preached an ordination discourse to the brethren who were to be ordained Deacons, from the sixth chapter and third verse of Acts: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out seven men of honest report among you," &c. The Bp. remarked that there were three things in the text which he should notice, viz.: First, Honest report. Second, Wisdom. Third, The possession of the Holy Ghost. The Bishop's discourse was a very impressive one. At its conclusion, four brethren were presented before the altar for ordination. This created great solemnity. Having gone through with the ordination and other usual matters, the meeting was dismissed, and we all scattered to our respective dining-places, with good appetites.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., we having been assigned to preach at the Presbyterian church of which Rev. Mr. Freeman is pastor, we wended our way to the church. On our arrival, we found that Brother Freeman, like a good shepherd, was engaged with his Sabbath School, and teachers and scholars all seemed to be busily engaged in that noble work. Brother Freeman recognised us, and invited us to take a seat on the platform, in front of the pulpit, where we had a full view of the School. When the time for closing the School had arrived, Brother Freeman announced that the Superintendent of Rev. Mr. Thompson's School in Newark, New Jersey, would make a few remarks, which he did. He then called upon us to address the school. It is always a pleasure to us to talk to the little folks; and while thus engaged, there suddenly appeared before us the renowned and distinguished Rev. H. H. Garnet. We called the attention of the School to the fact, when all eyes were turned upon him, as he took his seat upon the platform. We cut our address short, in order to make room for the Doctor, who made a few very appropriate remarks on the occasion, after which the scholars sang sweetly, and the School was dismissed.

We then went in to the pulpit and preached, after which, by special invitation from the Rev. Mr. Freeman, we accompanied him to his lovely homestead, and took tea with him and his family. Brother Freeman is situated just as we like to see ministers of the gospel situated, and as they should be.

After tea we went over to New York, to Sullivan street church. Here we found the church crowded to its utmost capacity, both up and down stairs, with preaching in both the upper and lower rooms.

A Visit to the Public School in Brooklyn.

We paid a visit to the public school in Brooklyn, of which Mr. Dorsey, formerly of Philadelphia, is the talented Principal. There are three teachers in this school, including the Principal. We were much pleased to note the order and decorum existing in Miss Sanders' department and that of another young lady whose name we have by some means lost sight of. This reflects credit upon the management of Mr. Dorsey. Some of the best singing and playing we ever heard in any school was executed by the pupils of Mr. Dorsey.

We were also informed that Mr. Dorsey has probably done more towards bringing up this school than any former teacher. We regret that we could not find time to visit the school completely through.

COUSINS' HOUSE, XENIA, OHIO.

We take pleasure in recommending our subscribers, who may have occasion to pass through Xenia, to call on Mr. John Cousins, proprietor of the above named hotel, situated on east Main street. The establishment has been much enlarged, and thoroughly refitted, and as we know Mr. Cousins quite well, we confidently assure our friends that they will find him prepared, at all times, to give them a hearty welcome.

THE scholars of the 2d and 3d term, 2d year, of Wilberforce University, will learn that the box, sent by them to Brother G. T. Robinson, who enlisted in the army, never reached him. Bro. R. has been discharged, and ere this is safe at home.

A HOME

for colored orphans is being established in New Orleans, by Mrs. Louise De Mortie, with excellent success.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

All the various Southern delegations in Washington, as well as all the provisional officers thus far appointed, are opposed to negro suffrage.

For the Christian Recorder.

UNIONVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

The true-hearted colored patriots of Unionville and vicinity, having somewhat recovered from the overwhelming stroke of sorrow so universally felt in consequence of the assassination of President Lincoln, determined to hold a meeting for the purpose of expressing their deep regret at our country's loss.

The 27th of May arrived. The day was gloomy. The sky seemed to be draped in mourning, while the clouds, shedding millions of tears, increased the sadness of the occasion.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the early dawn found many lovers of freedom on their way to the designated spot. Every available mode of travel was resorted to. Railroad cars, carriages, dearborns, wagons, mule-teams, and the feet were brought into requisition.

The place of holding the meeting was the A. M. E. Church, which was substituted for the grove on account of the rain. The house was crowded with a mixed audience. It was called to order by the President and Chief Marshal of the day, Speakman Miller. After an appropriate prayer, Rev. Jno. W. Stevenson was introduced and made the opening address. His references to the illustrious dead called forth the deep sympathies of every heart.

During the day Geo. Morris, Esq., Rev. Wm. D. Johnson, of Ashmun Institute, and others, delivered eulogies on the lamented chieftain, and reviewed the state of the country in general. The speeches of Revs. Stevenson and Johnson elicited loud applause, and the people, wild with enthusiasm, resolved to continue the meeting another day.

The approaching dawn ushers in a most beautiful Sabbath! The menacing cloud which threatened to drench the gaudy plumage characterizing the greater part of the enthusiastic crowd, had culminated the previous night, in order to cool the air and lay the dust for the coming day. Though impending clouds, over and anon, swung o'er our heads, they proved to be only like the shadow of a great rock, to weary travellers in sultry lands.

It had been announced that the celebrated author and traveller, Bayard Taylor, would be present to address the meeting. Accordingly, long before he made his appearance, hundreds had reached the appointed spot, and as many more were plodding on their weary way. The rumbling of the rich man's chariot wheels resounded in the distant groves as the footman earnestly contended for the race.

At length the honorable gentleman drove up and alighted. He was then introduced to the most prominent speakers, all of whom immediately ascended the stage. The Rev. Jno. W. Stevenson, of Oxford Circuit, presided. A hymn was sung, and Rev. Wm. D. Johnson made an appropriate opening prayer. Mr. Bayard Taylor was then introduced to the audience by the chairman.

The speaker said the appropriateness of the occasion was a suitable recommendation for this meeting. He spoke in the most praiseworthy terms of Abraham Lincoln's administration, and paid a high tribute of respect to the noble martyr for liberty. An interesting communication from His Excellency, the late President, relative to the mode of procuring means for the education of the Freedmen, was read by the orator, who concluded by endeavoring to impress upon our people the necessity of a thorough education, and a familiar acquaintance with the constitution of this government, if we would become faithful citizens. The whole address commanded great interest and attention.

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow," was then sung by the audience, with more than ordinary feeling and spirit, after which P. P. Hedges, of Ashmun Institute, was introduced to the meeting. He spoke of the cause of the war, and of the assassination of the greatest man that ever presided over the destinies of any nation. The foul murder of Abraham Lincoln was a tragedy absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world! Thank God! the infamous wretch that benumbed that good man's arm in death, could not destroy that immortal proclamation by which he became the Liberator of America. Neither could he ruin that sacred instrument to which Lincoln's hand gave a life that shall live long after this great and glorious republic shall have vanished away. If Wilberforce stood before God with the severed manacles that had bound in this lower world, 800,000 souls in cruel bondage, then Lincoln, though suddenly ushered into the presence of his august Master, stands there to-day, with the broken chain that has bound, for two long centuries, 4,000,000 of our scattered and peeled race in servitude! But the galling yoke is now broken! The cruel fetters have been burst asunder, and now, in the name of Heaven, we defy slavery or treason to rebind them on our enfranchised limbs! The speaker having concluded, the meeting was dismissed, to convene again in the afternoon.

The orator for the afternoon was John Stebbins, M. D. Crowds continued to arrive. The highway was densely jammed with vehicles containing ladies and gentlemen.

Rev. Jno. W. Stevenson still in the chair. After singing, and an earnest prayer by Mr. Wilson, Dr. Stebbins was introduced. The orator scanned the different policies of the various parties, criticised the doings of Congress, and noticed the condition of the country from the time freedom and slavery first met each other on this continent, down to the present day. The speaker gave a brief sketch of the most important acts of the late President's life, and lavished upon him encomiums of the most illustrious description. He was an *honest man*,—a *religious man*,—the ablest lawyer in Illinois,—a great mathematician,—a profound logician,—and, without an exception, the wisest and most merciful ruler of whom he had ever read or heard.

Dr. Stebbins is a radical man, and though his address was very elaborate, his audience displayed no signs of uneasiness, but, on the other hand, frequently interrupted him with applause.

Rev. Wm. D. Johnson then made some timely remarks on education. He did not mean that kind of superficial education which too many of our people loved to exhibit, but a thorough knowledge of literature and the arts and sciences in general. He wondered why black people's children were so much smarter than those of the whites. There is William Henry and Mary Jane, who graduated, according to their own mother's mouth, inside of two years. (Laughter.) Now you needn't laugh, for they graduated with the highest honors, and they themselves say, "Our teacher can't lare us any more." All this "larnin'" was acquired within the short space of two years, when it takes the most talented white child, with all its advantages, often eighteen or twenty years to complete its education. We appeal to our white friends present, if this of itself be not satisfactory proof of our having intellects in no wise inferior to yourselves? (Laughter.)

Rev. John W. Stevenson, with his accustomed wit, wished to know what made little colored urchins scratch their craniums so vehemently when mother told them to prepare for school? Also the technical term for that weight which caused their under lip to drag on the ground when bade to attend schools? (Laughter.) These were important questions, fraught with momentous answers, and could only be solved by "little black boys" who didn't like to attend school. But, sirs, "we must educate, or short will be our race from the cradle to the grave."

The crowd was then dismissed, and religious services announced to be held at the A. M. E. Church in the evening. The church, in due time, was filled to its utmost capacity. Rev. Wm. D. Johnson preached from Gen. 19: 17, "*Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed.*"

The young divine preached a very fiery and spirited discourse; he did much credit to the institute of which he is a senior member, and immortalized his name in Unionville. We predict a glorious future for Bro. Johnson.

Rev. John W. Stevenson followed the preacher in his jumping chariot, for he was too full of the spirit to walk. Although some time had elapsed since the little flock at Unionville had heard their old shepherd's voice, yet not a single sheep was present that did not recognize it; nay, even the little lambs clapped their hands, and shouted aloud for joy!

The Rev. Brother said it had long been his desire to meet them once more in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. My prayer has been granted; and now I have a grand notion to call for my prancing horses and flying chariot, and take this congregation out on a gospel ride. Did you say you'd go with me? (Cries of, Amen! amen!) Then, to-night, if I get the lines in my hands, I'll cut a caper that will astonish zealous Jehu. The lines were placed at his disposal, the ponies were loosed, and away went the Rev. preacher and his congregation,—

"Their glad souls mounted high in a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under their feet!"

Your unworthy servant, however, being well pleased at present with the arrangements of this world, remained until the saints returned, after which we were all dismissed, and quietly wended our way homeward.

Much thanks are due the people of Unionville for their kindness in entertaining strangers, especially Rev. Jno. Smith, Bros. Carr and Wiley, with their good ladies. We apprehend the day is not far distant when they may have another opportunity of manifesting their hospitality to those same angels.

We are heartily sorry, for several reasons, that the "fair sex" of West Chester were compelled to return home before they were really ready. The principal cause for regret is, that the ladies thereby failed to hear Bro. Stevenson, their devoted friend. We had hoped that the smooth words so ingeniously marshalled by those ladies would have tingled with such euphonious melody upon the ears of their gallant escorts, as to completely charm them until the close of evening services.

Young ladies will know hereafter to get an understanding whether THEIR convenience is not to be consulted on such occasions, as well as the convenience of those who pretend to be their protectors. Young gentlemen will also bear in mind not to be so rude as to require any thing so unreasonable from the "fair sex" as that of *going home before they really get ready*.

Your unworthy servant is exceedingly obliged to the kind lady who directed him, "when in a strange land, and a good way from home," to the residence of Bro. Carr, where he was hailed with an affectionate welcome by the good lady of the house, and his friends from Hosanna in general.

Yours, in behalf of Unionville,

P. P. HEDGES,

Ashmun Institute, Oxford, Chester Co., Pa., June 15, 1865.

For the Christian Recorder.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LADY?

Read by Julia F. Early at Wilberforce University, May 24th, 1865

It is not dress nor beauty that constitutes the lady. The height of the ambition of some seems to be to dress fine, to look gay, and be admired. Others aspire only to play well upon the piano, sing exceedingly well, appear graceful in company, and be able to entertain very much.

Neither personal attractions nor accomplishments constitute the lady. To be a true lady implies much more than the attainment of these things. To be such, one must be polite and well behaved, must treat all persons with respect, no matter what may be their condition or circumstances.

They must also be intelligent. If they are polite, intelligent, and kind to every one, what matters it if your garb be plain? The good will not say: "Look how she is dressed!" but will remark, "What a perfect lady she is!"—so kind and so respectful." While of the gay and fashionable they will say: "They perform well upon the piano, sing sweetly, and dress finely."

Will accomplishments, devoid of grace and morality, carry them through the world? Or is fine dress a passport through life?

To be a real lady is worth more than all the gold of earth. It is money that makes the lady in word, but virtue that makes the lady in deed and in truth—the noble woman! I would rather be a beggar, and be a perfect lady, than wear a crown, and be destitute of the qualities requisite to be such.

A woman finely dressed, but devoid of the requisites of a lady, is like a brass vessel covered with gold; it cannot pass for the pure metal.—Examine it, and it will prove itself only common metal.

Respect for herself and others, truthfulness, noble-mindedness, and all other virtues sanctified by the Holy Ghost, constitutes a perfect lady. Such a woman shall be prized by others. Wisdom shall pour forth from her mouth, her tongue shall enunciate words of kindness. Honor and strength shall be her clothing, and she shall rejoice in all time to come. JULIA F. EARLY.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE BY CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Headquarters First U. S. C. T.,
Roanoke Island.
June 14, '65.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 3d instant our Division was aroused from its quiet slumbers by dashing orderlies galloping in every direction, with marching orders. Thus we were all soon in a great stir, getting ready to leave Goldsboro, where we had rested pleasantly for several weeks. Our entire Division having been assigned to coast duty, in consequence of an idea cherished by the commanding General that colored troops are better adapted to the climate on the sea coast in hot weather than white troops, therefore, the three Brigades were respectively assigned as follows:—

First Brigade, consisting of 1st, 30th and 107th U. S. C. T., to Morehead City and vicinity, while my (1st) regiment came to Roanoke Island.

Second Brigade, consisting of 4th, 5th and 39th U. S. C. T., were assigned to Newbern and vicinity.

Third Brigade, consisting of the 6th, 37th and 27th U. S. C. T., went to Wilmington and vicinity.

We left Goldsboro, to the displeasure of all parties, both white and colored being opposed to our going.

Taking the cars, we arrived in Newbern on the afternoon of the same day. Shortly after my arrival, I was met by the Rev. Mr. Hood, of the Zion church, who offered me the comforts of his house, and extended me a most cordial welcome to the city. I went to his house, stayed all night, tried to preach in his splendid church, and had a pleasant time generally. Mrs. Hood is a beautiful lady, very prepossessing, highly cultivated, and reflects honor upon the parsonage. I admire Brother Hood's taste in selecting a partner very much; for ministers generally pick and choose a great deal, and then marry the most homely ladies. I find Brother Hood a strong advocate for union between our two connections. He informed me that the name proposed for our connection after its union is, the United African Methodist Episcopal Church. I would suggest that its name be simply, United Methodist Episcopal Church.

I suppose some will think I have fallen a devotee to the sophistry of Brother Lynch. But as he is recognised as the champion of that theory, I acknowledge myself a devotee to his irrefutable arguments; for it is destined to popularize him, if it takes fifty years—though I have no idea that he ever presumed on such a thing as popularity in his advocacy of the subject. I make those assertions for him. I believe not only the African Church, but all other religious and moral institutions designated by local terms, are destined to die out. That little word "Unity" is going to eat up and annihilate, in God's own good time, every other phrase or sentence expressing man's upward march. All others will be but as dry stubble before the hungry flames.

Roanoke Island is a very nice place, healthy, salubrious, and full of living resources. There has been a system of fraud going on here for some time with contraband stores, provisions, &c. Colonel J. H. Holman has put several under arrest, and black things are coming to light which would startle you. Government agents here seem to have been making their own money, while the freed people were undergoing a practical course of starvation. But the hero of the fighting First U. S. C. T. is making every thing within a hundred square miles tremble, if the least guilt is apparent. Those who are innocent are in great suspense, fearing that some one will call their names.

Several colored men, who have been working in the Commissary Department since General Burnside took the place, nearly three years ago, have been arrested and put under guard, while white agents have been sent to Newbern and elsewhere under negro guards. I should not be surprised if some Colonels are arrested and brought to trial. Roanoke Island being a sort of out-of-the-way place, parties have been doing as they pleased. There are about 4,000 colored people here, of whom I shall speak hereafter. My work is so great now, that I will have to give you short notes. H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN GOD IS OUR TRUST.

An Oration delivered at Wilberforce University, by James E. Carter, of Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, May 24th, 1865.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The 14th of April, 1865, is a day long to be remembered by the teachers and students of Wilberforce University. On that day we realized both happiness and grief. In the morning every one was buoyant, preparing to take a part in the exercises of the day which was ordered by our worthy, long to be lamented and honored President, Abraham Lincoln, who now slumbers beneath the sod.

We began our celebration in the west room of the building. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Pierce, Jackson, and Waugh, but little did they think that they were making the last to be made in that building.

Shortly after services, many of the students went to take dinner for the last time within the walls of the college, though entirely ignorant of the fact. In the afternoon, about two o'clock, we left for Xenia, there to witness the celebration, as well as to take a part in it. After being in Xenia about three hours, in the midst of our rejoicing and pleasure, we received the sad intelligence, "*Wilberforce is in flames.*" In one moment our rejoicing was turned into sorrow. None but those who felt it can ever imagine the thoughts and feelings which then ran through our minds.

At first we could hardly believe the report. Soon, however, we were convinced of its truth, and felt that there was no time to hesitate,—no time to think of the past. Yet we dreaded to face the reality. Still it must be done. We must go, and the sooner the better. Therefore, every effort by which to hasten our return was made by every one; some riding, some walking, and all dreading to see the sight.

In the midst of this confusion, I thought of the motto which we displayed in our chapel, just above the stage, one year ago, which read, "In God is our Trust," and when I thought of these words, the lurid light in the distance seemed to weave itself into a bow of hope, which greatly cheered those of us who had faith enough in God to put our trust in Him at such a time as this. A little later, we arrive where we left our building not four hours previously, and we see it in flames. We stand and gaze for a few moments, and wonder if it can be so. But it is too plain to doubt. We turn our eyes in sadness and again look, and behold the flames rising furiously toward the heavens. We look around us and see nothing beautiful. We look above and see the atmosphere illumined with light from our burning Institution. Alas! can it be so? On the right and left is strewn in every direction, beds, books, trunks, desks, and every other article which is used in a college. The laws upon which you now sit, presented, on that night, a very different appearance.

Let us turn and cast our eyes upon the ruins. Is there any one in this assembly, who, after thinking of the enjoyment and comfort that was once realized in the building, of which those are the ruins, can refrain from shedding a silent tear?

Ah! how melancholy to look at the ruins, and remember that there once stood a noble and commodious college, which bid fair to win a reputation second to no other Institution in America. It may be that the burning of our Institution is all for the best. We do not see it now, but I trust that we may in time to come. We must remember that

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

and probably, in allowing our Institution to burn He had some great purpose which will be revealed to us in the future. We trust in God for success in rebuilding it, and hope to have a better one than we have had heretofore.

In behalf of the students, I wish to tender our sincere thanks to the teachers and friends in the neighborhood for their kindness in providing for us comfortable homes and the necessaries of life, in this, the hour of our need. For while we were destitute of homes, you even denied yourselves for our comfort and welfare, therefore we offer our friends our sincere thanks, and hope that you may be amply rewarded.

Dear teachers, some of us may be bidding you a final farewell, but we hope that the God in whom we trust will preserve you and our friends and reward you bountifully for the parent-like care that you have taken of us, and we hope if we never again meet on earth, that we may meet around God's throne in heaven.

To the students I wish to speak a few words before we part. We have been together just long enough to become so intimately acquainted, that we feel towards each other as brother and sister. Therefore, it seems hard for us to part, especially under such circumstances; yet we must part, for a short season, at least. We have been laboring under great disadvantages ever since the 14th of April last, but we must not allow these discouragements to embarrass us any whatever, if we can help it, but rather let them encourage us the more energetically. Let our motto be, "In God is our trust," and we will be sure to accomplish more than if we put our trust in ourselves or any earthly being—or, as my former teacher once said, "Let Diligence be your motto, and your watchword Perseverance." And now I bid you all good-by until we shall meet again.

Dear Friends:—We cannot sympathize too deeply with our bereaved country. On the 14th of April fell our noble President, Abraham Lincoln. Too much respect cannot be paid to the illustrious dead. Just as the war was near its end—just as he was about to see the fruits of his labor, after serving his country faithfully for four perilous years, and even when we thought that all danger was over, our noble Chief fell by the hand of an assassin. After Booth shot Lincoln, and was jumping from the box, that old flag, the Star-Spangled Banner, which always will be the enemy of traitors, entangled his foot, and caused him to injure his leg; and, leaving Washington, he entered Virginia for the last time, for soon he met the vile traitor's doom.

When Booth shot Lincoln, he exclaimed, "I am revenged!" but when he was shot, he was heard to beg of those near him to kill him, the anguish of remorse wringing from him a cry for mercy before he died.

We now trust that God will so lead Andrew Johnson, our present President, that he may prove as faithful as his predecessor. If so, we will have another great and good President. We sincerely hope that Andrew Johnson will be faithful to his country, faithful to his people, and faithful to his God.

Friends, please consider the disadvantages under which we have been laboring. Many of the students have left and gone home, and only a few of us remain to entertain you in the best way we can. Therefore, don't view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by.

With my best wishes for the country and our present President, with regret for the death of Lincoln, and ardent hope for the future prosperity of our College, trusting in God for all things, I bid you adieu.

For the Christian Recorder.

APPOINTMENTS.

At the Annual Meeting of the District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the I. O. of J. S. and D. of S. of the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, held at the New Masonic Hall, South Eleventh street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, June 6th, 1865, the following named brethren and sisters were duly elected and installed officers for the ensuing year:—

Brother Jonathan Davis, M. D., R. W. G. Chief.
Sister Mary J. Harper, R. W. G. P. Daughter.
Brother James Dolphin, R. W. D. G. Chief.
Sister Maria L. Highgates, R. W. D. G. P. Daughter.
Brother William H. Thomas, R. W. G. V. Chief.
Sister Martha C. Gibbons, R. W. G. D. of Fount.
Brother William A. R. Smith, R. W. G. R. Secretary.
Sister Elizabeth T. Freeman, R. W. G. D. of Records.
Brother Henry M. Cropper, R. W. G. F. Secretary.
Sister Amanda S. Custis, R. W. G. F. Daughter.
Brother Stephen Smith, R. W. G. Treasurer.
Sister Elizabeth Colly, R. W. G. D. of Treasurer.
Brother Thomas Jones, R. W. G. Prelate.
Sister Ann E. Smith, R. W. G. D. of Lesson.
Brother William H. Longfellow, R. W. G. Orator.
Brother Elisha Hevelo, W. G. Cond.
Sister Sarah A. Jenkins, Junior, W. G. D. Cond.
Bro. Saml. Bevens, W. G. J. Sent.
Sister Mary A. Burton, W. G. D. of R.

Brother James Goldsborough, W. G. O. Sent.
Sister Ellen B. Randolph, W. G. D. of P.
Brother Richard H. Gleaves, R. W. P. G. Chief.
Sister Ann M. Cropper, R. W. P. G. P. Daughter.
Jonathan Davis, R. W. G. Chief.
Address No. 733 South Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

Attest WILLIAM A. K. SMITH,
R. W. G. R. Secretary.

PERSONAL.

MR. EDITOR:—On perusing your valuable paper a few days since, I saw an item relating to my appointment as a missionary to the Sunny South.

Various circumstances compel me to defer my visit until another period. May the blessing of God go with Brothers Gibbs, Hedges and Thompson. Yours in Christ,

J. H. TUNNIN.

Philadelphia, June 20, 1865.

APPOINTMENTS FOR INDIANA AND MISSOURI CONFERENCES.

The Indiana Conference will meet in Springfield, Illinois, on Saturday, August 19th, 1865.

The Missouri Conference will meet in New Orleans, Louisiana, on Saturday, September 9, 1865.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

Cincinnatti, Ohio, fourth Sabbath in June.
Louisville, Ky., first Sabbath in July.
Nashville, Tenn., second Sabbath in July.
Richmond, Ind., third Sabbath in July.
Indianapolis, Ind., fourth Sabbath in July.
Terre Haute, Ind., fifth Sabbath in July.
Chicago, Ill., first Sabbath in August.
Bloomington, Ill., second Sabbath in August.

Brethren having charge of circuits in the immediate neighborhood of the stations above named, who would like to have an evening visit through the week, at one or more points, will signify such desire by letter, directed to me, at the nearest station, in care of the Elder of that station, at a date prior to the time when the published appointment will occur at that station.

J. P. CAMPBELL, Bishop presiding.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

The following are the list of appointments made by the New York Annual Conference for the ensuing year:

Bridge Street, James N. Williams; Fleet Street, J. Woodly; Sullivan Street, Henry Davis; Buffalo Station, F. J. Peck; Albany Station, W. W. Grimes; Newark Station, Geo. W. Johnson; Morristown Station, W. Winder; Flushing Circuit, D. Durrell; Huntington do., Alexander Possy; Glen Cove do, E. T. Thompson; Rieeville do., J. H. Jones, sub. W. W. Winder; Sag Harbor do., Albert Dudley; Bergen do., Wm. Rodgers; Westchester do., John Frisby; Cozzenkia do., L. Patterson; Kinderhook do., E. B. Davis; Binghampton do name not remembered; Patterson Mission, Wilson Pettis; Rahway and Elizabeth, Wm. H. Ross; Oswego Mission, to be supplied.

The following brethren were transferred: Rev. R. H. Cain, South Carolina Conference; Revs. R. P. Gibbs, J. H. Hamilton, Wm. Watson and D. Sexton, Philadelphia Conference.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

The following comprise the list of appointments made by the New England Conference for the ensuing year:

Massachusetts—New Bedford Station, J. P. Shreaves; Boston, Wm. Johnson; Lynn, John S. Brown; Cambridgeport, Daniel Mason; Plymouth, John Elsimore.

Rhode Island—Newport, E. T. Williams; Providence, J. H. W. Burley.

Connecticut—New Haven, L. S. Lewis; Bridgeport, Isaac Emery; Norwich Mission, J. H. Fray.

Maine—Portland, John H. Hazlett.

Rev. H. J. Johnson, has been appointed to preside over all the above named missions.

The following brethren were transferred: Rev. G. H. Rue, to the Baltimore Conference, and Revs. W. W. Grimes, Jacob Mitchell, and W. S. Chase, to the Philadelphia Conference.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The undersigned takes great pleasure in acknowledging the following contributions from his friends and well-wishers, to aid him on his journey to California:

Bethel Church, Philadelphia	$26 00
Mt. Zion, New Brunswick	25 00
Mount Zion, Trenton, N. J	16 50
Bethel, Burlington, N. J	7 00
Germantown	6 00
Salem, N. J	5 00
Pennington, N. J	5 00
Macedonia, Camden	5 00
Bordentown	4 40
Princeton	3 50
Bishop Campbell	3 00
Bethel S. School, Philadelphia	1 24

The whole amount which I have received from the brethren and friends of the Philadelphia district, is $105, for which, though a great part was received in small contributions, I return my sincere thanks. WM. OPPER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Logansport, Ind., Rev. W. Jackson, for Mrs. M. E. Hill, $1.25; Madison, Ind., Rev. W. J. Davis, for S. Claybrook, W. B. Shannon and Mrs. D. Thrift, 1.25.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of Burlington Circuit will be held as follows: At Mount Holly on the first Sabbath in July; at Burlington on the third Sabbath in July; at Evesham on the fourth Sabbath in July. T. GOULD, Minister.

EXCURSION.

The Pearl street A. M. E. Sabbath school, of Burlington, N. J., will make an excursion on Thursday next, June 29th. There will be a festival held in the basement of the church in the evening. T. GOULD, Minister.

For the Christian Recorder.

THANKS.

MR. EDITOR:—I would, most respectfully, tender my thanks, through the columns of the *Christian Recorder*, to Mrs. Margaret Jackson, Mrs. Daniel Webster, Miss Sarah Alexander, and a host of others, of the city of Newport, R. I., for the amount of $140 05, the proceeds of a fair held for the purpose of making up a deficiency in my salary. E. T. WILLIAMS,

Minister in charge.

Newport, R. I., June, 1865.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of John Person, the son of Hannah Person, of Alexandria, Va., who belonged to Alexander Sanctee. I have not seen him for ten years. I was sold to Joseph Bruin, who took me to New Orleans. My name was then Hannah Person, it is now Hannah Cole. This is the only child I have and I desire to find him much. Any information of his whereabouts can be directed to

HANNAH COLE,
No. —, Cedar st.,
New Bedford,
Massachusetts.

June 23—1m.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The Minutes of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights Convention, and Constitutions for State and subordinate Leagues, are now ready for sale, at the following rates:

	Per hundred.	Per copy.
Minutes,	$20 00	25 cents.
Constitutions,	5 00	5 "

Orders accompanied by the cash and postage, should be sent to

JACOB C. WHITE, JR.,
Secretary of State League,
717 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

je10-4t

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Asberry or Rousbey Henry, who was sold from Hagerstown, Maryland, to Tallahasse, Florida, in 1838. When last heard from, in 1847, he was at the latter place.

Any information of his whereabouts will be most thankfully received by his father,

Rev. THOMAS W. HENRY,
Care Rev. E. Weaver,
Box 2975 Philadelphia, Penna.

June 3—tf

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of Mrs. Sally Wallace, wife of Armstead Wallace, formerly of Brentesville, Prince William County, Va. Her former name was Beckley. Also, of Kitty Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, formerly of Dumfries, in the same county and State, whose former name was Beckley. Also of their two brothers, Wm. and John Beckly, all born in Virginia, with the writer and sister, Angeline, who now lives in Hannibal, Missouri. The writer visited and left them in Virginia, about 17 years ago. The war, however, has parted us.

Should this meet the eye of any one acquainted with either of the above persons, a lasting favor will be conferred by addressing

ELIZABETH ANN JACKSON,
Orawfordsville,
Indiana.

June 3—3t.

NOTICE.

The Minutes of the Philadelphia Annual Conference are now ready at our office, No. 619 Pine St.

Price 15 cents.

Persons out of town can have them sent to them, by mail, for 20 cents per copy.

June 16—tf.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly MEETINGS of FRANKFORD CIRCUIT, will be held as follows:

Frankford,	1st	Sabbath in July.
Harrisburg Hill,	2d	" "
Ben Salem,	3d	" "
Bristol,	4th	" "

J. H. SMITH, Elder in Charge.

June 16—2t.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of Mr. Thomas T. Marshall. When last heard from he was in Mound City, Illinois, preparing to go to St. Louis Missouri. His grandmother, Rebecca Thorn, died lately in Charleston, S. C., and it is desired that he should go home immediately, and settle the estate, as he is the oldest heir.

Any information will be thankfully received by Mrs. CHARLOTTE WASHINGTON,
1117 Rodman Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

June 24—2t.

Sympathy with Sinners.

BY DR. BETHUNE.

A Sermon before the American Board 1856.

"Our divine Lord had no tolerance for sin, but rather than it should go unpunished, he bowed his fainting head to drink the cup of his Father's wrath against us. Yet he had a deep sympathy with the sinner. He felt for our utter ruin; but he also felt for our weakness, our ignorance, our evil habits enslaving us to evil, our temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. He took upon him flesh and blood, with all their concomitants of trial and poverty, that he might assure us of his acquaintance with our wants and distresses. He "came not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." And this is seen through all his mediatorial career. His greatest argument with the impenitent heart is his love and tenderness, and pity. He bears with us in our follies and our rebellions; he pleads for us with the Father that we may be spared; he sends his blessings of providence even on the vile and unjust; he laments and weeps over us even at the moment of our worst rebellion; he entreats for us on the cross, and, now on the throne, he prays for us continually. Even the woes he pronounced upon the self-righteous and intolerant, have in them more of pity than denunciation. 'Alas for you!' he says, as if his righteous indignation was well-nigh swallowed up in his anguish for their eternal doom. You hear no harsh word from his lips; you will hear none until his work of salvation being accomplished, he shall assume his office of Judge and Avenger.

"Yet there was a form of sympathy with sinners, which the Apostle had, and we should have, that could not enter the Saviour's merciful heart: 'He knew no sin;' we are sinners; all sinners are our fellow-sinners. Take the worst sinners, those who have carried their outrages against purity, and truth and justice to their extremest violence, who are most brutal, nay, most diabolical in their obscenities and cruelty, and you may say to the most godly church in our land: 'Such were some of you; such would you all be, but for the grace which has washed you, and sanctified, and justified you in the name of the Lord Jesus and the Spirit of our God.' But for this blessed gospel of the Crucified, and the grace of the Holy Ghost, sent to us through his long suffering intercession, we were all heathen, all impenitent, cruel, filthy—capable of every sin and wickedness; nay, not a depth of depravity in hell that we should not reach. So the Apostle felt, and therefore, he did not denounce and upbraid, and condemn; he had done so when he was a Pharisee, but now he takes his place below them all, as the 'chief of sinners,' anxious only that they should become altogether such as he was by the grace of God, excepting his remaining bonds of infirmities and corruption.

"Dear friends, fellow-Christians, fellow-sinners, will any one of us dare to take a higher stand before sinful men in heathen lands, or lands nominally Christian? Ought we not to weep over, and pray for, and pity, and try to send them aid, no matter what may be the shape in which they offend our Christian sentiments? Can we ever hope to prevail as Paul did, through his Master's blessing, if we speak not to them as Paul spoke, even as sinners to our fellow-sinners? Oh, communicants of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, can all the sins of our fellow-men offend us as our sins have offended God? Yet hath he sent unto us the gospel of his dear Son crucified for us, and, bearing long with our resistance, has overcome us by his Holy Spirit. We were all once in the depths of sin and guilt, and shame; and the gospel alone has lifted us up, and made us expectants of glory. But myriads of our fellow-sinners, in our land and other lands, are still in these horrible depths; the gospel alone can lift them out, nay, if we be faithful, will lift them up to that glory we hope to reach, and they shall sing with us the eternal song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh, let us send them the gospel; the only cure of vice and wrong, the certain means of delivering men from crime in this world, and from hell after death! What work is comparable to this? Tell me, Christian saved by grace, though the chief of sinners! Tell me, ye ransomed ones about the throne, singing 'Glory to the Lamb!' Tell me, ye holy angels rejoicing over the penitents! Tell me, O Son of God, who died to redeem all who believe in his name."—*Christian Intelligence.*

Prayer.

In the very moment when thou prayest, a treasure is laid up for thee in heaven. No Christian's prayer falls back from the closed gates of heaven; each enters there like a messenger-dove; some bring back immediate visible answers; but all enrich our store of blessings there, and all return to the heart with the fragrance of peace on them, from the holy place where they have been.

The Christian, even when he is walking for recreation, in his converse with others, in silence, in reading, in all rational pursuits, finds opportunity for prayer. And although he is only thinking of God in the little chamber of his soul, and calling on his Father with silent aspiration, God is near him, and with him, for he is still speaking to Him.—*Gregory.*

Nothing more can now be done,
Since the Father gave His Son;
Yield, in faith, to His control—
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.

Cease your frantic cries and tears;
Christ the sinner's friend appears,
Trust in Him, and you are whole—
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.

Married.

In Lafayette, Ind., on the 30th of May, 1865, by Rev. Wm. Jackson, Mr. MILFORD BARBER to Miss EMMA MIRN, both of Broomsville, Pa.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

BRUM.—Died, at Washington, D. C., June 1, 1865, of typhoid fever, Ira T. Brum, a native of Ithaca, but recently of Courtlandville, N. Y., and a member of Co. F., 185th N. Y. volunteers, aged thirty years.

Ira was the only colored man in his company, and possessed the confidence and good will of his officers and comrades. He was a good soldier, and had distinguished himself in many of the hard-fought battles which preceded the fall of Richmond and Lee's surrender. When overtaken by the malignant fever that laid him in a soldier's grave, he was on his way home with his regiment, and his heart was filled with bright anticipations of seeing home and friends once more. But the joy of his friends and kindred are turned to notes of mourning. He leaves a wife and infant daughter to mourn his untimely loss. Thus another of our heroic braves has laid his young life upon the altar of our common country. G. A. L.

OBITUARY.

VEAZEY.—Killed, at Deerfield, 15 miles from Salem, New Jersey, on Wednesday morning, June 14th, John Veazey, by the falling of a roof which he was engaged in raising

He was a fine young man, highly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife, mother and sister to mourn his untimely end. MARGARET WILLIAMS,

No. 1115 Pine street, Philadelphia.

Our Country.

Lee and Stephens Petitioning for Pardon.—Among the petitions received by the President today, asking a special pardon, is that of Robert E. Lee, late commander of the rebel forces, and that of Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice President of the late Confederacy. Mr. Stephens enters at length into an apology or vindication of the action he has taken. Among the reasons which led him to espouse the cause of the rebellion, he refers to the fact that the Tribune, known to be a powerful and influential supporter of the Republican Administration, openly advocated the right of the Southern people to independence.

Mr. Stephens inferred from this that independence would be conceded to the South without war. He acknowledges that the question has been decided forever, and he desires hereafter to be, and to be considered a good and loyal citizen of the United States. Mr Stephens' document covers some seventy pages.

The government has received documentary proofs incontrovertible of the guilt of Jeff. Davis in the matter of inhuman and most brutal treatment of Union prisoners. When disclosed to the public, as the facts will be in a few days, they will astound the civilized world.—*Washington, (June 16,) Cor. New York Times.*

A Freak of the Telegraph.—Of all the freaks of telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge. Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme Southwest. When about to start for his new parish he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non arrival at the appointed time he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church: "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message became strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape: "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were greatly discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the ministers facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.

TAKE NOTICE.

HELP WANTED

AT

Madame Tilmon's Agency for Employment—

No. 70 East Thirteenth Street.

(One door east of Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

The best of Situations secured for all first class help, for both city and country, and the highest wages, for private families, boarding houses and restaurants.

First-class Cooks, $8 to $10 and $12.
Plain Cooks, Washers and Ironers, $7 to $8 and $9.
Good General House-workers, $7 to $8.
First-class Laundresses, $7 to $8, $9 and $10.
First class Chambermaids and Waiters, $6 to $7 and $8.
Nurses, Seamstresses, and Ladies' Maids, $6, $7, $8 to $9.
Waiter-men for private families, $14, $15, $16, up to $20.
Waiter boys, to drive, etc., $6, $7 and $8.
First-class Coachmen, $20 to $25 and $30.
Farmers, etc., $10, $12 to $14.
First-class Man Cooks for hotels, club-houses, yachts, etc., etc.

Particular attention paid to the Watering Season.

N. B.—This is the oldest office in the city for all first-class colored servants, and every possible attention paid to the interest of both employers and servants.

All applications must be accompanied by the cash.

Mrs. L. TILMON, Proprietress.

Office hours from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

April 15—3mos

MATLACK'S

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 904 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

We would respectfully call your attention to our large stock of

MENS' AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

now on hand, READY-MADE, embracing every variety of style and material suitable for the season.

We have also on hand a full assortment of

SPRING GOODS,

adapted to MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, and would invite your early attention thereto. These goods have been purchased for CASH, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention paid to all orders, so as to insure satisfaction to the purchaser.

E. MATLACK, Ag't,
apr29-3mo 904 Market Street.

BANNEKER HOUSE,

CAPE ISLAND,

NEW JERSEY.

MRS. TEAGLE

OF THE BANNEKER HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, NEW JERSEY,

Would respectfully present this Circular for your favorable consideration, and informs her friends and the public, that she will re-open her house

On the 20th day of June,

for the reception of persons who may desire to resort to this beautiful watering place.

They will find that every care is taken to accommodate them and make their visit pleasant during their stay at this house. It contains several very spacious, airy rooms, and in addition to the amusements, a splendid Piano Forte, and a fine Ten Pin alley, where every effort will be made to render satisfaction to all who may desire to amuse themselves therein. Mrs. T. solicits the patronage of her friends. Terms reasonable. jel-3mo

To The Travelling Public.

I most respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have taken the large and commodious dwelling,

No. 1733 Addison Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

And have opened it as a first-class

Boarding and Lodging House,

and will be happy to see all of my old friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

Your influence is respectfully solicited. I beg leave to refer to Mr. James W. Brown, Philadelphia.

MRS. ANN E. FOSTER.

N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths. Terms reasonable.

jel-1y

628 Hoop Skirts.—628

HOPKINS'

"OWN MAKE" OF

HOOP SKIRTS.

The best Assortment, and best Quality and Styles in the City.

Gore Trails all lengths and sizes, from 14 to 55 springs, from $1 75 to $4. Plain skirts, all the new shapes and sizes, from 16 to 50 springs, from $1 40 to $3. Skirts of extra heavy steel and extra tapes, from 29 to 85 springs, from $1 90 to $2 75.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

of every grade, from 6 to 24 springs, from 4 to 8 cents per spring. They have no equal. Agents for the

New Flexible Skirt

the most pliable HOOP SKIRT made, and fully equal to the Duplex Elliptic Skirt, and at much lower prices. Also, constantly on hand full lines of low priced

New York Skirts,

Kid padded and Metallic fastened—15 springs, 85cts.; 20 springs $1; 25 springs, $1 15; 30 springs, $1 35; and 42 springs, $1 60. SKIRTS made to order, altered and repaired, at 628 ARCH STREET. my13 6mo

Spring Dress Goods

OF NEW STYLES,

OPENING DAILY.

SILK GRENADINES, Superb Styles.
Spring and Summer POPLINS.
ORGANDIE LAWNS, neat and beautiful.
White and Colored PERCALS and PIQUE.
BLACK SILKS, all prices.
THIN SHAWLS in great variety.
Spring DELAINES, CHALLIES and CALICOES.
MUSLINS and FLANNELS of all kinds.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, at

JOHN H. STOKES',
my20-3m 702 Arch Street, Phila.

Henderson's

CAPITOL CLOTHING HOUSE.

510 *Market St., first Clothing House ab 5th.*

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM

[By our National Poet, Dr Geo. Allen Spangler.]

It was in the merry month of May,
The moon in gently beaming;
Here and there and every way
Was as the sunlight dreaming.

Around the flower that bloomed that day,
My memory fondly closes;
But never can it fade away
From the Queen among the roses.

I saw her in her laurel green,
Her dress with silver stars so bright,
And the way she sat with her purple hat
Holding the golden rays of light.

'Twas Independence Queen, I learned—
A garland of bright polise
For our brave boys when they returned,
To crown them with sweet roses.

N. B—This Establishment keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of men's and youths' fashionable Clothing, at prices to suit the economical.

may20—6m R. HENDERSON, Proprietor.

A CARD.

MRS. H. T. O'DONNELL,

Formerly of No. 740 South St., Philada.,

Has removed to No. 913 Lombard Street, and has opened

A BOARDING HOUSE

For the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen who may pass through Philadelphia, and also those who may wish to spend some time in our city. Mrs. O'Donnell will take great pleasure in accommodating her numerous friends, as far as she possibly can. Give her a call.

May 1—6mo

MEDICINES WILL BE

DR. J. W. CREEK,

Physician & Apothecary,

Cor. North and Pleasant Sts.,

BALTIMORE.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

THE MAIL. EXPRESS OR THROUGH. 82 RAIL ST.

1865 1865

"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.
"COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS.

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, etc.

"18 years established in New York City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.

!!! Beware !!! of all worthless imitations.

See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.

HENRY R. COSTAR.

Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Penna.

1865.

HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use COSTAR'S Exterminator. We have used it to our satisfaction—and if it has cost $5, we would have it. We have tried poisons, but they effected nothing.—But Costar's article knocks the breath out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—*Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

1865.

FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should recollect that hundreds of dollars' worth of Grain, Provisions, &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Ants, and other insects and vermin—all of which can be prevented by a few dollars' worth of COSTAR'S Rat, Roach, Ant, &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely.

See Costar's Advertisement in this paper.

Sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by all Druggists and Dealers. Ap 29—6mos

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING! BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.
Offered by Perry & Co.

No. 303 Chestnut St., above Third
No. 609 Chestnut St., (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South east Corner of Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones')

Messrs. Perry & Co. have undoubtedly the largest stock of ready-made clothing, and finest variety of styles now presented to the public in this city. Their stock is now bought at the lowest rates, got up in the best manner, and sold at

Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.
Wonderfully Low Prices.

Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves, and be convinced that it is to their advantage to deal with us.

☞ Attention is also called to

Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,
Our Custom Department,

In connection with each establishment, where we have constantly on hand

All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,
All the Latest and Best Styles,

And can guaranty to our customers entire satisfaction in every respect.

No. 303 Chestnut St., above Third.
No. 609 Chestnut Street, (Granville Stokes' old stand.)
And South east Corner Seventh and Market Sts., (Jones')

PERRY & CO.

RESTAURANT,

Confectionery and Dining Saloon,

Corner Saratoga and Davis Street,

BALTIMORE

Where he intends keeping Oysters and Meats of all kinds. This is an Old Stand. I have spared no pains in refitting it up.

dec31—no 8—6m

DANDRIDGE KELLY, Proprietor.

WINSTON & THOMAS,

News and Periodical

DEPOT,

20 *Commercial Place, and 85 Baronne St.,*

NEW ORLEANS.

☞ A large assortment of School Books, French Books, School Tablets, Phrenological Journals, Slates, Novels, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c.

No 4—6

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 26, 1864, the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.

The Second and Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line Tenth and Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Seventeenth and Nineteenth City Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway, whose cars run to and from Pennsylvania Central Railroad Depot in West Philadelphia.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Front Street every two minutes, commencing one hour previous to the times of departure of each train, and allow about 30 minutes for a trip.

Their cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers into the city.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Sts. at 7 45 P. M., to connect with Pittsburg and Erie Mail, and at 10.15, P. M., with Philadelphia Express.

Mann's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be located at No. 31 South Eleventh Street. Parties desiring baggage taken to the trains, can have it done at reasonable rates, upon application to him.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS:

LEAVE.

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	10 00 "
FAST LINE	"	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.10 P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	"	4.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	"	8.30 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10 "

ARRIVE.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	8.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	"	8.20 "
PARKESBURG	"	9.10 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.30 P. M.
FAST LINE	"	12.50 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	"	4.40 "
MAIL TRAIN	"	5.45 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	"	9.40 "

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains daily, (except Sunday.)

For further information, as to time and connections, see bills and framed cards, or apply to

JOHN P. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent, At the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily, (except Sunday.) For full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,
Jan '65 131 Broad Street.

DRY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS

SELLING AT

REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S SHORTER HAWKINS would respectfully call the attention of her friends and the public generally to a well selected stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Shrouding, flannel, cambrics, etc.

BALMORALS AND HOOP-SKIRTS.

Hosiery, Gloves, etc. Gentlemen's furnishing goods. Also, Roundabouts and Waiters' Aprons always on hand. Ladies' ready-made Clothing.

N. B.—A pleasing variety of fancy articles to suit the most fastidious.

Call and see at the old stand,

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
615 *Lombard Street, Philada.*

to Mar 1—6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,

PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Bridge and Montgomery Streets,

GEORGETOWN, D.C.

No. 10 1 year.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING.

JONES'

OLD ESTABLISHED

One Price

CLOTHING HOUSE,

604 Market Street,

(Above Sixth.)

At JONES' Cheapest One Price Clothing Store, the lowest selling price is marked in plain figures on each article, and never varied. All buy alike, whether judge or not. The stock is gotten up in a superior manner, expressly for retail sales. Those wanting a good, substantial and fashionable article, should not fail to go to

JONES',
604 Market Street,
One Price Store.

Ice Cream Saloon.

J. J. LYONS,

No. 1023 Lombard Street, Philada.,

Invites all lovers of Ice Cream and other delicacies to give him a call. my23—3m

"Put Not Your Trust in Princes."

But you may place unbounded confidence in the STERLING virtues of AMOROSIA, for beautifying and preserving the hair. je17-3mo

COAL! COAL!!

Coal delivered to any part of the city, by large or small measure, by

T. J. BOWERS,
Coal and Kindling Wood Depot,
No. 611 Lombard Street.

April 15—tf

Private Boarding

AT 633 PINE STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Subscriber, having FITTED UP HIS HOUSE with care, takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and acquaintances travelling that he is prepared to accommodate them while visiting the city.

☞ Warm and Cold BATHS.

R. H. GLEAVES, Proprietor.

April 22—6mos

SHROUDING

AND

LAYING OUT of THE DEAD.

MRS. MARIA HIGHGATES

Most earnestly solicits the patronage and attention of the generous public and her friends, as she is now in the business of shrouding and laying out of the dead, and will give all needed satisfaction. Residence—

No. 1026 Barley street,

of bet. 10th & 11th, & Lombard & Pine Sts.

OLIVE BRANCH

BOARDING HOUSE

No. 814 Lombard Street, Phila.

Mrs. H. M. Cropper respectfully announces to Travellers that she has opened a first-class

BOARDING HOUSE

for their special accommodation, in a central (to business or churches) part of the city, as above named, where she will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable.

MRS. M. BENNETT.

HERB DOCTRESS,

NO. 406 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian sarsparilla ore used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL AND SARAH H. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS,

HAIR JEWELLERS,

AND

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,

No. 403 South Sixth Street,

Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED

Bracelets, Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, &c.

BRAIDED AND MOUNTED TO ORDER.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Cleansing, Softening, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, restoring soiled garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, Tetter, &c.

HAIR BOUGHT.

Letters for information in relation to the purchase of Hair will receive prompt attention. Barbers and others having Hair can find ready sale. sep 24-tf

NOTICE.

LEBANON CEMETERY.

All those persons who have purchased lots in the Lebanon Cemetery, and have not as yet received the necessary deeds, will please call upon Mr. J. C. WHITE, the Secretary, as he is hereby authorized to receive payment in part or in full. He will also answer every inquiry concerning the grounds. Full satisfaction will be given in the whole matter. jan—6mo

(Signed) J. ASHER.

Cupping, Leeching & BLEEDING

ATTENDED TO BY

NATHANIEL L. DURHAM,

911½ CHRISTIAN STREET,

Also Solicitor for "Security Life Insurance Company."

Jan 7—No 8—1y

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST."

REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

NO. 615 & 617 NORTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

Where you will find skilful hands, who use superior instruments, and have the advantage of a well arranged light.

☞ Pictures are made all sizes; from a Carte de Visite to a life size in oil, at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody. Pictures are made life size from small Ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes. 1y

W. R. DECORDOVER'S

PERIODICAL DEPOT,

419 *South Seventh Street, Philada.*

New York Ledger, Anglo-African, Harper's Weekly, &c., for sale.

Daily and Weekly papers always on hand.

ALSO, STATIONERY.

6-3 tf

JAMES C. CLARK, M. D.

(Eclectic.)

No. 618 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylv'a.

OFFICE HOURS.

From 7 to 9 A. M. }
From 12 to 2 P. M. } PHILADELPHIA.
From 6 to 9 P. M. }

Also, particular attention directed to all cases of Ulcers, recent or chronic. Treatment and cure, without the use of Mercury, or any other injurious drug, warranted.

jan7—ly

$6 From 50 Cents.

Call and examine something urgently needed by every body, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retails for $6.

R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Feb 11—1yr

Poetry.

A VICTORY!

BY REV. R. H. MACKELLAR.

Since it has pleased God to bring to an end the bloody war which the unholy ambition of traitors forced upon us, and which for four long years has deluged our country with blood, we can read, in melancholy remembrance of the past, the following stirring lines, and pray that the sorrows they describe may never again visit any of the happy homes of our people.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare.
Bold music fills the startled streets
With march inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hurra! Hurra! A victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Less wild and frolicksome than she
That rosy, prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And running in of doors, she screams,
"My brother Willie's killed!"
Oh! who will lay me in the grave!
"Oh, God! my son! my son!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hurra! Hurra! A victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth she fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hurra! Hurra! A victory!"

An old, weak man, with head of snow,
And years three score and ten,
Looked in upon his humble home;
And anguish seized him then.
He helped not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron, nor little maid,
One scalding tear, one choking sob,—
He knelt him down and prayed.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hurra! Hurra! A victory!"

—*Jerrold's Magazine.*

The Family.

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH.

Our old homestead—(the house was very old for a new country, having been built about the time that the Prince of Orange drove out James the Second)—nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland: through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky lanes by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook, in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs, for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass. There is a tradition that the hay-harvesters of two adjoining towns quarrelled about a boundary question, and fought a hard battle one summer morning in that old time, not altogether bloodless, but by means as fatal as the fight between the rival Highland clans, described by Scott in "Fair Maid of Perth." I used to wonder at their folly, when I was stumbling over the rough hassocks, and sinking knee deep in the black mire, raking the sharp sickle-edged grass which we used to feed out to the young cattle in midwinter when the bitter cold gave them appetite for even such fodder. I had an almost Irish hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them,—striped, green, dingy water-snakes, and now and then an ugly spotted adder by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet. There were, great black snakes, too, in the ledges of the neighboring knolls; and on one occasion in early spring I found myself in the midst of a score at least of them,—holding their wicked meeting one Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows. One glimpse at their fierce, shining heads in the sunshine, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed towards the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and, looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels, terrible as the Black Horse rebel regiment at Bull Run. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in the evenings great bull frogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fire flies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming. But the brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing places, clear and white-sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy pickerel loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. I had followed it all the way from its birth-place among the pleasant New Hampshire hills, through the sunshine of broad, open meadows, and under the shadow of thick woods. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river, but at intervals broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and, if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us, at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring-washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters. Macaulay has sung,—

"That year young lads in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep,"

and his picture of the Roman sheep-washing recalled, when it was read, similar scenes in the Country Brook. On its banks we could always find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale blue, three-lobed hepatica, and small, delicate wood-anemone, the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us (there has always been one of that unfortunate class in every generation of our family) was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the corn-field or the haying lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brook-side. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely than when I received that first 6-hook pole from my uncle's hands, and tramped off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still sweet day of early summer, the long afternoon shadows of the pines lay cool across our path, the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, cunningly placed me at the most favorite point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the line in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I, "there is a fish at last." I made a strong pull and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms and drew it back empty. I cheated to my uncle appalingly. "Try once more," he said, "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in unutterable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but, we may depend upon it, the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self respect, keep the proprieties, and if possible avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe roll-off with the marble.

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try once once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of any thing until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I didn't catch! When I hear people boasting of a work yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brook side, and the wise caution of my uncle to that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."—*John G. Whittier, in Young Folks, for July.*

Child's Cabinet.

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when travelling in a stage-coach, says a writer in a cotemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant look out for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me; for, after awhile, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the road side squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there in a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretending to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her and said:

"My dear girl you are now young, and healthy and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

Sketches.

THE GREAT SANITARY FAIR AT OLYMPUS.

Olympus, Little Creek Township, Pa.,
May 22d, 1864.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I am truly grieved to observe that my letter of last week met with a disappointment of real mortal woe-trine. Sir, your fears are rewarded. The Post-master of Olympus assures me that the subscriptions to our paper are already doubled in this township, and twelve of your weekly messengers come to cheer the hearts and tickle the minds of this community. The temptation to send on our books in print is so great that I do not doubt that many more subscribers may be secured, should I judiciously insert their names in these epistles. At any rate you may be certain that my support will always be touched to your remarkable peculiarities.

At this season I suppose many of the subscribers of your town are looking back reminiscently to June of last year, during which the Sanitary Fair as so many enormously style it formed the chief attraction of Philadelphia. Perhaps it may add to the vividness of those recollections if I give your readers some account of a Fair held quite recently in Olympus.

The Town Hall was handsomely decorated at one end by banners, which formed an appropriate background for an extremely tasteful and novel emblematic design. A pile of grape shot represented the implements of War, under which Dove which rested on the muzzle of a 64-pounder, which must be disturbed and driven off before war can again desolate our borders. Over all was the American Eagle with [illegible] placed in a threatening attitude [illegible] showing that Peace was to be defended [illegible].

The Fair [illegible] during the whole of one day and evening, and, in addition, there was a private view [illegible] for the committee on the preceding afternoon.

Hon. J. Ludovico Joens was asked to take the chair, and at first declined, with the modesty which is so strikingly characteristic of the Americ[illegible] man; but finally accepted the proposal. A chair was hastily elevated, supported by two low boys, and the Honorable gentleman took possession and commenced a speech. It happened happily enough that he had notes in his pocket which suited the occasion admirably, although they were not at all prepared for that end.

His speech was but concluded when the fortunate incident occurred. The fabled crickets gave way, the chair and the chairman and the speech and the dignity of the occasion all fell together in undistinguishable confusion. No limb was broken except one of the arms of the chair, but the thread of the discourse was. Hon. J. Ludovico Joens hoped that the audience would excuse him from completing his oration which they did with a unanimity as gratifying as it was surprising. The speaker thanked the audience for their courtesy in a beautiful address which I would gladly give as an example of Olympian oratory, but it is a little too late for these pages.

On the following day the doors were thrown open to the public. Such a scene, so full of grace and beauty, is seldom witnessed. Some of the most perfect costumes entered there, that I ever saw, but alas! few of them went out in their perfection.

One striking feature of our Fair was a piano, which was open for the performance of any one who paid five cents, and was much patronized by the young ladies of the Minerva Institute of Olympus. This piano was donated by Samuel Biddlesex, Esq., who intends purchasing a new one. It belonged to his mother, and, of course, is a valuable heir loom; but, as the donor touchingly said, "Many family ties have been sacrificed for our beloved country, and shall I alone refuse to be a patriot?" The piano was sold at the end of the fair to Miss Deborah Oldham, Principal of the Minerva Institute, and realized quite a nice little sum. Quite an important item was saved by this means also, as there was sufficient music without employing a band.

The refreshment table, which was one of the most important parts of the Fair, contained a fine specimen of sculptured confectionary called "Emancipation."

Slavery was represented by a colossal image in the form of a very black man, made in chocolate with white peppermint drops for his eyes, lying in the dust, which was brown sugar. Over him, with one foot on his neck, was a white sugar-candy image, dressed in red, white, and blue, and with a sword in his hand.

"A metaphysical youth of our town, who had spent a year at a German University, said that the figure of slavery confounded the objective with the subjective. Another person, looking at this triumph of art, sneered at it, and said, "he thought the negro did not seem much benefited by emancipation, since he was as down-trodden as ever." I suppose he thought he was very smart indeed, for immediately afterwards he glanced at the magnificent emblematic representation of War, Peace, and Government, and remarked that "he had no idea that the American Eagle was so fond of chickens!" I learned that he was a native of a miserable little one-horse town or village that is always trying to rival Olympus, and has its pains for its payment. Chickens, indeed! The American Eagle may be fond of chickens, but it does not like *geese*, as a certain town seems to suppose, judging from the way it holds its upstart head above its betters.

I can not give you the result of the Fair in dollars and cents, although it is believed it will far exceed the expenditures. The Committee on Finances will, no doubt, make out a report at some future day. Even should the receipts prove less than we expect, we shall have shown our patriotism, and enjoyed the pleasures of the occasion.

In spite of my prohibition you have published my name. Now it is too late. I am experiencing all the discomforts of a public character. My letter to you has been re-published in the *Olympian Gazetteer and Little Creek Commercial*, with two columns of editorial remarks. If I appear on the streets of my native town, the rising generation, who are so many mirrors of the adult mind, immediately shout, "There she goes," and then hurra in the most flattering manner.

A young poet of our town, who is nothing but skin and bones, the most interesting genius that I have ever met, entreats me to send you "only one" of his sublime compositions, and he has already sent me a hand-box full from which to make a selection. Ah! little do editors know the evil they may do by neglecting the request of a sensitive soul. Never again shall I find the sweet retirement I had learned to love. Now I must stand forever with the sisterhood of authors, with Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Hemans, and all the rest of them. Farewell, ye dear and pensive shades, farewell; your Angelina bids you all adieu!

I shall write again. Yours,

ALEXANDRINA LUCILLA MORTIMER.

Popular Natural History.

THE OAK

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

You know the story of the birds choosing their king. They gathered themselves together in a great field and flew upward in emulation of each other. It was decided that the one who should fly highest should be king. They started and fluttered. The large ones remained behind. The sparrows, the robins and finches flew some what higher, but they soon sank down again to the earth. The doves and ravens, the herons and storks flew upon far as the first clouds; but the eagle soared high above them and looked down from the clear blue heaven upon all the rest. The birds cried, "The eagle is king, for he can fly the highest!"

So also the plants once gathered in a great wood, and wished to choose over them a king. It should be he over all was determined, who could grow the highest. All lay yet as little seed kernels in the earth, here hazel nuts and beech nuts, there acorns and flower seeds. The snow was still spread over them as a covering, so that one could not begin to grow earlier than another.

Now was counted, "One!" Then the south wind began to blow—"Two!" Then the rain fell and the snow melted. The seed kernels all took quickly a fresh hearty drink and made themselves ready. "Three!" Then the living sun shone—warm it on the blue heaven that all the little seeds became full of life, and all the plants budded.

Now all the seeds began to spring up and grow. The nut-barely the nut-trees, and the rough seeds of the wild carrot, all the many hundred different kernels extended their roots and pressed forward in emulation of each other. No one put forth at once two leaves, others only a single green spike. All are still of merit, equal height. But now some seek to surpass the others. The cucumber and the beans twist themselves up with great rapidity. They wish very much to be kings of the plants. Every day they become a span further and long, now a[illegible] and become.

Two months are gone! How will it now be in regard to the plants upon their exalted throne? The beans and cucumber-vine have wound themselves between a man's height. They feel themselves full of sap. The bees are busied for the behoof of the queen. The bell with its fragrance and golden [illegible] the height of a man. They [illegible] "I become one of them, and [illegible] I have been made known." The cucumber-vine [illegible] very small